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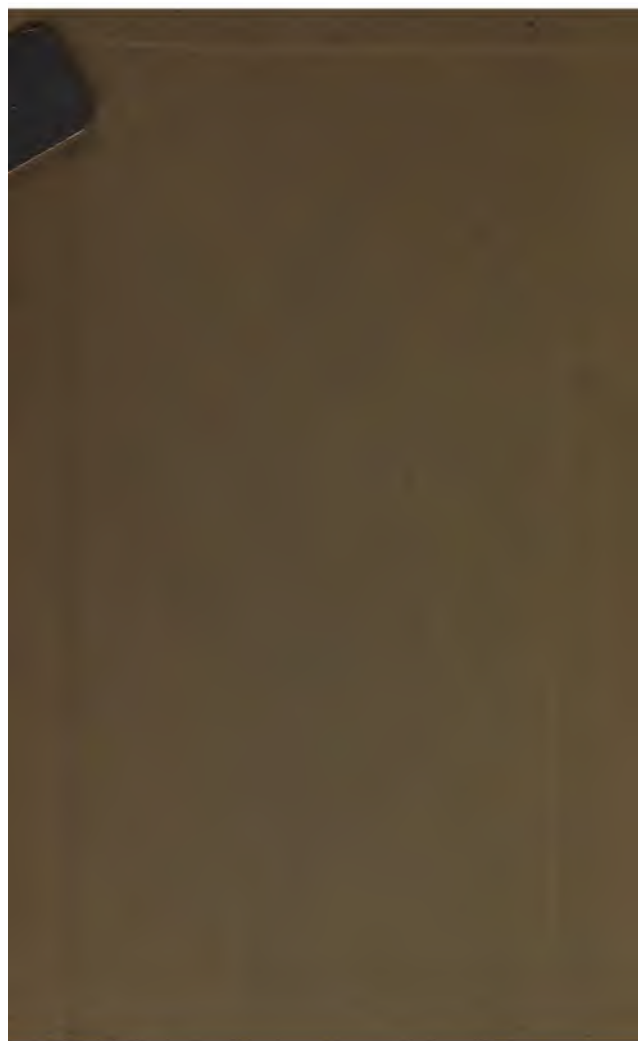
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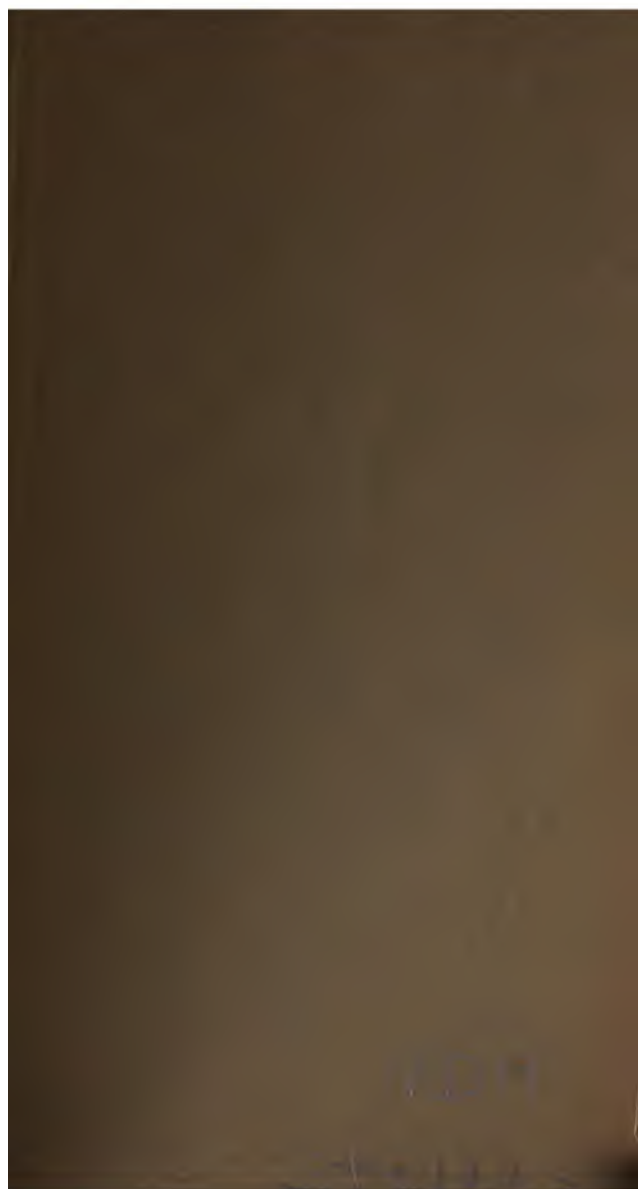
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A NEW GENUINE EDITION CORRECTED.

★ The Public are requested to observe that there are several spurious Editions of this Lecture, which are not only inelegant but very inaccurate.

A
L E C T U R E
ON
H E A D S,

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

WITH ADDITIONS BY
MR. P I L O N;

AS DELIVERED BY
MR. CHARLES LEE LEWIS,

At the THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,
The ROYALTY-THEATRE, WELL-CLOSE-SQUARE,
And in various Parts of the Kingdom;
Also in the EAST-INDIES.

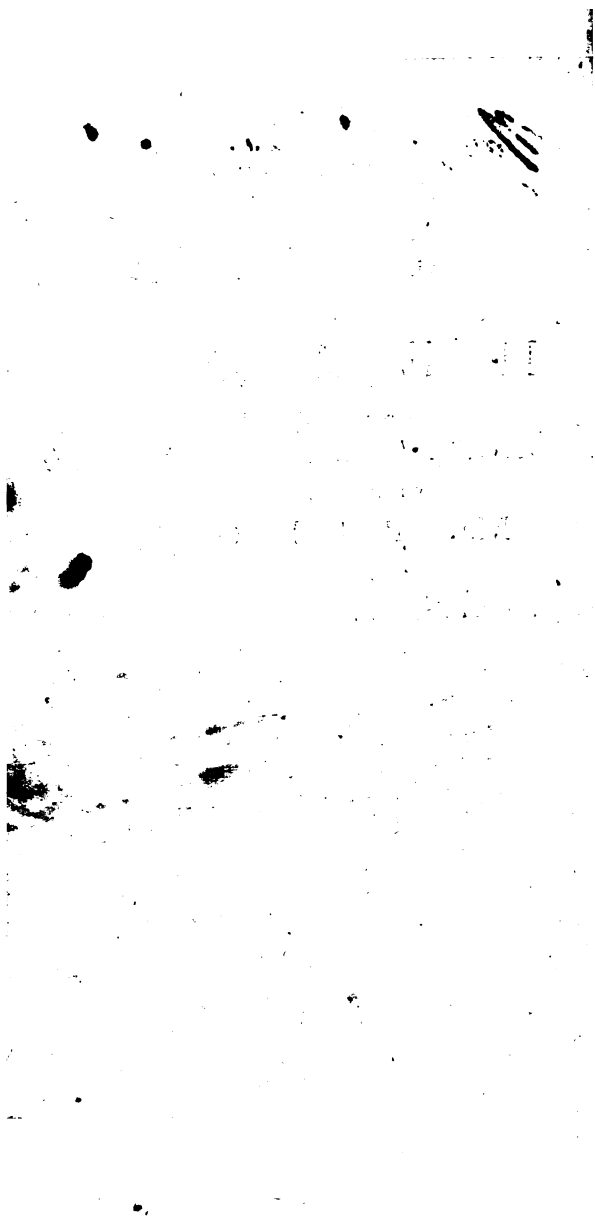
TO WHICH IS ADDED
AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

WITH THE
Genuine Edition of G. A. Stevens's Songs.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PORTER,
FOR MESS. BYRNE, WOGAN, JONES, MOORE, AND
DORNIN.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.



pp 1-3
miscl
(v)
rary, that it contains not a syllable of
new matter with which it was then au
mented. With respect to the rest, it
taken from the spurious and very imp
fect abridgment first mentioned in this
tical list. It is therefore evident, that
original Lecture was never before publi
ed until this opportunity, which I ha
taken, of thus submitting it to the Pub
for their approbation and patronage, wh

Most humble and devoted Servant

I am,

CHARLES LEE LEW

JULY, 22 1785.

P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN BY

Mr. P I L O N,

SPOKEN AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

JUNE 24, 1780.

ALL'S safe here, I find, tho' the rabble rout
A few doors lower burnt the quorum out ;
Sad times ! when Bow-street is the scene of riot,
And justice cannot keep the parish quiet ;
But peace returning, like the dove appears,
And this association stills my fears ;
Humour and wit the frolic wing may spread,
And we give harmless Lectures on the Head.
Watchmen in sleep may be as snug as foxes,
And snore away the hours within their boxes ;
Nor more affright the neighbourhood with warning
Of past twelve o'clock, a troublesome morning.
Mynheer demanded, at the general speak,
" Is th' Bank safe, or has it lower'd th' stock ?"
" Be gar," a Frenchman cried, " the bank we'll rob,
" For I have got the purse to bribe the mob."—
" Hoot awa mon !" the loyal Scot replies,
" You'll lose your money, for we'll hang the spies :
" Fra justice now, my lad, ye shanna budge,
" Tho' ye've attack'd the justice and the judge."—
" Oh ! hold him fast, says Paddy, for I'll swear
" I saw the iron rails in Bloomsbury-square
" Burnt down to the ground, and heard the mob say,
" They'd burn down the Thames the next day."
Tumult and riot thus on every side
Swept off fair order, like the raging tide ;
Law was no more, for as the throng rush'd by,
" Woe to my Lord Chief-Justice !" was the cry,
And he, rever'd by every muse, so long,
Whom taneful Pope immortalized in song,
Than whom bright genius boasts no higher name,
E'en he cou'd find no sanctuary in fame.

With

With brutal rage the Vandals all conspire,
 And talls of science in one blaze expire.
 But England, like the lion, grows more fierce
 As dangers multiply, and foes increase ;
 Her gen'rous sons, with Roman ardour warm,
 In martial bands to shield their country arm,
 And when we tremble for the city's fate,
 Her youth stood forth the champions of the state ;
 Like brothers, leagu'd by nature's holy tie,
 A parent land to save, or bravely die :
 Did Britons thus, like brothers, always join,
 In vain to crush them wou'd the world combine ;
 Discord domestic wou'd no more be known,
 And brothers learn affection from the throne ;
 But now your Lecturer's awful hour is come,
 When you must bid him live, or seal his doom !
 He knows 'tis hard a leader's post to fill
 Of fame superior, and more ripen'd skill ;
 The blame will all be mine, if troops shou'd fail,
 Who'd lose their heads, but never cou'd turn tail ;
 Who no commander ever disobey'd,
 Or overlook'd the signals which he made.
 Under your auspices the field I take,
 For a young general some allowance make ;
 But if disgracefully my army's led,
 Let this court-martial then cashier my head.

N. B. *At Bath the following Lines were Spoken,*
11th September, 1780.

WRITTEN BY

Mr. P R A T T.

NOR Thames the limit of the raving throng,
 Which, like some lawless comet, swept along,
 Spreading, like putrid air, from man to man,
 Th' empoison'd pestilence still catching ran ;
 And here, e'en *here*, where pleasure keeps her seat,
 Health gushes round, and sickness seeks retreat ;
 E'en *Bath*, fair Bath, confess'd her growing fright,
 When tracks of fire fierce burnt the breast of night,
 When fury's glare, *unholy*, struck the eye,
 And forc'd awhile each gentler guest to fly,
 But *now*, that peace *here too* resumes her reign,
 And brings to Bath her graces back again,
 I venture forth to greet the happy land,
 And bring well tim'd *amusement* in my hand ;
 Some gentle harmless blockheads too I bear,
 Come down to pass a week in this gay air ;
 Some of the worthies have been here before,
 And humour brought them on this very floor ;
 And some are *new*, but will escape all dangers,
 Bath's too well bred to turn her back on strangers.

Additional

Additional Lines to the Prologue, and spoken at Newbery, in Consequence of Lady Craven bestowing the Lecture, and who had published some Lines on dreaming she saw her Heart at her Feet.

WRITTEN BY

Mr. P R A T T.

MIDST scenes like these, for so her lines impart,
The QUEEN OF BENHAM lost that gem her heart ;
Scar'd by the din her bosom treasure flew,
And with it every grace and muse withdrew ;
But far, or long, the wanderer cou'd not roam,
For wit and taste soon brought the truant home ;
One tuneful sonnet at her feet it sung,
Then to her breast its snowy mansion sprung ;
Thither it went, the virtues in its train,
To hail the panting blessing back again ;
On its fair throne it now appears as Queen,
And sheds its lustre o'er this humble scene ;
Its radiant sceptre deigns o'er me to spread
The genial beams which fancy feign'd were fled ;
Ah, no ! her gentle heart this night is here,
Where'er tis wanted—you will find it there :
In vain the muse shall fix it on the floor,
It knocks this evening at the Lecturer's door,
And smiles with him that riot is no more.

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LECTURE

L E C T U R E.

ON

H E A D S.

EVERY single Speaker; who, like me, attempts to entertain an Audience, has not only the censure of that assembly to dread, but also every part of his own behaviour to fear. The smallest error of voice, judgment, or delivery, will be noted: "Alk
" that can be presumed upon in his favour;
" is, *a hope*—that he may meet with that
" indulgence, which an English audience
" are so remarkable for, and that every
" exhibition stands so much in need of,"

THIS method of lecturing is a very ancient custom; *Juno*, the wife of *Jupiter*, being the first who gave her husband a lecture, and, from the place wherein that oration was supposed to have been delivered, they have always since that time been called *curtain lectures*.

"But, before I pretend to make free with other people's heads, it may be proper to

say

say something upon my own, if upon my own any thing could be said to the purpose: but, after many experiments, finding I could not make any thing of my own, I have taken the liberty to try what I could do, by exhibiting a Collection of Heads belonging to other people. But here is a Head [*shows Stevens's head*]: I confess I have more than once wished on my own shoulders; but I fear my poor abilities will bring a blush in its cheeks. In this head *Genius* erected a temple to Originality, where *Fancy* and *Observation* resided; and from their union sprang this numerous and whimsical progeny. This is the Head of George Alexander Stevens; long known, and long respected, a man universally acknowledged of infinite wit and most excellent fancy; one who gave peculiar grace to the jest, and could set the table on a roar with flashes of merriment; but wit and humour were not his only excellencies; he possessed a keenness of satire, that made folly hide her head in the highest places, and vice tremble in the bosoms of the great: but now, blessed with that affluence which *Genius* and *Prudence* are sure to acquire in England, the liberal patroness of the fine arts, he now enjoys that ease his talents have earned, whilst *Fame*, like an evening sun, gilds the winter of his life with mild, but cheerful beams. With respect, but honest ambition, I have undertaken to fill his place, and hope my attention and

zeal?

zeal to please, will speak in behalf of conscious inferiority.

A HEAD, to speak in the gardener's style, is a mere bulbous excrescence, growing out from between the shoulders like a wen; it is supposed to be a mere expletive, just to wear a hat on, to fill up the hollow of a wig, to take snuff with, or have your hair dressed upon.

Some of these heads are manufactured in wood, some in *paste-board*, which is a hint to shew there may not only be *block-heads*, but also *paper-skulls*.

Physicians acquaint us that, upon any fright or alarm, the spirits fly up into the *head*, and the blood rushes violently back to the *heart*. Hence it is, politicians compare the human constitution, and the nation's constitution, together: they supposing the head to be the *court* end of the town, and the heart the *country*; for people in the country seem to be taking things to heart, and people at court only seem to wish to be at the head of things.

We make a mighty bustle about the twenty-four letters; how many changes they can ring, and how many volumes they have composed; yet, let us look upon the many millions of mankind, and see if any two faces are alike. Nature never designed several faces which we see, it is the odd exercise they give the muscles belonging to their visages occasions such looks: As for example;

ple ; we meet in the streets with few people talking to themselves, and so much pleased with such self-conversation [*here take them off.*] Some people we staring at every thing, and wondering with a foolish face of praise [*make a face, here* some laughing, some crying : now, cry and laughing are contrary effects, the alteration of features occasions the difference, it is turning *up* the muscles to laugh [*do so here*] and *down* to cry.

Yet laughter is much mistook, no person being capable of laughing, who is incapable of thinking. For some people suddenly break out into violent spasms, ha, ha, ha, and then, without any gradation, change once into downright stupidity ; as for example, [*here shew the example.*]

In speaking about faces, we shall now exhibit a bold face. [*Shews the head.*]

This is Sir Whisky Whiffle ; he is one of those mincing, tittering, tip-toe, tripping animakulæ of the times, that flutter about fine women like flies in a flower garden as harmless, and as constant, as their shadows ; they dangle by the side of beautiful part of their watch equipage, as glittering, as light, and as useless. And ladies suffer such things about them, as they wear souffléé gauze, not as things of value merely to make a shew with ; they never say any thing to the purpose, but with them in their hands [*take up an eye glass*], then

stare at ladies, as if they were a jury of astronomers, executing a writ of enquiry upon some beautiful planet : they imagine themselves possessed of the power of a rattlesnake, who can, as it is said, fascinate by a look ; and that every fine woman must, at first sight, fall into their arms.—“ Ha !
 “ who’s that, Jack ? She’s a devilish fine
 “ woman ; ’pon honor, an immensely lovely
 “ creature ; who is she ? She must be
 “ one of us ; she must be come-atable, ’pon
 “ honor.” “ No, Sir,” replies a stranger, that overheard him, “ she’s a lady of strict
 “ virtue—” “ Is she so ? I’ll look at her
 “ again : ay, ay, she may be a lady of strict
 “ virtue, for now I look at her again, there
 “ is something devilish ungenteel about
 “ her.”

WIGS, as well as *books*, are furniture of the head, and both *wigs* and *books* are sometimes equally voluminous. We may therefore suppose this wig (*shows a large wig*) to be a huge quarto in large paper ; this a duodecimo in small print [*takes the knowing head*], and this a jockey’s head sweated down to ride a sweep-stakes. [*Takes the jockey’s head*]. Now a jockey’s head and a horse’s head have great affinity, for the jockey’s head can pull the horse’s head on which side of the post the rider pleases : but what sort of heads must those people have, who know such things are done, and will trust such sinking funds with their capitals ? These
 are

are a couple of heads, which in the Sportsman's Calendar are called a brace of knowing ones, and as a great many people about London affect to be thought knowing ones, they dress themselves in these fashions, as if it could add to the dignity of a head, to shew they have taken their degrees from Students in the stable, up to the Masters of Arts upon a coach-box. [*Gives the two beads off, and takes the book-case.*]

The phrase of Wooden-heads is no longer paradoxical, some people fit up wooden studies, Cabinet-makers become Book-makers, and a man may shew a parade of much reading, by only the assistance of a Timber-merchant: a Student in the Temple may be furnished with a collection of law books cut from a *Whipping-post*; Physical Dictionaries may be had in *Jesuits bark*; a Treatise upon Duels in *touch-wood*; the History of Opposition in *worm-wood*; Shakespear's works in cedar, his Commentators in *rotten-wood*; the Reviewers in *birch*, and the History of England in *heart of oak*.

Mankind now make use of substitutes in more things than book-making and militia-men; some husbands are apt to substitute inferior women to their own ladies, like the idiot, who exchanged a brilliant for a piece of broken looking-glass:—of such husbands we can only say, they have borrowed their education from these libraries, and have
very

very wooden, very wooden tastes indeed.
[Gives it off.]

Here's a head full charged for *fun*, [takes the head] a comical half-foolish face, what a great many upon the stage can put on, and what a great many people, not upon the stage, can't put off. This man always laughed at what he said himself, and he imagined a man of wit must always be upon the broad grin; and whenever he was in company he was always teasing some one to be merry, saying, *Now, you Muster what do you call'em? do now say something to make us all laugh; come do now be comical a little.* But if there is no other person will speak, he will threaten to *tell you a story to make you die with laughing*, and he will assure you, *it is the most bestest and most comicallest story that ever you heard in all your born days*; and he always interlards his narration with, *so as I was a saying, says I, and so as he was a saying, says he; so says he to me, and I to him, and he to me again,——did you ever hear any thing more comical in all your born days?* But after he had concluded his narration, not finding any person even to smile at what he said, struck with the disappointment, he puts on a sad face himself, and looking round upon the company, he says, *It was a good story when I heard it too: why then, so, and so, and so, that's all, that's all, gentlemen.* [Puts on a foolish look, and gives the head off.]

Here

Here is Master Jacky (*takes the head*], Mama's darling ; when she was with child of him she dreamt she was brought to bed of a pincushion. He was never suffered to look into a book for fear of making him round-shouldered, yet he was an immense scholar for all that ; his mama's woman had taught him all Hoyle by heart, and he could calculate to a single tea-spoonful how much cream should be put into a codlin tart.— He wears a piece of lace which seems purloined from a lady's tucker, and placed here, to shew that such beings as these can make no other use of ladies favors than to expose them. Horace had certainly such a character in view by his *dulcissimæ rerum*—sweetest of all things, all essence and effeminacy ; and that line of his—*Quid agis, dulcissimæ rerum ?* may be rendered, what ails you, Master Jacky ? As they have rivalled the ladies in the delicacy of their complexion, the ladies therefore have a right to make reprisals, and to take up that manliness which our sex seems to have cast off.

Here is a lady in her fashionable uniform [*takes up the head*] ; she looks as if marching at the head of a battalion, or else up before day to follow the hounds with spirit ; while this lies in bed all the morning, with his hands wrapped up in chicken gloves, his complexion covered with milk of roses, essence of May-dew, and lily of the valley
water :

er: This does honour to creation ; this graces it ; and so far have these things naturalized themselves, by effeminate affections, that if a lady's cap was put upon his head, Master Jacky might be taken for Miss Jenny [*puts on a lady's cap on the head of Master Jacky*] ; therefore, grammarians can neither rank them as *masculine* or *feminine*, so set them down of the doubtful gender. [*Puts off the heads.*]

Among the multitude of odd characters with which this kingdom abounds, some are called generous fellows, some honest fellows, and some devilish clever fellows : Now the generous fellow is treat-master ; the honest fellow, is toast-master ; and the devilish clever fellow is singing-master, who is to keep the company alive for four or five hours ; then your honest fellow is to drink them all dead afterwards. They married into Folly's family, from whom they received this crest, and which nobody chooses to be known by [*takes the fool's cap*]. This fool's cap is the greatest wanderer known ; it never comes home to any body, it is often observed to belong to every body but themselves. It is odd, but the word nobody, and the term nothing, although no certain ideas can be affixed to them, are often made such use of in conversation. Philosophers have declared they knew nothing, and it is common for us to talk about doing nothing ; for, from ten to twenty
we

we go to school to be taught what from twenty to thirty we are apt to forget ; from thirty to forty we begin to settle ; from forty to fifty we think away as fast as we can ; from fifty to sixty we are very careful in our accounts ; and from sixty to seventy we cast up what all our thinking comes to ; and then what between our losses and our gains, our enjoyments and our inquietudes, even with the addition of old age, we can but strike this balance [*takes the board with cyphers*] : These are a number of nothings, they are hieroglyphics of part of human kind ; for in life, as well as in arithmetic, there are a number of nothings, which, like these cyphers, mean nothing in themselves, and are totally insignificant ; but by the addition of a single figure at their head, they assume rank and value in an instant. The meaning of which is, that nothing may be turned into something by the single power of any one who is lord of a golden manor—[*turns the board, shews the golden one*]. But as these persons' gains comes from nothing, we may suppose they will come to nothing ; and happy are they, who, amidst the variations of nothing, have nothing to fear ; if they have nothing to lose, they have nothing to lament ; and if they have nothing to be ashamed of, they have every thing to hope for : thus concludes the dissertation upon nothing, which the exhibitor

bitor hopes he has properly executed, by making nothing of it.

This is the head of a London Blood, taken from the life: [*holds the head up*]—He wears a bull's forehead for a fore-top, in commemoration of that great Blood of antiquity, called Jupiter, who turned himself into a bull to run away with *Europa*, and to this day Bloods are very fond of making beasts of themselves.—He imagined that all mirth consisted in doing mischief, therefore he would throw a waiter out of the window, and bid him to be put into the reckoning, toss a beggar in a blanket, play at chuck with china plates, run his head against a wall, hop upon one leg for an hour together, carry a red hot poker round the room between his teeth, and say, “done first for fifty.” He was quite the thing, either for kicking up a riot, or keeping it up after he had kicked it up: he was quite the thing, for one day he kicked an old woman's codlin-kettle about the streets; another time he shoved a blind horse into a china-shop—*that was damned jolly*; he was a constant customer to the round-house; a terror to modest women, and a dupe to women of the town: of which this is exhibited as a portrait [*takes the head*]. This is the head of a man of the town, or a Blood, and this is a woman of the town, or a —, but whatever other title the lady may have we are not entitled to

to take notice of it ; all that we can say is, that we beg *mirth* will spare one moment to *pity*, let not delicacy be offended if we pay a short tribute of compassion to these unhappy examples of misconduct ; indeed in the gay seasons of irregular festivity, indiscretion appears thus—[*takes off that and shews the other*] : but here is her certain catastrophe ; how much therefore ought common opinion to be despised, which supposes the same fact, that betrays female honour, can add to that of a gentleman's ? When a beauty is robbed, the hue-and-cry which is raised, is never raised in her favour ; deceived by ingratitude, necessity forces her to continue criminal, she is ruined by our sex, and prevented reformation by the reproaches of her own—[*takes it off*]. As this is the head of a Blood going to keep it up [*takes it off*], here is the head of a Blood after he has kept it up—[*shews that head*]. This is the head of a married Blood—what a pretty piece of additional furniture this is to a lady of delicacy's bed-chamber ? What then ? it's beneath a man of spirit with a bumper in his hand to think of a wife, that would be spoiling his sentiment : no, he is to keep it up, and to shew in what manner our London Bloods do keep it up, we shall conclude the first part of this lecture by attempting a specimen—[*puts on the Blood's wig*] : “ Keep it up, huzza !
“ keep

“ keep it up ! I loves fun, for I made a
 “ fool of my father last April day. I will
 “ tell you what makes me laugh so, we
 “ were keeping it up faith, so about four
 “ o’clock this morning I went down into
 “ the kitchen, and there was *Will* the
 “ waiter fast asleep by the kitchen fire ; the
 “ dog cannot keep it up as we do : so what
 “ did I do, but I goes softly, and takes
 “ the tongs, and I takes a great red-hot
 “ coal out of the fire, as big as my head,
 “ and I plumpt it upon the fellow’s foot,
 “ because I loves fun ; so it had lamed the
 “ fellow, and that makes me laugh so—
 “ You talk of your saying good things ;
 “ I said one of the best things last week
 “ that ever any man said in all the world.
 “ It was what we call your *rappartees*, your
 “ *bobmates*.—I’ll tell you what it was : You
 “ must know, I was in high spirits faith,
 “ so I stole a dog from a blind man, for I
 “ do love fun ! so then the blind man cried
 “ for his dog, and that made me laugh ;
 “ so says I to the blind man, Hip, master,
 “ do you want your dog ? Yes, sir, says
 “ he. Now, only mind what I said to the
 “ blind man ; says I, Do you want your
 “ dog ? Yes, sir, says he : Then says I to
 “ the blind man, says I, Go look for him.
 “ —Keep it up ! keep it up !—That’s the
 “ worst of it, I always turn sick when I
 “ think of a parson ; I always do ; and
 “ my brother he is a parson too, and he
 B “ hates

“ hates to hear any body swear ; so I al-
 “ ways swear when I am along with him,
 “ to roast him. I went to dine with him
 “ one day last week, and there was my
 “ sisters, and two or three more of what
 “ you call your modest women ; but I sent
 “ ’em all from the table, before the dinner
 “ was half over, for I loves fun ; and so
 “ there was nobody but my brother and
 “ me, and I begun to swear ; I never
 “ swore so well in my life ; I swore all my
 “ new oaths ; it would have done you
 “ good to have heard me swear : so then,
 “ my brother looked frightened, and that
 “ was fun. At last, he laid down his knife
 “ and fork, and, lifting up his hands and
 “ his eyes, he calls out, *Ob Tempora ! ob*
 “ *Mores*—Oh ho, brother, says I, what,
 “ you think to frighten me, by calling all
 “ your family about you ; but I don’t mind
 “ you nor your family neither—Only bring
 “ Tempora and Mores here, that’s all ; I’ll
 “ box them for five pounds ; here,—
 “ where’s Tempora and Mores ? where
 “ are they ?—Keep it up ! Keep it up !”

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

THE SECOND PART.

*The FIVE SCIENCES;*ARCHITECTURE, PAINTING, POETRY,
MUSIC, AND ASTRONOMY.

THIS is a small exhibition of Pictures. These Pictures are placed here to shew the partiality of the present times; formerly seven cities contended for the honour of having Homer for their countryman; but as soon as it was known these sciences were born in England, the whole club of Connoisseurs exclaimed against them, saying it was impossible that there could be any real genius among them, our atmosphere being too thick and too heavy to nourish any fine ideas. These sciences, being found out to be mere English, were treated as impostors; for, as they had not a handsome wife, nor sister, to speak for them, nor one single election vote in their family, nor a shilling in their pocket, to bribe the turn-pike door-keeper, they could not succeed; besides, Chinese zig-zag, and Gothic imitations monopolized all premiums: and the envy of prejudice, and the folly of fashion, made a party against them. They were so weak in themselves, as to imagine the merits of their works would recommend them to the world. Poor creatures! they knew nothing of the world, to suppose so;

for merit is the only thing in the world not recommendable. To prevent starving, *Architecture* hired herself as a bricklayer's labourer to a Chinese temple builder ; *Painting* took on as a colour-grinder to a paper-stainer ; *Poetry* turned printer's devil ; *Music* sung ballads about the streets, and *Astronomy* sold almanacks. They rambled about in this manner for some time ; at last, they picked up poor *Wit*, who lay ill of some bruises he had received one masquerade night.

As poor *Wit* was coming down the Hay-Market, just as the masquerade was breaking up, the noise of a pick-pocket was announced, upon which *Buffoonery* fell upon *Wit*, and mangled him most piteously. *Invention* stood *Wit*'s friend and helped him to make his escape to those *Sciences*. Now it happened that night *Lady Fashion* had lost her lap-dog, which *Wit* found, and brought to these his companions, for whom *Architecture* built a little house ; *Painting* made a portrait of it ; *Poetry* made a copy of verses upon it ; which *Music* put a tune to, and *Astronomy* calculated the dear creature's nativity, which so pleased *Lady Fashion*, that she recommended them to the house of Ostentation, but left *Wit* behind, because as *Wit* was out of taste, Fashion would not have any thing to say to it. However, some of her Ladyship's upper servants invited *Wit* into the steward's room,
and,

and, according to the idea some folks have of *Wit*, they begged he'd be comical. One brought him a poker to bend over his arm; another desired he would eat a little fire for 'em before dinner; the butler requested a tune upon the musical glasses; my lady's woman desired he would tell her fortune by the cards; and the groom said, "as how if his honour was a *Wit*, he could ride upon three horses at once." But before *Wit* could answer to any of these questions, the French governess belonging to the family came down stairs and ordered *Wit* to be turned out of the doors, saying, "Vat want you vid *Vit*, when you are studying a la Françoise? I'll vous assurez, I'll vous assurez, if you will have us for your masters, you must have no *Vit* at all." [*The Sciences taken off.*]

Poor *Wit* being turned out of doors, wandered about friendless, for it was never yet known that a man's wit ever gained him a friend.—He applied himself to the proprietors of the news-papers, but upon their enquiring whether he understood politics, and being totally ignorant of them, they would not employ him. He enquired after Friendship, but found Friendship was drowned at the last general election; he went to find out Hospitality, but Hospitality being invited to a turtle-feast, there was no room for *Wit*; he asked after Charity, but it being found that Chatity was that

day run over by the bishop's new set of coach-horses, he died, broken-hearted, being a distemper, which although not catalogued in the *Materia Medica*, is epidemical among beautiful women, and men of genius, who having worn themselves out in making other people happy, are at last neglected and left to perish amidst age and infirmity, wondering how the world could be so ungrateful.

Here is the head of a connoisseur—[*takes the head.*]—Though born in this kingdom, he had travelled long enough to fall in love, with every thing foreign, and despise every thing belonging to his own country, except himself. He pretended to be a great judge of painting, but only admired those done a great way off, and a great while ago; he could not bear any thing done by any of his own countrymen, and one day being in an auction-room where there was a number of capital pictures, and among the rest an inimitable piece of painting of fruits and flowers; the connoisseur would not give his opinion of the picture until he had examined his catalogue, and finding it was done by an Englishman, he pulled out his eye-glass [*takes the eye-glass,*] “ O “ Sir,” says he, “ these English fellows “ have no more idea of genius than a “ Dutch skipper has of dancing a cotil- “ lion; the dog has spoiled a fine piece of “ canvas; he’s worse than a Harp-Alley “ sign-

“ sign-post dauber ; there’s no keeping, no
 “ perspective, no fore-ground ; — why
 “ there now, the fellow has attempted to
 “ paint a fly upon the rose-bud, why its
 “ no more like a fly than I am like a—
 “ a—.” But, as the connoisseur approach-
 ed his finger to the picture, the fly flew
 away.—His eyes are half closed, this is
 called, the wise man’s wink, and shews he
 can see the world with half an eye ; he
 had so wonderful a penetration, so inimi-
 table a forecast, he always could see how
 every thing was to be—after the affair was
 over.

Then talking of the affairs of admini-
 stration, he told his lordship, that he could
 see how things were all along, they could
 not deceive him. “ I can see if other
 “ people can’t—I can see if the ministry
 “ take the lead they won’t be behind hand.”
 This man found out the only scheme that
 ever could be invented for paying off the
 national debt, the scheme that he found
 out, he discovered to the ministry as fol-
 lows :

“ Now, my lord duke, I have a scheme
 “ to pay off our nation’s debt without
 “ burthening the subject with a fresh tax ;
 “ my scheme is as follows : I would have
 “ all the Thames water bottled up, and
 “ sold for Spa water. Who’ll buy it,
 “ you’ll say ? Why the waterman’s com-
 “ pany must buy it, or they never could

“ work their boats any more ; there’s a
 “ scheme to pay off the nation’s debt,
 “ without burthening the subject with a
 “ fresh tax.” [*Takes the head off.*]

Here’s a companion for that connoisseur ; this is one of your worldly wise men, wise in his own conceit ; he laughed at all modes of faith, and would have a reason given him for every thing. He disinherited his only son, because the lad could not give him a reason why a black hen laid a white egg. He was a great materialist, and thus he proved the infinity of matter. He told them, that “ all round things were
 “ globular, all square things flat-sided.
 “ Now, Sir, if the bottom is equal to the
 “ top, and the top equal to the bottom,
 “ and the bottom and the top are equal to
 “ the four sides, *ergo* all matter is as broad
 “ as its long.” But he had not in his head matter sufficient to prove matter efficient ; being thus deficient, he knew nothing of the matter. [*Takes off the head.*]

We shall now exhibit a freeholder’s head in a very particular state—in a state of inoculation. [*Shows the head.*]

These pieces of money are placed like doors over the senses, to open and shut just as the distributor of the medicine pleases. And here is an election picture [*shows it,*] all hands are catching at this, ’tis an interpretation of that famous sentiment “ May
 “ we have in our arms those we love in our
 “ hearts.”

"hearts." Now the day of election is madman's holiday, 'tis the golden day of liberty, which every voter, on that day, takes to market, and is his own salesman; for man at that time being considered as a mere machine, is acted upon as machines are, and to make his wheels move properly, he is properly greased in the fist. [*Gives off the picture.*]—Every freeholder enjoys his portion of septennial insanity: he'll eat and drink with every body without paying for it, because he's bold and free; then he'll knock down every body who won't say as he says, to prove his abhorrence of arbitrary power, and preserve the liberty of old England for ever, huzza! [*Gives off the bead.*]

The first contested election happened between the three goddesses upon Mount Ida, whose names were Juno, Minerva and Venus, when *Paris* was the returning officer, who decreed in favour of Venus, by presenting her with the golden apple [*takes up the money.*]—*Juno*, on her approaching *Paris*, told him, that though it was beneath her dignity to converse with a mortal, yet if he would be her friend, she would make him a nabob. Minerva told him how that learning was better than house and land, and if he would be her friend, she would teach him *propria quæ maribus*. But Venus, who thought it would be wasting time to make use of words, gave him such a look as put her in possession of the go!

den apple. The queen of beauty, out of gratitude to *Paris*, who had so well managed the election for her, made him a present of several slices of that golden pip-pin, and in commemoration of that event, such slices have been made use of as presents, at all other general elections ; they have a sympathy like that which happens to electrical wires, let a hundred hold them in their hands, their sensations will be the same ; but they differ from electricity in one essential point, which is that though the touch be ever so great, it never shocks people.

It is a general remark, that novelty is the master passion of the English ; nothing goes down without it, and nothing so gross, that it will not make palatable ; the art therefore of insuring success in this town to every adventurer, is to hit upon something new, as the phrase is ; no matter what it is, it will prove equally attracting whether it be a woman riding upon her head at Westminster-bridge, or one without any head at all, debating upon politics and religion at Westminster Forum : But here, let not my fair country-women condemn me as an unmannerly satirist—we respect the taste and understanding, as much as we admire the beauty and delicacy of the sex ; but surely no woman of sense would suppose we meant to offend her, if we said she was the most improper person in *the world* to be made a Captain of Horse,

or a Member of Parliament. This is the head [*takes the head*] of a female Moderator or President of the Lady's Debating Society; she can prove to a demonstration that man is an usurper of dignities and preferences, and that her sex has a just right to a participation of both with him: she would have physicians in petticoats, and lawyers with high heads and French curls; then she would have *young* women of spirit to command our fleets and armies, and *old* ones to govern the state:—She pathetically laments that women are considered as mere domestic animals, fit only for making puddings, pickling cucumbers, or registering cures for the measles and chincough. If this lady's wishes for reformation should ever be accomplished, we may expect to hear that an admiral's in the hysterics; that a general has miscarried; and that a prime minister was brought to bed the moment she opened the budget.

This is a head [*shew it*] of a male Moderator and President of eloquence at one of her schools in this metropolis; we have schools for fencing, schools for dancing, and schools at which we learn every thing but those things which we ought to learn: but this is a school to teach a man to be an orator: it can convert a cobbler into a Demosthenes—make him thunder over porter, and lighten over gin, and qualify him to speak on either side of the question in the House of Commons, who has not so much

as a single vote for a Member of Parliament.

Here political tobaccoists smoke the measures of government in cut and dry argument ; here opposition tailors prove the nation has been cabaged ; here faddlers, turned statesmen, find a curb for the ministry ; here the minority veteran players argue, that the scene ought to be shifted ; that the king's household wants a better manager, that there is no necessity for a wardrobe-keeper ; that his majesty's company are a set of very bad actors ; and he humbly moves that the king should discharge his prompter.—Some time ago the president of this society had a great constitutional point to decide, but not acquitting himself to the satisfaction of the ladies, this spirited female seized the chair of state, and with the crack of her fan opened the business of the evening ; declaring, as women had wisely abolished the vulgar custom of domestic employment, she saw no reason why their knowledge should be confined to the dress of a head or the flounce of a petticoat ; that government, in peace and war, was as much their province as the other sex, nay more ; with regard to peace very little was to be expected where women did not rule with absolute sway ; in respect to war, she insisted, at least, upon an equivalent, and quoted the examples of many heroines, from the days of Boadicea,

l, who headed her own armies, down to Hannah Snell, who served in the ranks; she appealed to her auditors if, notwithstanding their plumes, that assembly had not as warlike an appearance, as half the officers of the guards, and doubted not but they'd prove to have full as much courage if ever put to their shift. "In history and politics," continued she, "have not we a *Macaulay*? In books of entertainment, a *Griffiths*? And in dramatic works, an author that, in the last new comedy of *Which is the Man*, disputes the bays with the genius of Drury?—Ladies, were it possible to find a man that would dispute the eloquence of our tongues, I am sure he must readily yield to the superior eloquence of our eyes."—The gallery cried, Bravo! the assembly joined in general plaudit; and Miss *Susannah Cross-stitch* was chosen, *nem. com.* perpetual president.

Before I put these heads on one side, I shall give a derivation of their title.—*Moderator* is derived from *Mode*, and fashion, and *Rate*, a tax, and in its compound sense implies, that Fashion advised these two to lay their heads together, in order to take advantage of the passion of the public, for out-of-the-way opinions and out-of-the-way undertakings.—This head seems to be of that order, that should inculcate the doctrine of *charity, meekness, and benevolence*;

lence; but not finding his labours in the vineyard sufficiently rewarded, according to the value he sets upon himself, is now (like many of his function) an apostate from grace to faction, and with a political pamphlet in his hand, instead of a moral discourse, the *pulpit* is now become (as *Hudibras* expresses it) a drum ecclesiastic, and volunteers are beat up for in that place, where nothing *should be* thought of but proselytes to truth.

Among the many heads that have played upon the passions of the public, this is one [*takes the head*] that did cut a capital figure in that way. This is the head of *Jonas*, or the card-playing conjuring Jew; he could make matadores with a snap of his fingers, command the four aces with a whistle, and get odd ticks—but there are a great many people in London, besides this man, famous for playing odd tricks, and yet no conjurors neither. This man would have made a great figure in the law, as he is so dexterous a conveyancer. But the law is a profession that does not want any jugglers. Nor do we need any longer to load our heads with the weight of learning, or pore for years over arts and sciences, when a few months practice, with these pasteboard pages [*takes the cards*] can make any man's fortune, without his understanding a single letter of the alphabet, provided he can but slip the cards, snap his fingers, and utter the unintelligible

le telligible jargon of *presfo, passa, largo, mento,*
 ig *cocolorum, yaw*, like this Jonas.—The mo-
 w ment he comes into company and takes up
 n a pack of cards, he begins, "I am no com-
 l- "mon sleight of hand man; the common
 s, "sleight of hand men they turn up the things
 :- "up their sleeves, and make you believe
 :- "their fingers deceive your eyes—Now,
 e "Sir, you shall draw one card, two cards,
 s "three cards, four cards, five cards, half
 t "a dozen cards; you look at the card at
 : "this side, you look at the card at that
 "side, and I say blow the blast; the blast
 "is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw;
 "and now, Sir, I will do it once more over
 "again, to see whether my fingers can
 "more deceive your eyes; I'll give any
 man ten thousand pounds if he do the
 "like—You look at the card of this side,
 "you look at the card on that side, when
 "I say blow the blast, the blast is blown,
 "the card is flown, yaw, yaw." But this
 conjuror at length discovering that most
 practitioners on cards, now-a-days, know
 as many tricks as himself, and finding his
sleights of hand turned to little or *no account*,
 now practises on *notes of hand* by *discount*,
 and is to be found every morning at twelve
 in Duke's-place, up to his knuckles in dirt,
 and at two at the Bank-coffee-house, up to
 his elbows in money, where these locusts of
 society, over a dish of coffee and the book of
 interest, supply the temporary wants of:
 neces-

necessitous men, and are sure to out-wit 'em, had they even the cunning of a——Fox.

Here is the head of another fashionable foreigner [*shows the head*], a very simple machine; for it goes upon one spring, self-interest. This head may be compared to a *disobolezeance*; for there is but one seat in it, and that is not the seat of understanding: Yet it is wonderful how much more rapidly this will move in the high road of preferment than one of your thinking, feeling, complex English heads, in which honour, integrity, and reason make such a pother, that no step can be taken without consulting them. This head, if I may be allowed to speak with an Irish accent, was a long time boasting of his *feats*; but the last *fête* he attempted proved his *defeat*, for in springing too high he got such a fall as would disgrace an Englishman for ever, and which none but a foreigner's head could recover.

Is it not a pity that foreigners should be admitted familiarly into the houses of the great, while Englishmen, of real merit, shall be thrust from their doors with contempt? An instance of which happened in the following picture—[*the picture brought, and he goes before it.*] Here is an opera dancer or singer maintained by us in all the luxury of extravagance; and in the back ground a maimed soldier and sailor, who were asking alms, and thrown down by the insolence of the opera singer's chairmen; yet the sailor
lost

lost his arm with the gallant Captain *Pearson*, and the soldier left his leg on the plains of Minden. Instead of paying a guinea to see a man stand *on one leg*—would it not be better employed to be given to a man who *had but one leg to stand on*? But while these dear creatures condescend to come over here, to sing to us for the trifling sum of fifteen hundred or two thousand guineas yearly, in return for such their condescension, we cannot do too much for them, and that is the reason why we do so little for our own people. This is the way we reward those who only bring folly into the country, and the other is the way, and the only way, with which we reward our deliverers.—[*The picture taken off.*]—Among the number of exotics calculated for this evening's entertainment, the head of an opera composer, or burletta projector, should have been exhibited, could I have been lucky enough to hit upon any droll visage for that exhibition; but, after many experiments, I was at last convinced, that no head for that representation could be so truly ridiculous as my own, if this assembly do me the honour to accept it. [*Takes up the music frame and book.*]

Suppose me for once a burletta projector,
 Who attempts a mock musical scrap of a lecture;
 Suppose this thing a harpsichord or spinnet;
 We must suppose so, or else there's nothing in it;
 And thus I begin, tho' a stranger to graces,

Those

Those deficiencies must be supplied by grimaces,
And the want of wit, made up by making of faces.

[Changes wigs and fits down]

Come, Carro, come attend affetuoso,
English be dumb, your language is but so so;
Adagio is piano, allegro must be forte,
Go wash my neck and sleeves, because this shirt is di-

Mon charmant prenez guarda,
Mind what your signior begs,
Ven you wash, don't scrub so harda,
You may rub my shirt to rags.
Vile you make the water hotter—
Uno solo I compose.
Put in the pot the nice sheep's trotter,
And de littel petty toes;
De petty toes are little feet,
De little feet not big,
Great feet belong to de grunting hog,
De petty toes to de little pig.

Come, daughter dear, carissima anima mea,
Go boil the kittle, make me some green tea a.

Ma bella dolce fogno,
Vid de tea, cream, and sugar bono,
And a littel slice
Of bread and butter nice.
A bravo bread, and butter.
Bravissimo——imo.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE THIRD PART.

(Discovers two Ladies on the Table.)

IN spite of all the sneers, prints, and paragraphs that have been published, to render the ladies head-dresses ridiculous, sure when fancy prompts a fine woman to lead the fashion, how can any man be so Hottentotish as to find fault with it. I hope, here, to be acquitted from any design of rendering the ladies ridiculous; all I aim at is to amuse. Here is a rich dressed lady without elegance.—Here is an elegant dressed lady without riches; for riches can no more give grace, than they can beget understanding. A multiplicity of ornaments may load the wearer, but can never distinguish the gentlewoman.—*[Gives off the delicate lady.]*—This is a representation of those mislead ladies, whose families have gained great fortunes by trade, begin to be ashamed of the industry of their ancestors, and turn up their nose at ever thing mechanical, and call it *wulgar*. They are continually thrusting themselves among the nobility, to have it said, they keep quality company, and for that empty qualification expose themselves to all the tortures of ill treatment; because it is a frolic for persons of rank to mortify such

such their imitators.—This is vanity without honour, and dignity at second-hand, and shews that ladies may so far entangle the line of beauty, by not having it properly unwound for them, 'till they are lost in a labyrinth of fashionable intricacies.—[*Gives the heads off. Takes the head of Cleopatra.*]—Here is a real antique ; this is the head of that famous demirep of antiquity, called Cleopatra: This is the way the ladies of antiquity used to dress their heads in a morning. [*Gives the head off.*] And this is the way the ladies at present dress their heads in a morning [*takes the head.*] A lady in this dress seems hooded like a hawk, with a blister on each cheek, for the tooth-ach. One would imagine this fashion had been invented by some surly duenna, or ill-natured guardian, on purpose to prevent ladies turning to one side or the other ; and that may be the reason why now, every young gentlewoman chuses to look forward. As the world is round, every thing turns round along with it ; no wonder there should be such revolutions to ladies head dresses: This was in fashion two or three years past, this is the fashion of last year [*takes a head up ;*] and this the morning head-dress [*takes the head*] of this present Anno Domini—these are the winkers, and these are the blinkers ; but as the foibles of the ladies ought to be treated with the utmost delicacy, all we can say of these three heads, thus hood

oodwinked, is, that they are emblems of the three Graces, who, thus muffled, have a mind to play at blind-man's buff together.

[*Gives the beads off.*]

We shall now exhibit the head of an old maid [*takes the head;*] this is called antiquated virginity, it is a period when elderly unmarried ladies are supposed to be bearing apes about in leading-strings as a punishment, because when those elderly unmarried ladies were young and beautiful, they made monkies of mankind. Old maids are supposed to be ill-natured and crabbed, as wine kept too long on the lees will turn to vinegar. Not to be partial to either sex [*takes the head up,*] as a companion to the old maid, here is the head of an old batchelor; these old batchelors are mere bullies, they are perpetually abusing matrimony, without ever daring to accept of the challenge.— Whenever they are in company they are ever exclaiming against hen-pecked husbands, saying, if they were married, their wives should never go any where without asking their lords and masters leave, and if they were married, the children should never cry, nor the servants commit a fault, they'd set the house to rights, they would do every thing; but the lion-like talkers abroad, are mere baalambs at home, being generally dupes and slaves to some termagant mistress, against whose imperiousness they dare not open their lips, but are

frightened

frightened even if she frowns Old bachelors, in this, resemble your pretend-
to atheism, who make a mock in public
what in private they tremble at and fall down
to. When they become superannuated
they set up for suitors, they ogle through
spectacles, and sing love songs to ladies with
catarrhs by way of symphonies, and then
address a young lady with, "Come, my
" dear, I'll put on my spectacles and play
" your handkerchief for you ; I'll sing you
" a love song ;

" How can you, lovely Nancy." &c.

[Laughs aloud.]

How droll to hear the dotards aping youth,
And talk of love's delights without a tooth !

[Gives the beads off.]

It is something odd that ladies shall have
their charms all abroad in this manner,—
[takes the head] and the very next moment
this shall come soule over their heads, like
an extinguisher, [pulls the calash over.] This
is a hood in high taste at the upper end of
the town : and this [takes the head] a hood
in high taste at the lower end of the town.
not more different are these two heads in
their dresses, than they are in their manner
of conversation : this makes use of a deli-
cate dialect, it being thought polite pronun-
ciation, to say, instead of can not, ca'ant
must not, ma'ant ; shall not, sha'ant. The
clipping of letters would be extremely de-
trimental

mental to the current coin of conversation did not these good dames make ample use of words, by adding supernumerary syllables; when they talk of *breakfasts*, and *toastesses*, running their heads against the *postesses*, avoid the wild *beastesses*. These female orators, brought up at the bar of Billingsgate, have a peculiar way of expressing themselves, which, however indelicate it may appear to more civilized ears, is exactly comparable to the way of ancient oratory; the difference between ancient and modern oratory, consists in saying something or nothing to the purpose; some people talk without saying any thing; some people don't care what they say; some married women would be glad to have nothing to say to their wives; and some husbands would be as glad if their wives had not any thing to say to them. [*Gives the heads off.*] Ancient oratory is the gift of just persuasion; modern oratory the knack of putting words, not things, together; for speech-makers now are estimated, not by the merit, but by the length of their harangues; they are minutely timed as we do galloping horses, and their goodness rated according as they hold out against time. For example, a gentleman lately coming into a coffee-house, and expressing himself highly pleased with some remarks which he had just then heard; one of his acquaintance begged the favour he

would

would tell the company what the debate were about.

“ About, Sir?—Yes, Sir.—About,—
 “ what were they debating about? Why
 “ they were about five hours long?”—
 “ But what did they say, Sir? Why on
 “ man said every thing; he was up two
 “ hours, three quarters, nineteen seconds
 “ and five-eighths, by my watch, which is
 “ the best stop-watch in England, so if
 “ don’t know what he said, who should
 “ For I had my eye upon my watch all the
 “ time he was speaking.”—Which side
 “ was he of?—Which side was he of?—
 “ Why he was of my side, I stood close by
 “ him all the time.”

Here are the busts of two ancient laughing and crying philosophers, or orators [*takes the two heads up:*] These in their lifetime were heads of two powerful factions called the Groaners and the Grinners, [*holds one head in each hand;*] this, Don Dismal faction, is a representation of that discontented part of mankind, who are always railing at the times, and the world, and the people of the world: This is a good natured fellow, that made the best of everything, and this Don Dismal would attack his brother—“ Oh brother! brother! brother! what will this world come to?”
 “ —The same place it set out from the
 “ day twelvemonth.” “ When will the
 “ nation’s debt be paid off? “ Will you

“ &

"pass your word for it?" These are very
 "slippery times—very slippery." "They
 "are always so in frosty weather."——
 "What's become of our liberty? where
 "shall we find liberty?" "In Ireland to be
 "sure." "I can't bear to see such times."
 "Shut your eyes then."

[Gives the heads off.]

It may seem strange to those spectators
[takes the head] who are unacquainted with
 the reasons that induce ladies to appear in
 such caricatures, how that delicate sex can
 walk under the weight of such enormous
 head-coverings;—but what will not English
 hearts endure for the good of their country?
 And it is all for the good of their country
 the ladies wear such appearances; for while
 mankind are such enemies to Old England,
 as to run wool to France, our ladies, by
 making use of wool as part of their head-
 dresses *[lets down the tail and takes out the*
wool], keep it at home and encourage the
 woollen manufactory. *[Takes off the head.]*

But as all our fashions descend to our in-
 ferior a servant-maid in the Peak of Der-
 byshire, having purchased an old tête from
 a puppet-show woman, and being at a loss
 for some of this wool to stuff out the curls
 with, fancied a wisp of hay might do.——
[Takes the head]—Here is a servant-maid,
 with her new purchased finery; and here
 is her new-fashioned stuffing; but before
 she had finished at her garret dressing-table,

C

a ring

a ring at the door called her down stairs to receive a letter from the post-boy ; turning back to go into the house again, the post-boy's horse, being hungry laid hold of the head-dress, by way of forage. Never may the fair sex meet with a worse misfortune ; but may the ladies, always hereafter, preserve their heads in good order. Amen.

Horace in describing a fine woman, makes use of two Latin words, which are *simplex munditiis*. Now these words cannot be properly translated ; their best interpretation is that of a young female quaker [*takes the head :*] such is the effect of native neatness ; here is no bundle of hair to set her off, no jewels to adorn her, nor artificial complexion. Yet there is a certain odium which satire has dared to charge our English ladies with, which is plaistering the features with white-wash, or rubbing rouge or red, upon their faces [*gives the head off ;*] women of the town may lay on red, because, like pirates, the dexterity of their profession consists in their engaging under false colours ; but for the delicate, the inculpable part of the sex to vermillion their faces, seems as if ladies would fish for lovers as men bait for mackarel, by hanging something red upon their hook ; or that they imagined men to be of the bull, or turkey-cock kind, that would fly at any thing scarlet [*takes the head off.*] But such practitioners should remember that their faces are the works of
their

their Creator:—if bad, how dare they mend it ;—if good, why mend it ; are they ashamed of his work, and proud of their own ? If any such there are, let 'em lay by the art, and blush not to appear *that*, he blushes not to have made them.

If any lady should be offended with the lecturer's daring to take such liberties with her sex, by way of atonement for that part of my behaviour which may appear culpable, I humbly beg leave to offer a nostrum, or recipe, to preserve the ladies faces in perpetual bloom, and defend beauty from all assaults of time ; and I dare venture to affirm, not all the paints, pomatums, or washes, can be of so much service to make the ladies look lovely, as the application of this—[*shews the girdle of good temper* ;]—let but the ladies wear this noble order, and they never will be angry with me ; this is the grand secret of attraction, this is the girdle of Venus, which Juno borrowed to make herself appear lovely to her husband Jupiter ; and what is here humbly recommended to all married folks of every denomination : and to them I appeal, whether husband or wife, wife or husband, do not alternately wish each other would wear this girdle ? But here lies the mistake, while the husband *begs* his wife, the wife *insists* upon the husband's putting it on ; in the contention the girdle drops down between 'em, and neither of them will condescend

to stoop first to take it up [*lays down the girdle.*] *Bear and forbear, give and forgive,* are the four chariot wheels that carry Love to Heaven: *Peace, Lowliness, Fervency and Taste,* are the four radiant horses that draw it. Many people have been all their lifetime making this chariot, without ever being able to put one wheel to it, their horses have most of 'em got the spring halt, and that is the reason why married people now-a-days walk a foot to the Elysian Fields. Many a couple who live in splendor think they keep the only carriage that can convey them to happiness, but their vehicle is too often the *post-coach* of ruin; the horses that draw it, are *Vanity, Insolence, Luxury, and Credit*; the footmen who ride behind it are, *Pride, Lust, Tyranny and Oppression*; the servants out of livery that wait at table, are *Folly and Wantonness*; then *Sickness and Death* take away. Were ladies once to see themselves in an ill temper, I question if ever again they would chuse to appear in such a charactor.

Here is a lady [*takes up the picture*] in her true tranquil state of mind, in that amiableness of disposition, which makes foreigners declare, that an English lady, when she chuses to be in temper, and chuses to be herself, is the most lovely figure in the universe; and on the reverse of this medallion is the same lady, when she chuses *not* to be in temper, and *not* to be herself

[turns

[*turns the picture.*] This face is put on when she is disappointed of her masquerade habit, when she has lost a *sans prendre*, when her lap-dog's foot is trod upon, or when her husband has dared to contradict her. Some married ladies may have great cause of complaint against their husbands' irregularities, but is this a face to make those husbands better?—Surely no—'tis only by such looks as these—[*turns the picture*] they are to be won, and may the ladies hereafter only wear such looks, and may this never more be known—[*turns the picture*], only as a picture taken out of *Aesop's Fables*. [*Gives off the picture.*]

May each married lady preserve her good man,
And young ones get good ones as fast as they can.

It is very remarkable there should be such a plentiful harvest of courtship before marriage, and generally such a famine afterwards.

Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round and sweet-hearting, a sun-shine holiday in summer time. But when once through matrimony's turnpike, the weather becomes wintry, and some husbands are seized with a cold aguish fit, to which the faculty has given this name [*shows the girdle of indifference*]. Courtship is Matrimony's running footman, but sedition stays to see the stocking thrown; it is too often carried away by the two grand

preservatives of matrimonial friendship, *delicacy* and *gratitude*. There is also another distemper very mortal to the honey-moon, 'tis what the ladies sometimes are seized with, and the college of physicians call it by this title [*shews the girdle of the sullens.*] This distemper generally arises from some ill-conditioned speech, with which the lady has been hurt ; who then leaning on her elbow upon the breakfast table, her cheek resting upon the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed earnestly upon the fire, her feet beating tattoo time : The husband in the mean time biting his lips, pulling down his ruffles, stamping about the room, and looking at his lady like the devil. At last he abruptly demands of her,

“ What’s the matter with you, madam ? ”

The lady mildly replies,

“ Nothing.”

“ What is it you do mean, madam ? ”

“ Nothing.”

“ What would you make me, madam ? ”

“ Nothing.”

“ What is it I have done to you, madam ? ”

“ O—h— nothing.”

And this quarrel arose as they sat at breakfast : The lady very innocently observed, “ She believed the tea was made with “ Thames water.” The husband, in mere contradiction, insisted upon it, that the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River.

From a scene of matrimonial tumult,
here

here is one of matrimonial tranquillity. [*Matrimonial picture brought on, and you go forward.*] Here is an after-dinner wedlock *tête à tête*, a mere matrimonial *vis à vis*; the husband in a yawning state of dissipation, and the lady in almost the same drowsy attitude, called, A nothing-to-do-ishness. If an unexpected visitor should happen to break in upon their solitude, the lady, in her apology, declares, that "she is horribly chagrin'd, and most immensely out of countenance, to be caught in such a dishabille; but, upon honour, she did not mind how her cloaths were huddled on, not expecting any company, there being nobody at home *but* her husband."

The gentleman, he shakes his guest by the hand, and says, "I am heartily glad to see you, Jack; I don't know how it was, I was almost asleep; for as there was nobody at home *but* my wife, I did not know what to do with myself."

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE FOURTH PART.

WE shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number, according as the statutes declare; *considerandi, considerando, considerandum*; and are not to be meddled with by

those that don't understand 'em. Law always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except indeed when a woman happens to be slain; then the verdict is always brought in *man-slaughter*. The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate;—now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first, is the *beginning* or *inspiendum*; the second, the *uncertainty* or *dubieendum*; the third, *delay*, or *puzzieendum*; fourthly, *replication* without *endum*; and, fifthly, *manseum* & *horrendum*.

All which were exemplified in the following cases, *Daniel* against *Disbelout*.—*Daniel* was groom in the same family wherein *Disbelout* was cookmaid, and *Daniel* returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan; which spoiled his cloaths, and he was advised to bring his action against the cookmaid; the pleadings of which were as follow. The first person who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle. He began, saying,
 “ Since I have the honour to be pitched
 “ upon to open this cause to your Lord-
 “ ship, I shall not impertinently presume
 “ to take up any of your Lordship's time
 “ by a round-about, circumlocutory man-
 “ ner of speaking or talking quite foreign
 “ to

to the purpose, and not any ways relating
 to the matter in hand; I shall, I will;
 I design to show what damages my client
 has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and
 thereupon. Now, my Lord, my client
 being a servant in the same family with
 Disclout, and not being at board-wages,
 imagined he had a right to the fee-sim-
 ple of the dripping-pan, therefore he
 made an attachment on the *sep* with his
 right hand, which the defendant reple-
 vied with her left, tripp'd us up, and
 tumbled us into the dripping-pan: Now,
 in *Broughton's reports, Slack versus Small-*
wood, it is said, that *primus frokus sine*
jokus, absolutus est pravokus; now, who
 gave the *primus frokus*? who gave
 the first offence? Why, the cook: she
 brought the dripping-pan there; for,
 my Lord, though we will allow, if we
 had not been there, we could not have
 been thrown down there; yet, my
 Lord, if the dripping-pan had not been
 there, for us to have tumbled down into,
 we could not have tumbled into the drip-
 ping-pan." The next counsel on the same
 side began with, "My Lord, he who
 makes use of many words, to no pur-
 pose, has not much to say for himself,
 therefore I shall come to the point at
 once, at once and immediately I shall
 come to the point. My client was in
 liquor, the liquor in him having served

“ an ejection upon his understanding;
 “ common sense was non-suited, and he
 “ was a man besides himself, as Dr. *Bibli-*
 “ *bus* declares, in his Dissertation upon
 “ Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of
 “ the Abridgment of the Statutes, page
 “ 1286, he says, that a drunken man is
 “ *homo duplicans*, or a double man. Not
 “ only because he sees things double, but
 “ also because he is not as he *should be*,
 “ *profecto ipse* he, but is as he *should not be*,
 “ *defecto ipse* he.”

The counsel on the other side rose up
 gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily,
 and tossing the *tyes* of his wig about emphat-
 ically. He began with, “ My Lord, and
 “ you, gentlemen of the jury, I humbly
 “ do conceive, I have the authority to de-
 “ clare, that I am counsel in this case for
 “ the defendant; therefore, my Lord, I
 “ shall not flourish away in words; words
 “ are no more than fillagree works. Some
 “ people may think them an embellish-
 “ ment, but to me it is a matter of asto-
 “ nishment, how any one can be so imper-
 “ tinent to the detriment of all rudiments.
 “ But, my Lord, this is not to be looked at
 “ through the medium of right and wrong;
 “ for the law knows no medium, and right
 “ and wrong are but its shadows. Now
 “ in the first place, they have called a
 “ kitchen my client’s premises: Now, a
 “ kitchen is nobody’s premises; a kitchen

“ i

" is not a ware-house, nor a wash-house,
 " a brew-house, nor a bake-house, an
 " inn-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwell-
 " ling-house; no, my Lord, 'tis absolute-
 " ly and *bona fide* neither more nor less
 " than a kitchen; or, as the law more clas-
 " sically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera ne-*
 " *cessaria pro usus cookare; cum sauce-pannis,*
 " *stew-pannis, scullero, dressero, coalbolo, sto-*
 " *vis, sinoak-jacko, pro roastandum, boilan-*
 " *dum, fryandum, et plumpudding mixan-*
 " *dum, pro turtle soupas, calve's-headbasbi-*
 " *bus, cum calipea et calepashibus.*

" But we shall not avail ourselves of an
 " *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a
 " cookmaid: now, my Lord, we shall take
 " it upon a *new* ground, and beg a *new*
 " trial; for as they have curtailed our
 " name, from plain *Mary* into *Moll*, I hope
 " the court will not allow of this; for if
 " they were to allow of mistakes, what
 " would the law do? for when the law
 " don't find mistakes, it is the business of
 " the law to make them." Therefore the
 court allowed them the liberty of a new
 trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is
 happy for us we have the liberty to go to
 law.

By all the laws of laughing, every man
 is at liberty to play the fool with himself;
 but some people, fearful it would take from
 their consequence, choose to do it by proxy;
 hence came the appearance of keeping fools

in great families, [*takes the head;*] thus are they dressed, and show by this party-coloured garment, they are related to all the wise families in the kingdom. This is a fool's cap, 'tis put upon Nobody's head, Nobody's face is without features, because we could not put Anybody's face upon Nobody's head. This is the head of Somebody, [*takes the head*] it has two faces, for Somebody is supposed to carry two faces, one of these faces is handsome, the other rather ill-favoured; the handsome face is exhibited as a hint to that part of mankind who are always whispering among their acquaintance, how well they are with somebody, and that Somebody is a very fine woman. One of those boasters of beauty, one night at a tavern, relating his amazing amours, the toast-master called him to order, and a gentleman in a frolic, instead of naming any living lady for his toast, gave the Greek name of the tragic muse Melpomene; upon which this boaster of beauty, the moment he heard the word Melpomene, addresses the toast-master, "Oh! ho! Mr. " Toast-master, you are going a round of " demireps—Ay, ay, *Moll Pomene*, I remember her very well, she was a very " fine girl, and so was her sister *Bet Pomene*, " I had 'em both at a certain house, you " know where." Can we help smiling at the partiality of the present times; that a man should be transported if he snares a
bare,

here, or nets a partridge, and yet there is no punishment for those *whisperers* away of ladies reputations? But ill tongues would fall hurtless, were there no believers to give them credit, as robbers could not continue to pilfer were there no receivers of stolen goods. Here is the head [*takes it*] of Anybody, with his eyes closed, his mouth shut, and his ears stopped, and this is exhibited as an emblem of wisdom; and Anybody may become wise, if they will not spy into the faults of others, tell tales of others, nor listen to the tales of others, but mind their own business, and be satisfied. Here is the head [*takes it*] of Everybody, [*turns the head round*]; this is to shew how people dread popular clamour, or what all the world will say, or what everybody will say; nay, there is not a poor country wench, when her young master the 'squire attempts to delude her, but what immediately replies to him, "Lord!—your honour!—What will the world say?" And this, *what will the world say*, is what everybody anxious after, although it is hardly worth anybody's while to trouble their heads with the world's sayings.

These four heads of *Nobody*, *Everybody*, *Somebody*, and *Anybody*, form a fifth head called a *Busybody*; the busybody is always anxious after something about somebody; he'll keep company with *anybody* to find out *everybody's* business, and is only a
 lot

lofs when this head stops his pursuit, and *nobody* will give him an answer. It is from these four heads the fib of each day is fabricated; *Suspicion* begets the morning whisper, the gossip *Report* circulates it as secret, *wide-mouthed Wonder* gives *Credulity* credit for it, and *Self-interest* authenticates, that, as *anybody* may be set to work by *somebody*, *everybody's* alarmed at it, and at last, there is *nobody* knows any thing at all of the matter. From these four heads people purchase lottery-tickets, although calculation demonstrates the odds are so much against them; but *hope* flatters them, *fancy* makes them believe, and *expectation* observes, that the twenty thousand pounds prizes must come to *somebody*, [*gives the head off,*] and as *anybody* may have them [*gives the head off,*] and *nobody* knows who [*gives the head off,*] *everybody* buys lottery tickets. [*Gives the head off.*]

Most difficult it is for any single speaker long to preserve the attention of his audience; nay, he could not continue speaking conscious of that difficulty, did he not depend greatly on the humanity of his hearers. Yet it is not *flattery* prompts the lecturer to this address; for, to shew in how odious a light he holds flattery, he here exposes the head of flattery. [*Takes the head.*] his being called *Flattery* was begat upon *overty* by *Wit*; and that is the reason why or *wits* are always the greatest flatterers.

The

The ancients had several *days* they called lucky and unlucky ones ; they were marked as white and black days : Thus is the face of Flattery, distinguished ; to the lucky she shews her white, or shining profile ; to the unlucky she is always in eclipse ; but, on the least appearance of Calamity, immediately Flattery changes into reproach [*opens the head.*] How easy the transition is from flattery into reproach ; the moral of which is, that it is a reproach to our understandings to suffer flattery.— But some people are so fond of that incense, that they greedily accept it, though they despise the hand that offers it, without considering the receiver is as bad as the thief. As every head here is intended to convey some moral, the moral of this head is as follows : this head was the occasion of the first duel that ever was fought, it then standing on a pillar, in the centre, where four roads met. Two knight-errants, one from the north, and one from the south, arrived at the pillar, at the same instant, whereon this head was placed ; one of the knight-errants, who only saw this side of the head, called out, “ It was a shame to trust a “ silver head by the road side.” “ A silver head,” replied the knight who only saw this side of the head, “ it’s a black “ head.” Flat contradiction produced fatal demonstration ; their swords flew out, and they hacked and hewed one another so long,

long, that at last, fainting with loss of blood, they fell on the ground ; then, lifting up their eyes, they discovered their mistake concerning this image. A venerable hermit coming by, bound up their wounds, placed them again on horseback, and gave them this piece of advice, That they never hereafter should engage in any parties, or take part in any dispute, without having previously examined both sides of the question.

We shall now conclude this part of the lecture with four national characters ;

Here is the head of a Frenchman [*shows the head*], all levity and lightness, singing and capering from morning till night, as if he looked upon life to be but a long *dance*, and liberty and law but a *jig*. Yet Monsieur talks in high strains of the law, though he lives in a country that knows no law but the caprice of an absolute monarch.

Has he property ? An edict from the *Grand Monarch* can take it, and the slave is satisfi-

d. Pursue him to the *Bastille*, or the dismal dungeon in the country to which a *tre de cachet* conveys him, and buries the wretch for life ; there see him in all misery ;—ask him “ What is the cause ? ” “ *Je ne sçai pas*, it is the will of the Grand Monarch.” Give him a *souper*, a little sallad, and a hind quarter of a frog, and he’s in high spirits.—*Fal, la, vive le roy, vive la bagattelle*. He

is

now the declared enemy of Great Britain, ask him, "Why, has England done your country any injury?" "Oh, no." "What then is your cause of quarrel?" "England, Sir, not give de liberty to de subject. She will have de tax upon de tea; but by gar, Sir, de grand monarch have send out de fleet and de army to chastise de English, and ven de American can are free—de Grand Monarch he tax de American himself." "But, Monsieur, is France able to cope with England on her own element the sea?"—"Où pourquois non? Why not." Here is the head of a British Tar [*shows the head*]; and while England can man her navy with thousands of his spirits, Monsieur's threats are in vain: here is a man who despises danger, wounds and death; he fights with the spirit of a lion, and as if, like a salamander, his element was fire, gets fresh courage as the action grows hotter; he knows no disgrace like striking to the French flag; no reward for past services so ample as a wooden-leg, and no retreat so honourable as Greenwich-hospital: Contrast his behaviour with that of a French sailor, who must have a drawn sword over his head to make him stand to his gun, who runs trembling to the priest for an absolution—"Ah, mon bon pere, avez pitie de moi!" when he shou'd look death in the face like a man.—This brave tar saw the
gallant

gallant *Farmer*, seated on his anchor, his ship in a blaze, his eye fixed on the wide expanse of the waters round him, scorning to shrink, waiting with the calm firmness of a hero for the moment when he was to die gloriously in the service of his country.

Here is the head of a Spaniard [*shows the head* ;] but first I had better remove the Frenchman, for fear of a quarrel between the two allies. Now he has no dislike to England, he wishes, as Spain ever did, for peace with England, and war with all the world ; he remembers the latter end of the last war.—The British fleets thundering in their ports, and the whole nation abhorring the French for the calamities brought upon them by an intriguing Italian cabinet. He was taken prisoner by the gallant Sir George Rodney, and the only favour he asked upon coming to England was, not to be imprisoned with a Frenchman—detesting all connection with that superficial, dancing, treacherous people. The Frenchman, vain and sanguine to the last, encourages his ally to persevere.—*Attendre, attendre, mon cher ami*,—"Wait, my good friend, we shall get the game yet."—"Certainly," replies the grave Don, "for we get all the rubbers." But whilst these two are mourning over their losses by the war, here comes another to complete the procession of madness and folly. This is the head [*shows it*] of Mynheer Van

a Neverfelt Large Breecho Love Cab-
 cho Dutch Doggero, a great merchant
 otterdam, who had amassed an immense
 une by supplying the enemies of Great
 ain with hemp, and who, if he had
 deserts, should *die* as he had *lived* by it.
 He considers treaties as mere court pro-
 es, and these, in the vulgar acceptation
 a pye crust, whenever they cover any
 antage, it is but breaking 'em, and
 n with friendship and honour in a bite.
 He looks upon interest to be the true law
 nature, and principle a sinking fund, in
 ch no Dutchman should be concerned.
 He looks upon money to be the greatest
 d upon earth; and a pickled herring
 greatest dainty. If you would ask him
 it wisdom is, he'll answer you *stock*.—If
 ask him what benevolence is, he'll re-
 , *stock*: and should you enquire who
 le him, he should say, *stock*; for *stock*
 he only deity he bows down to. If you
 uld judge of his wit, his whole *stock* lies
 a pipe of tobacco: and if you would
 ge of his conversation, a bull and a
 rare his *stock* companions. His con-
 t to all men and all nations is most
 ingly typified by Hogarth's Paul before
 ix, in true Dutch gusto, where the
 rdian angel Conscience has fallen asleep,
 ch Avarice, in the shape of the Devil,
 ng advantage of, saws asunder the legs
 he stool upon which the apostle is ex-
 hibited

hibited standing. But the vengeance of Britain's insulted genius has overtaken him, in the east and in the west, and Holland has received blows, for her breach of compacts, she will remember as long as her dykes defend her from the encroachments of the ocean.

WHEN men have eminently distinguished themselves in arts or arms, their characters should be held up to the public with every mark of honour, to inspire the young candidate for fame with a generous emulation.—There is a noble enthusiasm in great minds, which not only inclines them to behold illustrious actions with wonder and delight, but kindles also a desire of attaining the same degree of excellence. The Romans, who well knew this principle in human nature, decreed triumphs to their generals—erected obelisks and statues in commemoration of their stories: and, to this day, the cabinet of an antiquarian preserves records of the stories of a Germanicus, the generosity of a Titus, or the peaceful virtues of an Antoninus. Why then should not England adopt the practice of the Romans, a people who reached the highest pinnacle of glory? It is true, that some of our

our great generals have marble monuments in Westminster Abbey ; but why should not the living enjoy the full inheritance of their laurels ? If they deserve to have their victories proclaimed to the world by the voice of Fame, let it be when men are sensible to the sweetness of her trumpet ; for she will then sound like an angel in their ears.

Here is the head of a *British Hero* ; a title seldom conferred, and as seldom merited, 'till the ardent valour of the youthful warrior is ripened into the wisdom and cool intrepidity of the veteran. He entered the service, with the principles of a soldier and a patriot, the love of fame and the love of his country. His mind active and vigorous—burning with the thirst of honour—flew to posts of danger with a rapidity which gave ten-fold value to his military exertions, and rendered his onsets terrible as resistless. No expedition appeared to him either difficult or impracticable that was to be undertaken for the good of the cause he had embarked in. Fortune too seemed enamoured of his valour, for she preserved his life in above a hundred and thirty actions ; and though he cannot stretch out an arm without shewing an honourable testimony of the dangers to which he was exposed, he has still a hand left to wield a sword for the service of his country. As he is yet in the prime of youth,

there

there is nothing too great to be expected from him.—He resembles the immortal WOLFE in his *fire* and *fame*. And oh! for the good of England, that WOLFE in his fortunes resembled——TARLETON!

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE FIFTH PART.

WE shall now return to the law, for our laws are full of returns, and we shall shew a compendium of law—[*takes the wig.*]

—Parts of practice in the twist of the tail.

—The depth of a full bottom denotes the length of a chancery suit, and the black of behind, like a blistering plaister, seems shew us that law is a great irritator, and only to be used in cases of necessity.

We shall now beg leave to change the position of the head-dress, for, like a poor rriwig-maker, I am obliged to mount several patterns on the same block.

[*Puts on the wig, and takes the nose-gay.*]

Law is—law,—Law is law, and as in law and so forth, and hereby, and afore-said, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, where they are led up and down in it till they are

are tired.—Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We now shall mention a cause called “*Bullum versus Boatum*,” it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows.

There were two farmers, farmer A, and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope fashion, or as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went *up town* to dinner; farmer B’s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came *down town* to look for a dinner; and the bull observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat—he eat up the turnips, and make an end of his meal, he fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat being *from* its moorings, floated down the river.

with the bull in it: it struck against a post—beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, tossed the bull over board; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull. The owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given *Bullum versus Boatum, Boatum versus Bullum*. Now the counsel for the bull began with saying, “My Lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull.—We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my Lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my Lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my Lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my Lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a null.”

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be non-suited, because in his declaration, he had not specified what the bull was; for thus wisely and thus learnedly

learnedly spoke the counsel,—"My Lord,
 "if the bull was of no colour, he must be of
 "some colour; and if he was not of any
 "colour, what colour could the bull be?"
 I over-ruled this motion myself, by observ-
 ing the bull was a white bull, and that
 white is no colour: besides, as I told my
 brethren, they should not trouble their
 heads to talk of colour in the law, for the
 law can colour any thing. This cause being
 afterwards left to a reference, upon the
 award, both bull and boat were acquitted,
 it being proved that the tide of the river
 carried them both away, upon which I
 gave it, as my opinion, that as the tide of
 the river carried both bull and boat away,
 both bull and boat had a good action against
 the water bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was
 issued, and, upon the traverse, this point
 of law arose, how, wherefore, and whe-
 ther, why, when, and what, whatsoever,
 whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not
 a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an
 oath be administered? The point was soon
 settled by Boatum's attorney declaring,
 that for his client he would swear any
 thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then
 read, taken out of the original record in
 true law Latin, which set forth in their de-
 claration that they were carried away either
 by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb,

charter of the water-bailiff was a *Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in cunctis omnibus, piscibus, qui habitant in fluminibus, lacibus, et talis, qui sunt in fluminibus, vel salibus riveris, lacibus, canalibus et well boats, five oyster wharfs, shrimps, turbotus solus, not turbotus alone, but turbotus and together. But now comes the law; the law is as nice as an egg, and not to be understood by headed people. Bullum and Boon were taken both ebb and flood to availing; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of ebb, nor by the tide of flood, but exactly at the top of high water, they were released; but such was the lenity of the law upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.*

This is one of those many thousand [takes the head] who swarm in London, whose times and minds are divided between the affairs of state and affairs of a kitchen; he was anxious about venison and politicks; he believed a cook to be a great genius, and how to dress a turtle comprehend all arts and sciences together. He was hunting after news-papers, to read of battles, and imagined soldiers as if they were only made to be knock'd on the head; but he might read an account of

papers; he read every political pamphlet that was published on both sides of the question, and was always on his side whom he read last. And then he'd come home in a good or ill temper, and call for his night-cap, and pipes and tobacco, and send for some neighbours to sit with him, and talk politics together.—[*Puts on a cap, and takes the pipes and sits down.*]——“ How

“ you do, Mr. Costive? Sit down, sit down.

“ ay, these times are hard times; I can

“ no more relish these times, than I can

“ a haunch of venison without sweet sauce

“ to it; but, if you remember, I told you

“ we should have warm work of it, when

“ the cook threw down the Kian pepper.

“ Ay, ay; I think I know a thing or two;

“ I think I do, that's all.—But Lord

“ what signifies what one knows, they

“ don't mind me? You know I mentioned

“ at our club the disturbances in America,

“ and one of the company took me up,

“ and said, “ What signifies America,

“ when we are all in a merry cue?” So

“ they all fell a laughing.—Now there'

“ Commons made Lords, and there's Lord

“ made, the LORD knows what; but that'

“ nothing to us; they make us pay ou

“ taxes; they take care of that; ay, ay

“ ay, they are sure of that; pray, wha

“ have they done for these twenty year

“ last past?—Why, nothing at all; th

“ have made a few turnpike roads,

“ kept the partridges alive ’till September;
 “ that’s all they have done for the good of
 “ their country. There were some great
 “ people formerly, that lov’d their coun-
 “ try, that did every thing for the good of
 “ their country; there were your Alexan-
 “ der the Greats lov’d his country, and
 “ Julius Cæsar lov’d his country, and
 “ Charles of Sweedland lov’d his country,
 “ and Queen Semiramis, she lov’d her
 “ country more than any of ’em; for she
 “ invented solomon-gundy; that’s the best
 “ eating in the whole world. Now, I’ll
 “ shew you my plan of operations, Mr.
 “ Costive; we’ll suppose this drop of
 “ punch here to be the main ocean, or the
 “ sea; very well—these pieces of cork to
 “ be our men of war; very well—now
 “ where shall I rise my fortifications? I
 “ wish I had Mr. Major Moncrieff here;
 “ he’s the best in the world at rising a for-
 “ tification.—Oh! I have it, [*breaks the*
 “ *pipes*]; we’ll suppose them to be all the
 “ strong fortified places in the whole
 “ world; such as Fort Omoa, Tilbury
 “ Fort, Birgin op zoom, and Tower Ditch,
 “ and all the other fortified places all over
 “ the world. Now, I’d have all our horse-
 “ cavalry wear cork waistcoats, and all
 “ our foot infantry should wear air jackets.
 “ Then, Sir, they’d cross the sea before
 “ you could say Jack Robinson; and
 “ here do you think they should land,
 “ Mr.

Mr. Costive ; whisper me that ? Ha !—
 What ?—When ?—How ?—You don't
 know ?—How should you ?—Was you
 ever in Germany or Bohemia !—Now, I
 know ; I understand geography ; now they
 could land in America, under the line,
 close to the south-pole ; there they
 could land every mother's babe of 'em ;
 then there's the Catawaws, and there's
 the Catawawes ; there's the Cherokees
 and there's the *ruffs* and *rees* ; they are
 the four great nations ; then I takes my
 Catawaws all across the continent, from
 Malacca to Bengal ; then they should go
 to the Mediterranean.—You know where
 the Mediterranean is ?—No, you know
 nothing ; I'll tell you ; the Mediterranean
 is the metropolis of Constantinople ;
 then I'd send a fleet to blockade Paris
 if the French King had given up Paul-
 Jones ; then I'd send for Genl Clinton
 and Colonel Tarleton ; and—Where was
 Mr. Costive ; with Colonel Tarleton.
 Thank ye—so I was ; but you are for-
 gotten, Mr. Costive, you put me out.—
 Now, I'll explain the whole affair to
 you ; you shan't miss a word of it :
 Now, there is the King of Prussia, and
 the Empress of Russia ; the Nabob of
 Arcot, and the King of the Hottentots
 are all in the Protestant Interest ; they
 make a diversion upon all the Cham-
 berlain's back settlements ; then

" Guy Carleton comes with a *circu*
 " *bus*, and retakes all the islands ;
 " Island and all ; and takes 'em *be*
 " *there*, and *there*, and *here*, and
 " *where* ;—there is the whole affair
 " ed at once to you."

This is the head of a proud man ; a
 in that predicament are unsound
 man was rich, and as wealth is a
 -bed to raise flatterers, he had
 of them ; he believed them, and
 spoke in the first person, saying, I,
 will have it so ; I know it ;—I, I-
 puts one in mind of a schoolboy ter
 before his mistress's knees, I by it
 Yet there is one piece of pride which
 be thought excuseable ; and that
 honest exultation of heart which even
 lic performer feels from the approb
 his auditors ;—gratefully does he a
 ledge their indulgence, and with f
 declares, That the utmost exertion
 abilities can never equal the favour
 public.

By way of Epilogue, here are two
 —[*takes the two wigs.*—This is cal
 full buckled bob, and carries a con
 tiality along with it ; it is worn by
 people who frequent city feasts, and
 themselves at a Lord-Mayor's shew
 and with one of these wigs on, their
 hins rested upon their breasts, an
 oulders up, they seem as if they

lives into a state of indigestion, or
 d bumpered themselves out of breath
 outed beer. [*Puts on the wig.*]—
 ter! bring me a ladleful of soup!
 log, don't take off that haunch of
 son yet!—bring me the lamb, a glass
 urrant jelly, and a clean plate. A
 nob, Sir, with all my heart, two
 pers of Madeira!—Love, health,
 ready rhino, to all the friends that
 and I know.”—On the contrary,
 ank locks form the half famished

the Methodist hair, and takes the tub.]
 he floor of the world is filthy, the
 of Mammon eats up all your up-
 leathers, and we are all become sad
 s: Brethren, the word brethren
 es from the tabernacle, because we
 reathe therein: if you are drowzy I'll
 ze you, I'll beat a tatoo upon the
 hment case of your conscience, and
 whisk the Devil like a whirligig
 ng you. Now let me ask you a
 sion seriously: Did you ever see any
 y eat any hasty-pudding? What fa-
 they make when it scalds their
 uths, phoo, phoo, phoo; what faces
 you all make when old Nick nicks
 ? Now unto a bowl of punch I com-
 : matrimony; there's the sweet part
 t, which is the honey-moon; there's
 e's the largest part of it, that's

" most insipid that comes after, and that's
 " the water; then there's the strong spi-
 " rits, that's the husband; then there's the
 " four spirit, that's the wife. But you
 " don't mind me, no more than a dead
 " horse does a pair of spectacles, if you
 " did, the sweet words which I utter would
 " be like a treacle posset to your palates.
 " Do you know how many taylors make a
 " man?—Why nine—How many half a
 " man?—Why four journeymen and an
 " apprentice. So have you all been bound
 " 'prentices to Madam Faddle, the Fashion-
 " maker; ye have served your times out,
 " and now you set up for yourselves. My
 " bowels and my small guts groan for you;
 " as the cat on the house-top is caterwawl-
 " ing, so from the top of my voice will I
 " be bawling.—put—put some money in
 " the plate, then your abominations shall
 " be scalded off like bristles from the hog's
 " back, and ye shall be scalped of them
 " all as easily as I pull off this perriwig."

My attempt you have heard to succeed the projector,
 And I tremblingly wait your award of this lecture;
 No merits I plead, but what's fit for my station,
 And that is the merits of your approbation.
 And since for mere mirth I exhibit this plan,
 Condemn if you please—but excuse if you can.

END OF THE LECTURE.

AN
ESSAY

ON
ATTIRE.

THE vice and folly which overspread
human nature first created the satirist. We
should not, therefore, attribute his severity
to a malignity of disposition, but to an
acute sense of propriety, an honest in-
dignation of depravity, and a generous de-
sire to reform the degenerated manners of
fellow creatures. This has been the cause
of *Aristophanes* censuring the pedantry and
corruption of *Socrates*, *Horace*, *Perseus*, *Mar-*
tial and *Juvenal*, the luxury and profliga-
cy of the *Romans*; *Boileau* and *Moliere*, the
affectation and refinement of the *French*; *Cer-*
tes the romantic pride and madness

the *Spanish*; and *Dorset, Oldham, Addison, Churchill, Stevens*, and *Foo* variety of vice, folly and luxury which have imported, from our extensive commerce and intercourse with other nations. We should, consequently, reverse the current and correct ourselves. We should avoid him as the detector, but as the ly monitor. If he speaks severe truth, we should condemn our own conduct and give him the power.

It has frequently been observed, that a satirist has proved more beneficial to the correction of a state than the divine legislator. Indeed he seems to have been created with peculiar penetrative faculties, and an integrity of disposition, and a happy genius to display the enormity of our vices, while it corrects the corruption of our vices. The legislator may make laws sufficiently wise and judicious to restrain and controul villainy, without the danger of impeding the progress of virtue. We should, while they are kept within the bounds of only injuring ourselves. For law without power to punish us for the vices which debilitate our constitution, destroy our commerce, or degrade our character.

Nor can religion entirely extirpate vice no more than she can even controul it. Her two principles—alluring to virtue by the promise of reward, and dissuading vice, by threats of punishment, extend their influence to the very heart of man.

it

influence no further than on those whose disposition are susceptible of their impressions. So that we find numbers among mankind, whose conduct and opinions are beyond her power. The atheist, who disbelieves a future existence, as not liable to check the exercise of his favourite vicious habits, for any hope of reward or dread of punishment.—The debauchee, though he may not deny the truth of her tenets, yet is too much absorbed in his pleasures, to listen to her precepts, or regard her examples. Besides, there are many so weak in their resolution, as not to be capable of breaking the fetters of habit and prepossession—although the yare, at the same time, sensible of their destructive consequences. It is therefore, nature has implanted in us a sense which tends to correct our disposition, where law and religion are seen to have no power. This sense is a desire of public estimation, which not only tends to give mankind perfection in every art and science, but also to render our personal character respectable. It is this susceptibility of shame and infamy which gives satire its efficiency.

Without this sense of ourselves the scourge would lose its power of chastisement. We should receive the lashes without a sense of their pain, and without the sense of their pain we should never amend from this affliction. From the desire of being appro-

ed and noticed arises every effort which constitutes the variety of employments and excellencies the world possesses. It actuates the prince and the beggar, the peasant and the politician, the labourer and the scholar, the mechanic and the soldier, the player and the divine.—In a word, there is not an individual in the community whose conduct is not influenced by its dictates. It is therefore not surprising that mankind should be impressible to the power of Satire, whose object is to describe their vices and follies, for the finger of public infamy to point at their deformities and delinquencies. Thus, where law cannot extend its awe and authority, Satire wields the scourge of disgrace; and where religion cannot convince the atheist, attract the attention of the debauchee, or reform those who are subject to the power of habit and fashion, Satire affords effectually her assistance. Satire reforms the drunkard, by exposing to the view of himself and the world the brutality of his actions and person when under the influence of intoxication. Satire reforms likewise the inordinate actions of those who are not awed by the belief of future reward and punishment, by exposing them to infamy during their present existence. And those who are subject to the dominion of depraved habits, Satire awakens to a practice of reformation, from the poignant sense of being the derision and contempt of all

t their connections. For there is no incentive so powerful to abandon pernicious customs, as the sense of present and future disgrace. We may therefore conclude, that nothing tends so much to correct vice so fully as this species of public censure. Having thus made some observations on the general utility and necessity of satire, we shall proceed to examine which of its species is the most likely to be effective.

The most remarkable species of satire are, the narrative, dramatic, and picturesque; which have also their separate species peculiar to each. The narrative contains those that either reprove with a smile or a frown, by portraying the characteristics of an individual, or the general manners of a society, people, or nation, and are either described in verse or prose. — The dramatic contains perfect resemblance, which is described by comedy; or caricature, which is described by farce. And the picturesque is what exercises the painter, engraver, and sculptor. In all these species the satirist may either divert by his humour, entertain by his wit, or torture by his severity. Each mode has its advocates. But we think, that the mode should be adapted to the nature of the vice or folly which demands correction. If the vice be of an atrocious nature, it certainly requires that the satire be severe. If it be of a nature that arises more from a weakness

ness of mind than depravity of feeling, we should think it should be chastised by the lively and pointed sarcasms of wit. And if the failing be merely a folly, it should only be the subject of humorous ridicule. With respect to determining which species of satire is the most preferable—The narrative of Horace and Juvenal, the dramatic of Aristophanes and Foote, or the picturesque of Hogarth and Stevens, we can best form our opinion from comparing their different defects and excellencies. As the narrative is merely a description of manners, it is devoid of that imitation of passion and character which gives effect to the dramatic. But as the language is more pointed, more energetic, and more elegant, it certainly must impress the reader more deeply. The dramatic, therefore, while it is calculated to affect more the spectator, is inferior to the narrative in the closet. The picturesque is more defective than either of the two former. It has only power to describe the action of an instant, and this without the assistance of reflection, observation, and sentiment, which they derive from their verbal expression.

We may consequently perceive, that each species has defects to which others are not liable, and excellencies which the others do not possess.

Thus, it is evident, that a species of satire which could blend all the advantages of
all

all the three, can only be that which is adequate to the idea of a perfect satire. This kind of satire is the *Lecture upon Heads*. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that it should have been the most popular exhibition of the age. The heads and their dresses composed the picturesque! the assumption of character and dialogue, by the lecturer, composed the dramatic; and the lively description of manners, the judicious propriety, and pertinence of observation, composed the narrative. Thus did the genius of its author invent a species of entertainment, which possessed excellencies that counterbalanced the defects of all other satirists, produced from the age of Aristophanes, who flourished four hundred and seven years before the Christian æra, until his own time.

Having thus enforced the utility of satire in general, and specified the defects and properties of its particular kinds, we shall proceed to make a few observations on the peculiar merit of the *Lecture on Heads*. We have already seen that it possesses every quality of all other satires in itself;—It only, therefore, remains to consider its wit, humour, character, and apparatus; which are its essential properties.—The wit of this lecture is as various as the subjects which it satirises—Its brilliancy charms, its poignancy convicts while it chastises, and its pertinency always adorns the sentiment.

ment or observation it would illustrate. The variety of its species always entertains, but never satiates. Even his puns please, from the aptness and pleasantry of their conceits. His wit is so predominant, that, if we may be allowed the expression, it is discovered in his silence. A most striking example of this is where he uses the rhetorical figure called the *Apotheosis*, or suppression, in displaying the head of a prostitute; he introduces it with saying, "This is the head of a *woman of the town*, or a——; " but whatever other title the woman may " have, we are not entitled here to take " notice of it." Nothing can be more delicate than this suppression;—it displays a tenderness and liberality to the frailty of female nature, which does as much credit to his feelings, as to his genius. We know not a more happy instance of giving expression to silence, or giving an idea without verbal assistance than is contained in the above character.

The humour of this lecture is grotesque, lively, and delicate; it varies its form with the character it ridicules: nothing can surpass the humorous whimsicality of his situations and expressions; for they please as much from the fanciful manner in which he places the ridiculous to our view, as from the resemblance with which he so naturally describes the prototype. His description of a LONDON BLOOD cannot fail

fail to excite laughter in the features of the greatest cynic. The natural propensity which mankind has to laugh at mischief, never was more happily gratified than from his describing this character, **PUSHING A BLIND HORSE INTO A CHINA-SHOP.** Had he chosen any other animal, the effect would not have been so great on his audience—If it had been an ass, it would have been attended with an idea of the obstinacy and the reluctance of this animal, which would have suggested its being too difficult; it would not, therefore, have excited, in any manner, the risible faculty—Had it been an ox, it would have connected with it the idea of too much fury and devastation to entertain with the picture. But choosing a blind horse, who from his loss of sight and natural docility, may be easily supposed to be led into such a situation; the mind adopts the credibility, and enjoys the whimsical and mischievous consequence—while it condemns the folly and puerility of the *Blood* who occasioned it. It is this peculiar faculty of choice of subjects, situation, and assemblage which constitutes the excellence of a humourist, which *Stevens* possessed in a most eminent degree; for he displays it in almost every line of his lecture. Indeed, in this art, we know of none superior to him; except it be *Shakespeare* in some of his comedies, which are inimitable

inimitable in every thing which relates to the *vis comica*.

With respect to the characters of this lecture, they are such as will be found to exist with human nature ; except a few who are described as the devotees to particular fashions, and such will always be found while vanity, luxury, and dissipation exist in society. Therefore, from this universality of character, his lecture will ever be worthy the perusal of every person who would wish to avoid being contemptible or ridiculous.

For there is no person but may be liable to some vice or folly which he will find exposed by this masterly, pleasant, and original satirist.

His characters compose every part of the community. The old and young, rich and poor, male and female, married and unmarried, and those of every learned and unlearned profession, are the subjects of his whimsical, yet judicious and pertinent censure.

Having thus made some general remarks on the wit, humour, and character of this lecture ;—it only remains for us to say a few words on its apparatus. This was merely the picturesque part of the satire, which gave that effect to the *tout ensemble*, which it would not otherwise have produced as a representation. It was by this appendage that Mr. Stevens was enabled to
afford

afford entertainment for near three hours without a change of person, although he changed his appearance. The apparatus was not only an ornament, but a visible illustration of what would otherwise have been only mental. It was, therefore, indispensable as a stage exhibition. For to entertain an audience, the sight must be exercised as well as the mind. It is necessary to prevent languor, which will always be the consequence, where reflection is more exerted than sensation. Thus, in every public exhibition, the senses of hearing and seeing should be gratified, in every manner that is consistent with the nature of what is produced for the observation of the mind. But although this apparatus was necessary as a representation, it may be dispensed with as a closet satire. For, not being confined to read two or three hours, we can shut the book whenever it becomes uninteresting, which we cannot at a public lecture. We are there confined to one place and one object during its performance. It is this which renders every lecture, that is not accompanied by some apparatus, so tiresome to the auditor. We, therefore, read such lectures as are upon literary subjects with more pleasure than we hear them delivered. But lectures on anatomy, experimental philosophy, astronomy, and every other that admits of apparatus, we hear and see with much more

more pleasure and improvement than we read them. In regard to the on heads, as the apparatus is not made to make the reader comprehend the and meaning of the satire more can from the words themselves, we no doubt but its perusal will afford pleasure as to increase its estimation possible, with the public. From close attention they will discover more of wit, humour, character, and images that were not perceived during its presentation. For the minds of an audience are very susceptible of being diverted attending to what is represented to them.

The company whom they are won by the attractions of others whom they see among an audience, frequently suspend their attention, while it loses the greatest part of the performance. But when reading a performance in our closet, we are ever capable of pleasing from its merit, propriety, or excellence, is not to be lost from any obstruction or interference by other objects.

Conscious, therefore, of the enjoyment this lecture will afford to the audience as well as the auditor and spectator, the chief inducement of submitting it to the public in its only original state, for his approbation.

F I N I S.

S O N G S,

C O M I C

A N D

S A T Y R I C A L.

B Y

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

I love FUN!—Keep it up!

LECTURE UPON HEADS.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PORTER,

FOR MESS. BYRNE, WOGAN, JONES, MOORE, AND
DORNIN.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

1

2

The following Address to the Public appeared in the former Edition, printed for Mr. Waller, in 1772.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A Paltry collection of Songs having lately made its Appearance, in which the Publisher has, with uncommon Effrontery, prefixed my name as the Editor, and upon my disclaiming the imposition, has even had the Assurance, in a public Advertisement, to assert that he had my Authority for so doing ;—although I have more Veneration for the Public, than either to trouble them, or load the Daily Papers with an Altercation between a little Country Shop-keeper and a Ballad-Maker, yet I once for all beg Leave to state the real Fact.

About four years ago I exhibited my LECTURE at *Whitehaven*, and having Occasion to use this Man's Shop, he took the Opportunity of soliciting me to give him a few Comic Songs, " because he had a Mind to " publish a Volume to please his Customers " in the Part of the Country where he lived ;" and at the same Time opening a Song Book, shewed me several under my Name, which he told me he purposed to print in his Collection :—My Reply was ;—" Sir, " *There is not one of those printed as I wrote* " them ;

“ *them; and some to which my Name is affixed*
 “ *are really not mine.*”—“ But, Sir, replied
 “ my Chapman, will you please to give
 “ yourself the Trouble to mark such of
 “ them as are yours.”——“ *Why really,*
 “ *Sir, I am ashamed of them.*”—“ Lord Sir,
 “ they’ll do very well here; pray, Sir, take
 “ the Book home, and be so obliging as to
 “ mark them for me.—And, if it would
 “ not give Mr. *Stevens* too much trouble,
 “ I should be greatly obliged if he would
 “ just put a Mark upon any other Songs in
 “ the Book that he thinks worth printing.”
 —This was done, and the Volume returned
 the next Day.

From hence I could not imagine he would
 do *more* than insert my Name to the Songs
 I had owned; and I solemnly declare he
 had no Authority from me to use it other-
 wise.—What I did was a mere Act of com-
 mon Civility;—I had not then, nor have I
 since had any Connections with the Man;
 and upon this Ground alone he has had the
Modesty to charge me with a Breach of Pro-
 mise by my Disavowal.—This, among other
 Reasons, has induced me to publish my own
 Songs, which I now claim as property, and
 have entered in the Hall Books of the Sta-
 tioners Company.

G. A. STEVENS.

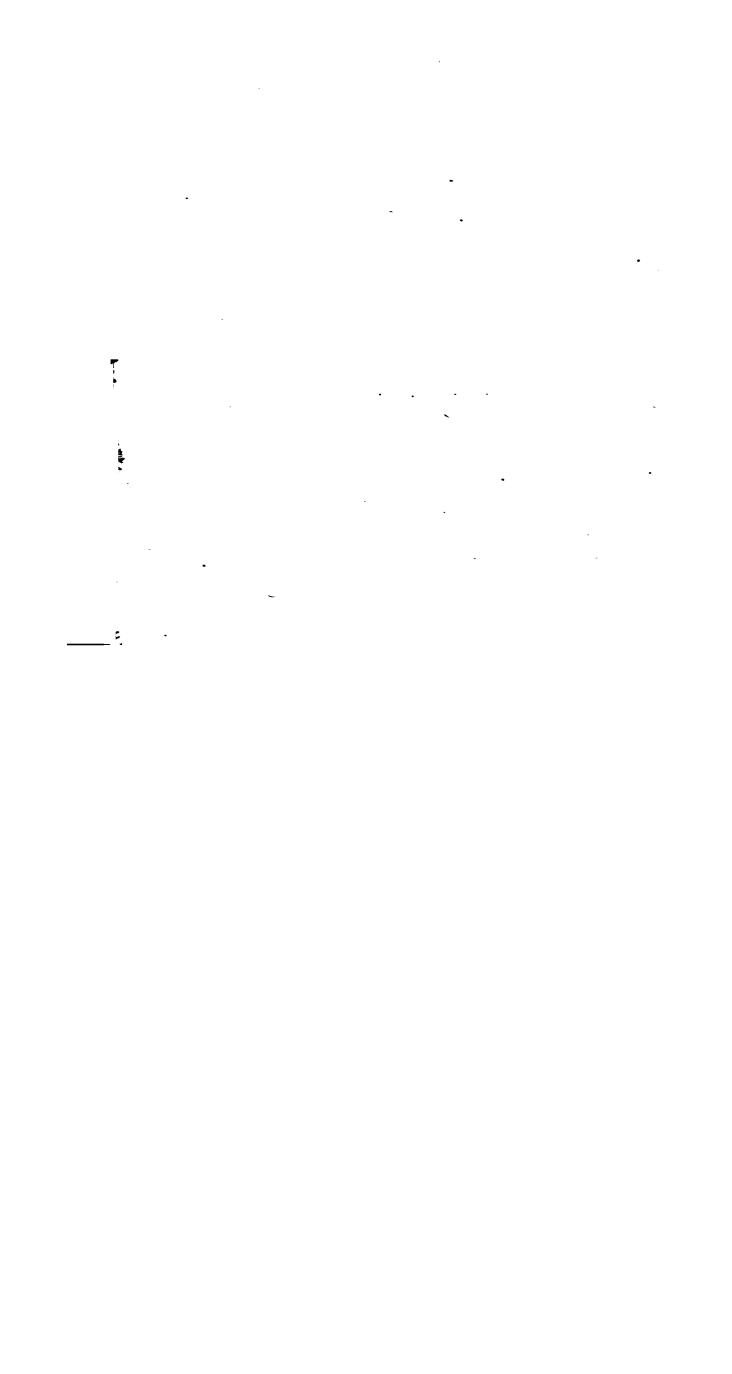
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Writer of these Ballads, by way of Preface, begs leave to introduce a *Fragment*, which he happily met with among the MSS preserved in that inestimable receptacle of curiosities at *Chelfea*, well known to the *Literati* of all nations, under the denomination of *Don Sallero's Coffee-House*.

This Fragment, indeed, bears no marks of antiquity ; yet the origin as well as progress of *Music* and *Poetry* is here traced with uncommon perspicuity ; and it is greatly to be lamented that the Author himself could not be consulted, for putting the finishing hand to so arduous and elaborate an undertaking.

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THE



The HISTORY of CHOICE SPIRITS,
A N D
BALLAD-SINGING.

JUBAL, or *Tubal Cain*, was the first composer of tunes; his lyre preceded *Orion's*, *Amphion's*, and even the *harp* of *Orpheus*.

Orion, when making his voyage upon the dolphin's back, invented *Water Music*.

Amphion, introduced *Cotillons* as well as *Country Dancing*.

Orpheus, to please his *Eurydice*, exhibited the first *Harmonic Meeting*.

And on the mountain *Gibello*, *Circe* held her first Court for *Comus*. The magazines of the ancients, those most useful repositories of ready-made erudition tells us, that *Bacchus* instituted a club at this very period, called the *Baccæ*, or *Bacchantes*, and which are now called the *Bucks*; as it appears, not only by *Nimrod's* ancient charter, deposited in the archives of the *Babylonian Lodge* in the environs of *Soho*, but also by the authenticated records belonging to the *Pewter-Platter* in *Bishopsgate Precinct*.

And in these two bodies of that noble and ancient order, the following engraving of the famous *Goblet*, or *Cup*, used by the *Grand Buck* at *Rome*, when he celebrated the *Secular Games*, is here addressed, with its original Inscription, and a Translation, for the mutual entertainment of those distinct classes of *Critics*, the *Learned* and *Unlearned*, who alternately take the lead in all conversations.

POCULUM POCULORUM;

Or, The CUP of CUPS.



*Bene Vobis,—Bene Mihi,
Bene amicæ meæ,
Bene omnibus nobis ;
Bene cui non invidet mihi,
Et eo cui nostro gaudeo gaudet.*

THUS TRANSLATED:

Here's to Thee,—Here's to Me,
On our absent Friends we'll think,
To our noble Selves we'll drink ;
Then to him, from Envy free,
Who loves Fuh like you and me.

The reason for introducing this *Antique* into the reader's acquaintance is, according to the modern custom of book-making, to shew the Author's erudition; which is still farther displayed in the following account of *Choice Spirits*.

After *Circe's* elopement with *Ulysses*, they became wanderers upon the face of the earth, and like *Jews* and *strolling Players*, continue *Itinerants* even unto this day; they have nevertheless multiplied exceedingly, propagating their convivialities into different Orders of *Grigs*, *Gregs*, and *egorians*;—*Antigallicans*, *Free Masons*, and *acaroni*;—*Sons of Sound Sense and Satisfaction*;—*Sons of Kit*, and *Old Souls*;—*True Blues*, *Purples*, and *Albions*;—*The Beef Steak*, *ockey*, and *Catch Clubs*;—*The Magdalens* and *Lumber troop*, with many others; all which acknowledge the affinity they bear to their paternal Society, by celebrating their Evening Mysteries with a *Song* and a *stiment*.

The *Choice Spirits* have ever been famous for their talents as musical artists. They usually met at the harvest-homes of grape-gathering: there, exhilarated by the pressings of the vintage, they were wont to sing songs, tell stories, and shew tricks, from their first emerging, until their Perdition under the presidentship of Mr. George Alexander Stevens, Ballad-Laureat to the Society of *Choice Spirits*, and who ap-

peared at Ranelagh in the character of a virtuoso, supported by those dröls of memory.

Unparalleled were their performances upon the *Salt-Box*, and in the variations they would twang upon *forte* and *piano* *Jews-Harp*. Excellent *Howard* in the *Chin Concerto*; whose alto supplied the melodious tones of the *Bagpipe*.—Upon the *Sticcado Matt.* remains still unrivalled;—and we can now boast of one real genius upon the genuine *Hurdy Gurdy*.

Alas! these stars are all extinguished, and the remains of ancient British Harp is now confined to the manly music of *row-Bones* and *Cleavers*.

Every thing must sink into oblivion—*“Corn now grows where Troy Town,”*—*Ranelagh* may be metamorphosed. *Methodist Meeting-House!* *Vauxhall* or *Skittle-Alleys!* the two Theatres converted into *Auction-Rooms*; and the *New Palace* become the stately habitation of some Jew broker: nay, the *Sons of Liberty* them-

* * * * *

Cætera desunt.

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P R O L O G U E.

T HROUGH gloomy groves, along the Lawn,
 Or by the still Brook's side,
 When the Day's sable shroud is drawn,
 Then Ghosts are said to glide.

The paly Moonshine's sil'ry gleams
 Seem dancing down the glade,
 Mingling 'midst shadowy forms its beams,
 Which scare the trembling Maid.

The Trav'ler oft is apt to see,
 Through twilight's dusky veil,
 A Giant in each Hedge-row Tree,
 While Phantoms fill the Dale.

So rambling Readers may condemn
 This Book of medley Rhimes,
 Whose Errors will appear to them
 A list of Giant Crimes.

Already mark:—Sir Cynic frowls,
 Rage wrinkling on his brow,
 To see, O shame! two am'rous owls,
 Infractive on yon Bough.

*With outspread hands, and upcast eyes,
 As Bigots tell their stories,
 T'w'er-zealous Commentator cries,
 O Tempora ! O Mores !*

*But why would Critics carp at Songs ?
 Or Classic Scales apply ?
 To them alone this freight belongs,
 Who'd rather laugh than cry.*

*For neither Pedant nor for Prude,
 These Sonnets took their birth ;
 But are disb'd up, as pleasant Food,
 For SONS of SOCIAL MIRTH.*

S O N G S,

C O M I C

A N D

S A T Y R I C A L

SONG I.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

To its own Tune.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks; at ambrosial feist,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest,
Homer says the Celestials lov'd laughing.

This happen'd 'fore Chæos was fix'd into form,
While nature disorderly lay;

While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the Humourist droll'd,
So none cou'd his jokes disapprove;

He sung, repartee'd, and some odd stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove:

Sire,—Mark how yon Mitter is heaving below,
Were it settled 'twould please ail your Court;

'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless you know,
Pray people it, just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,

At his Fiat creation took birth ;

The cloud-keeping Deity smil'd on his throne,

Then announc'd the production was Earth.

To honour their Sov'reign each God gave a boon ;

Apollo presented it Light :

The Goddess of Child-bed dispatch'd us a Moon,

To silver the shadow of Night.

The Queen of Soft-wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,

Leer'd wanton on her Man of War ;

Saying, as to these Earth-folks I'll give them a guide,

So she sparkled the Morn and eve Star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the Goddess up sprung,

In ellipsis each Planet advanc'd ;

The Tune of the Spheres the Nine Sisters fung,

As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

E'en Jove himself cou'd not insensible stand,

Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind,

The Expounder of Fate grasp'd the Globe in his hand,

And laugh'd at those Mites call'd mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into Space it was hurl'd,

He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,

Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

He pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,

Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains ;

The self balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound,

Prolific by funs, dewes, and rains.

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,

France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,

What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,

And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

The blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,

Ineffably smil'd on the spot ;

My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,

But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiousness Freedom's destruction may bring,
 Unless prudence prepares its defence ;
 The Goddess of Sapience bid Isis take wing,
 And on Britons bestow'd Common-Sense.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of Liberty gaily 'gan smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,
 Oh preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n ;
 We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in death,
 And return it untainted to Heav'n.

ORIGIN OF FACTION.

Tune,—*I am, quoth Apollo, when Daphne, &c.*

IN hist'ries of Heathens, by which Tutors train us,
 The salt-water Sov'reign is call'd OCEANUS ;
 His spouse was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,
 Of this sea-girt island, his fav'rite Britain.

The Naiads were Nurses ; old Trident declar'd,
 To embellish his offspring no pains should be spar'd :
 By flying fish drawn, to Olympus he drove,
 And petition'd the Gods, that his suit they'd approve.

Quoth Jupiter, I'll make it *King of the Sea* :
 Avast ! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me :
 I'll guard it with shoals, and I'll make their lads *Seamen* :
 Strong Hercules hollow'd out, I'll make 'em *Freemen*.

And what will you make, Venus whisper'd to Mars ?
 Why I'll make all soldiers that *Nep.* don't make Tars.
 Momus smil'd, as that droll always merrily means ;
 He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em *Marines*.

Quoth Saturn, much time I'll allow 'em for thinking;
 Buck Bacchus reply'd no, allow it for drinking:
 But Mercury answer'd, a fig for your Wine,
 The art of Time-killing by Card-playing's mine.

By Styx, quoth Apollo, but Hermes you're bit;
 'Gainst Gaming I'll send 'em an antidote,—Wit:
 In England, laugh'd Momus, Wit no one regards,
 Save that sort of Wit that's in—Playing your Cards.

Well, well, reply'd Phœbus, I'll mend their condition
 I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and send them Physicians,
 'Mong Fidlers, quoth Momus, *true Harmony's scarce*
 And as to your Doctorship,—*Physick's a farce.*

Says Venus, I'll people this Island with Beauties,
 And tempt Married-Men to be true to their duties.—
 You to Married-Men's duty a friend! bawl'd out Juno
 You're a strumpet, you slut, and that I know and you
 [knew]

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale, she began
 I'll spoil your olympical gift-giving plan:
 Herself not consulted, she vow'd she would wrong you
 Blew a Scold from her mouth, and sent *Party* among

God Bacchus, to counterpoise Juno's rash action,
 Commanded Silenus to seize upon *Faction*;
 Swift flitted the Fiend, the old toper outsped,
 While Semele's son sent a Flask at his head.

The Imp, by the blow, speechless fell to the ground
 May Wine thus for ever foul *Faction* confound:
Unanimity! that, that's the Toast of our Hearts,
 Though no Partymen here, *Here's to all men of Parts*

T H E R A C E.

Tune,—*As Roger came tapping at Doll's window.*

AS the Farmer went over his corn-ripen'd land,
 And counted encrease of his grain,
 Scarlet poppies he saw down the long furrows stand,
 Like soldiers, in lines on the plain.

Quoth he, though in Learning I am not well skill'd,
 In mem'ry this maxim I'll keep,
 Those weeds among wheat, shew when belly is fill'd
 We have nothing to do but to sleep,

Each scene of creation that opes to our view,
 Affords contemplation a theme,
 As blossoms enamell'd by drops of bright dew,
 With Di'monds so Court beauties beam.
 See grape to grape swelling, transparent on vine,
 That fruit is an emblem of bliss;
 Balmy lip to lip Lovers as lusciously join,
 And the nectar-enjoy of a Kiss.

While Britons like Britons, dare English Taste own,
 Success on our strength could depend;
 We now, by importing-ennervate *Bon Ton*,
 To impotent Idlers descend.

We wed without Love, we attempt without Powers,
 And strengthless, and senseless, in swarms,
 Inspid as butterflies basking on flowers,
 The fribbles fill fine women's arms.

Bacchus and *Ceres* were drove from Love's court,
 Desire must frozen depart!

Quaff Beef *quantum suff.* and take *tantum* red Port,
 They steel the main-spring of the Heart.

Should we Venus consult, why indeed so we may,
 Since each circle a Venus supplies,
 I'll back my opinion those beauties will say
 A *Milksop's* the thing we despise.

The Elixir of Love in our full bottle view,
 For Beauty's sake Bumpers embrace;

While kept in this Training we can't but come through,
 For Give and Take Plates in Love's Race.

Success to that meeting where each against each,
 Well mounted push forward to win,

For third, fourth, or fifth heats, they rallying stretch,
 And neck to neck nimbly come in.

THE WORMS.

Tune,—*When Strephon to Chloe made love his pretence.*

K E E P your distance, quoth King, who in lead
Coffin lay,

As before him they lower'd a throwdless old Clay;
The Mendicant Carcase replied, with a sneer,
“ Mifter Monarch be still, we are all equal here.

“ Life’s miseries long I was forc’d to abide,
“ By the Seasons sore pelted, sore pelted by pride:
“ And tho’ clad in ermine, yet you’ve been distress’d,
“ Both our cares are now over,—so let us both rest.”

A committee of worms, Manor Lords of the Grave:
Overheard ’em, and wonder’d to hear the dead rave.
Quoth the Chairman, *Dare mortals presume thus to prate,*
When even we Maggots don’t think ourselves great?

“ Insane ostentations, who brag of their births,
“ Yet are but Machines, mix’d with aggregate earths:
“ They distinctions demand, with distinctions they
“ meet

“ When we throw by the rich folks, as not fit to eat.

“ They are scurvy compounds of *Debauch* and *Disease*,

“ Putrefactions of Sloth, or Vice run to the Lees.

“ By Luxury’s pestilence Health is laid waste:

“ And all they can boast is,—*They’re poison’d in Taste.*

“ ’Tis true, cries *Crawling*, the Queen of the Worms,

“ They make upon earth immense noise with their
“ forms;

“ *Pon onner*, with Beauties tho’ so much I deal,

“ On not one in ten can I make a good meat.

“ When we chose to regale, on the dainties of charms,

“ We formerly fed on necks, faces, and arms;

“ Now varnish envenoms their tainted complexions,

“ A fine woman’s features spread fatal infections

“ Not a Worm of good taste, and *bon ton*, I dare vouch,

“ A morsel of fashion-made Beauties will touch.

“ A Quality Toast we imported last week,—

“ Two Maggots, my servants, dy’d eating her cheek.”

odd, quoth a Critic, *Worms bold such discourse.*
 odd, quoth the Author, that men should talk worse,
 Reptiles, we crawl upon earth for a term,
 e wing for a while,—then descend to a Worm.

Pope declares all Human Race to be *Worms* ;
 is, Misses, Wives, Widows, all Maggotty forms.
 of Worms, and worm-feeding, no more we'll repeat,
 :s a glass, *To the dainty that's made for Man's meat.*

THE PICTURE.

Tune—*Fine Songsters too often apologies make.*

FISHING well to good folks, both on this and that,
 By my own fire-sids, with my Lads,
 yawning, nor mute, but in spiritual chat,
 o *Old England* I took off my glass.

next to my *King* ; and the third was a Joke,
 f all places I toasted *The Best* ;
 seem'd not to hear, but her cheeks blushes spoke,
 he Wanton my *Sentiment* guess'd,

bosom I press'd, to my lips it arose,
 he crimson still flushing her face ;
 love-lisping laugh, she reply'd, " I suppose
 " You presume I can guess at the place."

wer'd, but first for my Fee took a Kiss,
 Where the Temple of Love we attend,
 eauty's columns begin at the Fountain of Bliss :
 In tapering outlines they end.

n the top, at the Arch of Enjoyment unite,
 Curl'd tendrils the Pediment grace ;
 or Cupid's Pantheon, the Shaft of Delight
 Must spring from the Masculine Base.

" If the Lady of this perfect Mansion you'll see,"
 As I spoke, gave my hand to the lass,
 " Oh by all means" she said;—" then, my dear, come
 So I led my Girl up to the glass. [with me;"]

Off she turn'd, with a pshaw! yet no answer express,
 Good breeding scorns Prudery's skreen;
 'Mong our dinner-time *toasts*, when we drink *to the Best*,
 We only *most excellent* mean.

Remember, my Bucks, when you're aiming at Jokes
 Be sure make the most of a Jest;
 Not like the assembly of impotent folks,
 Who prove themselves,—*bad* at the *best*.

Our Youths in their waists are now scarcely a span,
 An insensible, expletive crew;
 When Loveliness weds one, in hopes of a Man,
 'Tis the worst thing a Lady can do.

Here's to Beauty a Toast, sir, but not face alone,
 Lower yet lies the Circle of Grace;
 Beneath, where in centre Love buckles her Zone,
 The Point of Attraction we place.

Let our Bottles, like globes, have elliptical sweep;
 Geometrists mind what I say,
 May beautiful Parallels distances keep,
 To give Perpendiculars way.

SILENUS AND CUPID.

Tune,—*Derry down.*

CUPID sent on a message one evening by *Venus*,
 As ill luck wou'd have it, was met by *Silenus*;
 The big belly'd Sot ask'd the Urthin to play,
 And the silly lad gam'd all love's weapons away.

Derry down, &c

from the Bubble, the old Gambler drew,
 a crutch-headed Stick turn'd the Yew :
 'twas tough Catgut, *Si.* swore it was well,
 'twas line he want'd, to ring his Bar Bell.

Arrows were Cane, he divided the joints,
 p'pers the ends made, and Pick-teeth the points.
 Others to brush down his tables were clever ;
 Tobacco-pouch turn'd the boy's Quiver.

Lighting Matches he chose Billet-doux,
 ay, at each puff, went a Sonneteer's Vows :
 'twas drawn from the brains of the Jealous,
 'twas bottled Sighs he preserv'd for his Bellows.

He took the lad home, told the story to *Venus*,
 'twas down her tea-cup, and flew to *Silenus* :
 'twas threaten'd her Captain shou'd kick the old Clown,
 'twas laugh'd, and he smok'd, and he sung *Derry down*.

'twas seiz'd his hard-hand, and his filthy beard stroak'd,
 'twas 'd him, tho' with his tobacco fumes choak'd :
 'twas egg'd the boy's arms, but *Si.* swore with a frown,
 'twas damn'd if he gave them for her *Derry Down*.

'twas put her doves back, vastly-piqued you may guess,
 'twas celestial demanded Redress ;
 'twas laugh'd at the jest, and he vow'd, by his Crown,
 'twas pouse rail'd hereafter he'd sing,—*Derry down*.

M O R A L.

*Hands, too fond, who are Feminine-fool'd,
 'twas, by Petticoat Government rul'd,
 'twas, their Wives Railings, their shrill trebles down,
 'twas, king, and singing of,—Down, derry down.
 Derry down, &c.*

THE DIVORCE.

Tune,—*Old women we are, and as wise in the chair.*

NO more let defections of wedlock be blam'd,
To be sure of grave Cato you've heard :
In morals more strict not a man cou'd be nam'd,
Yet his Wife to a friend he transferr'd.

In Rome they encourag'd no Trials *crim. con.*
In France, Cuckold-making's a Jest ;
And, I trust, in few years, by the help of *bon ton*,
We shall be as polite as the best.

'Tis *vastly immense !* and *most horribly low !*
When a Month after Marriage is past,
That the husband shou'd be such a *Fright* not to know
His Lady's affections can't last.

Eor, broken in Fortune, and ruin'd in Health,
To patch up both Person and Purse,
His Honour addresses some Citizen's Wealth,
And the Daughter accepts, as his Nurse.

Too oft, for the sake of a Title impure,
Doom'd Beauty is forc'd from her vows,
To unite with a *Blank*, for upon the Grand Tour
Foreign Vice has disabled the Spouse.

In defence of the Fair, Satire openly stands,
And forbids the vague Spendthrifts to roam ;
Wives have too much stock lying dead on their hands,
When Husbands are Bankrupts at home.

Censure no married Dame, as the trade's so decreas'd,
Heavy Interest, Principal clogs ;
When Ladies have furnish'd an exquisite feast,
Must their dainties be thrown to the dogs ?

Then *Divorce*,—but we laugh at such frivolous things,
Having here no intention to part :—
We are wed to our Wine ; Wine regen'rates the springs
Of that self-moving muscle the Heart.

Though to Wine we are wed, yet we do not think fit
 To be tied down for *better* for *worse*;
 If our landlord *Adultery* dares to commit,
 At once we demand a *Divorce*.

But at present I hope, with an Englishman's ease,
 We enjoy both our Wine and our Wives;
 By Liberty blest, with the pleasure to please,
 We may live all the days of our lives.

N U N C E S T B I B E N D U M.

Tune,—*Moggy Lauder*.

NOW we're free from College Rules,
 From Common-place-book reason,
 From trifling syllogistic Schools,
 And Systems out of Season;
 Never more we'll have defin'd;
 If Matter thinks or thinks not;
 All the matter we shall mind,
 Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Metaphysic'ly to trace,
 The Mind, or Soul abstracted;
 Or prove Infinity of Space,
 By cause on cause affected;
 Better Souls we can't become
 By immaterial thinking;
 And as to Space, we want no room,
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
 Are learned words, and rare too,—
 Those terms our Tutors may discuss,
 And those that please may hear too.—
 A Plenum in our Wine we show,
 With Plus, and Plus behind, fir,
 And when our Cash is minus low,
 A Vacuum soon we find, fir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
 Danc *Tycho*'s error proving,
 Declares in—I can't tell what page—
 The Earth round Sol is moving.
 But which goes round, what's that to us?
 Each is, perhaps, a notion;
 With Earth, and Sun, we make no fuss,
 But mind the Bottle's motion.

Great *Galileo* ill was us'd,
 By Superstition's fury;
Antipodeans were abus'd
 By ignoramus jury.
 But, feet to feet, we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy;
 For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,
 We're tumbling, topsy turvy.

Newton talk'd of Lights and Shades,
 And different Colours knew, fir:
 Don't let us disturb our heads,—
 We will but study two, fir.—
White and *Red* our glasses boast,
 Reflection, and Refraction;
 After him we name our toast,—
 “*The Center of Attraction.*”

On that Thesis we'll declaim,
 With *stratum*, *super stratum*;
 There's mighty magic in the name,
 'Tis Nature's Postulatum.
 Wine, in Nature's next to love;
 Then wisely let us blend 'em;
 First tho', physically prove,
 That *Nunc, nunc est bibendum.*

ENGLISH LITANY.

Tune,——*When I enter'd my Teens, &c.*

O a Stage-Coach we aptly may liken this Nation,
Where Passengers seldom are pleas'd with their
station;

rangling, and jangling, and jostling and jumbling,
inside-folks grin, and the Outsides are grumbling.

Inns they are inn, and the Outs they are out ;
in is the Riddle, which makes all this rout.

Outs call the Ministry infamous elves ;
the Inns, when they're out, say the same things
hemselfes.

unning Credulity ever enslaves ;
world is a Hot-bed, to raise Fools and Knaves :
pull this and that way, sometimes pull together ;
Common-sense scorns to go partners with either.

Country, my *Freedom*, and oh, my *Religion* !
tickle the ear, faith, like *Mahomet's* pigeon :
the time's cant, the farce, the finesse of all ages,
that the best actors of, get the best wages.

Country ! but hold, fir, on which side the *Tweed* ?
north tul your words, if ye dinna tak bede.
give praise to one side, the other abuse,
the unborn their place of nativity chuse ?

Prejudice, off, to Oblivion's cave ;
 boast we are Britons, as Britons behave :
his, or that side of a stream alter nature ?
—wash those reflections away in the water.

get, is the cry now, and get all ye can ;
can get, get honestly ; get, though's the plan.
ne thing, and ev'ry thing else you'll obtain :
honours are now humble servants to Gain.

African Slave-dealers some may think base ;
what must they think—if at home 'tis the case ?
Guinea Trade, here keeps a market 'tis certain ;
Yes and *No* bought and sold ; more's the misfortune.

When a Beauty's enjoy'd by a Man of the Town,
 What he doated last week on, this week he'll disown.
 The self-sellers thus, become those people's scoff,
 Who first turn'd them prostitutes, then turn'd them off.

May all be turn'd off, who those dealings befriended,
 Where honefter folks have been sometimes suspended;
 May they die as they liv'd, by all good men abhor'd,
 WE BRITONS BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US, GOOD
 LORD.

THE MARINE MEDLEY.

First tune.—*Come and listen to my ditty.*

NOW safe unmoor'd, with bowl before us,
 Mess-mates, heave a hand with me,
 Lend a Brother Sailor Chorus,
 While he sings our Lives at Sea:
 O'er the wide-wave swelling ocean,
 Toss'd aloft or tumbled low,
 As to fear, 'tis all a notion,
 When our Time's come we must go.

Tune,—*Life is chequer'd.*

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling
 By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand,
 Down-top-gallants, down be hauling,
 Down your stay-fails, hand boys, hand;
 Now set the braces,
 Don't make wry faces,
 But the lee-top sail sheets let go,
 Starboard here,
 Larboard there,
 Turn your quid,
 Take a swear,
 Yo! yo! yo!

First Tune again.

Landmen, idly lying
 long-side Beauty's Charms,
 soft beds, seas defying,
 from all but love's alarms.
 on billows, billows rolling,
 appears in every form,
 Lady Laps we're lolling,
 and Kifs can calm the Storm.

d peals, on peals are clashing,
 ugh rift rocks, the shrill wind shrieks;
 yes fierce lightning flashing,
 h the sails, and stench the decks.
 clouds upon us pouring,
 o'erspread the face of day,
 seas in whirlpools roaring,
 flies the sparkling spray.

e tossing Tempest heaves us,
 'rds the Pole aloft we go,
 he clouds seem to receive us,
 lful yawns the gulph below,
 ark deep, down, down, down, down,
 we sink from sight of sky,
 well, as instant up thrown,
 ! what means yon dismal cry !

:-mast's gone, yells some sad tongue out
 the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.—
 eneth the chestree's sprung out,
 all hands to clear the wreck.
 ie lannyards cut in pieces,
 , my hearts, be stout and bold.
 he well, the leak increases—
 feet water's in the hold.

nd worse, the wild winds tearing
 ing waves around us foam,
 worst, while we're preparing,
 e sinks and sighs for Home.

There, our babes, perhaps are saying,
 In their little lisping strain,
 As round mother's knees they're playing.
 Daddy soon will come again.

Tune,—Early one morning a jolly young Tar.

If we must die, why die we must,
 'Tis a birth in which all must besay mun.
 When our debts due, for Death won't trust,
 Then all hands be ready to pay mun ;
 As to Life's striking its Flag, never fear,
 Our Cruise is out, that's all, my brother,
 In this world we've luff'd it up, thus, and no ne
 So let's ship ourselves now for another.

Tune the first again.

Overboard the guns be throwing,
 To the pumps come ev'ry hand,
 See her mizen mast is going
 On the lee beam lies the land.
 Rising rocks appear before us,
 Hopeless yet for help we call,
 Ev'ry sea breaks fatal o'er us,
 To the Storms fell power we fall.
 Now Dismay, with prospect horrid,
 Swells each sleepless eye with tears ;
 And Despair, with bristly forehead,
 On each bloodless face appears.
 Sadly still we wait the Wave !
 Th' o'erwhelming Wave rolls mountain high
 The swell comes on, our sea-green grave,—
 Hark, what means yon happy cry !
 The Leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up and rig a jury Fore-Mast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.
 Now my Hearts, we're safe from sinking,
 We'll again lead Sailors lives ;
 Come, the Cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our Sweethearts, and our Wives.

R E A S O N.

Tune,—*When Fanny a Woman is growing apace.*

WHAT the heart feels oppose to the phrases of
schools,

Sweet Sympathies prove the Philosophers fools.
Can all the clasp'd volumes of learned men's seats,
Be equal to clasping one Beauty in sheets ?

Go, *Instinct*, call *Reason*, and hear what he'll say—
The cowardly Tyrant keeps out of the way.
Bolt the door then *Desire*, we'll bilk him at least,
He may pick up our Offals, and rail at the feast.

The union of Souls is a Task, words may try
But Lovers' Sensations, Description defy ;
To them only known, who voluptuously prove
Affections Employment, the Phrenzy of Love.

But hark ! who is that we hear hobbling up stairs ?
It is *Reason*, quoth *Fancy* ;—Oh is it ! who cares ?
He's welcome,—a chair there—I hope he'll sit down :
As he enter'd I smil'd,—he return'd me a frown.

My Lads was before me, my Bottle between ;
In our look we rejoic'd we just now were not seen ;
But when Pleasure prompts, Reason always sneaks off ;
When over, he bully-like, enters to huff.

Just like an old Watchman, the Goblin was dress'd,
Grey hairs, pole and lanthorn, broad belt and long vest ;
Young fellow, quoth *He*, it is time you shou'd think ;
Old fellow, quoth *Me*, it is time you shou'd drink.

I offer'd a Flask of Champaign, on my knee,
And begg'd, as my Doctor, he'd drink for his fee ;
I prais'd his wife seeming,—my praises prevail'd ;
For Flattery's a nostrum which never yet fail'd.

With Praises, with Bumpers, I ply'd him so long,
That himself he forgot, and wou'd sing us a Song;
Aye and dance, nay a wench he wou'd have, and he
swore;

But attempting to rise, he fell drunk on the floor.

As I order'd a Bed, says my love-looking Fair,
"As to Bed, my dear! Reason has no business there;
"The Senses their title to that Manor prove,
"Let Reason sleep on, while we waken to Love."

THE MORAL.

Reason is but a Bugbear, to scare girls and boys,
Wine and women, without him, Experience enjoys;
That we're worthy those Blessings, let Life's practice
prove,
May we never want Reason for Drinking or Love.

THE RAILERS.

Tune,—Ye Ladies who drive from the smoke of the Town.

BEHOLD on the brow the leaves play in the breeze
While Cattle calm feed in the vale;
The Church spire tapering, points through the trees,
As Lord of the hill and the dale.

The playful Colts skip after Dams to the brook,
The brook slow and silently glides:
The surface so smooth, and so clear if you look
It reflects the gay green on its sides.

In Farm-yard, by his feather'd Seraglio carefs'd,
The King of the walk dares to crow;
No Nabob, nor Nimrod, enslaving the east,
Such prowess with Beauty can shew.

with the still Cow, Nancy presses the teat,
 r face like the ruddy fac'd morn;
 strokes in the barn the strong Threshers repeat,
 winnow for market the corn.

trious, their Wives, at the doors of their cots,
 it spinning, dress'd cleanly, tho' coarse,
 their Babes, while unheeding the Traveller trots,
 'hey shew the fine Man and his Horse.

the heels of the Steed, bark the base village Whelps,
 each Puppy rude echo bestirs;
 the Horse, too high bred, bounds away from their
 Disregarding the clamours of Curs. [yelps,

beral Railers thus envy betray,
 When Merit above them they view;
 it Genius disdains to turn out of his way,
 Or afford a reply to the Crew.

To contempt and despair, such insanes we commit;
 But to generous Rivals, a Toast,—
 May rich Men reward honest Fellows of wit,—
 Here's a health to those Dunces hate most.

THE ARTISTS.

Tune,—*The' Man has long boasted an absolute sway.*

PRUDE Pallas observ'd to the Demirep Queen,
 Dear Venus, what is it these English folks mean?
 Their Island is favour'd beyond other Isles,
 'Twas I gave them Sapience, and you bestow'd Smiles;
 Nay, ev'ry Immortal a bounty has sent 'em,
 And yet, like cross children, all this can't content 'em.

The Goddess of Grace, in love's soft silver tone,
 Reply'd, "'twas immense, immense odd the must own;
 "Let us trip down to Earth, just to see the affair,
 "It is only through Atmosphere taking the air;

" I've my Doves at the door, come, dear creature,
" with me ;"

Away in a Whirlwind they whisk'd—*Vis a vis.*

From Council Jove miss'd them, enquiring about,
His feather-heel'd post boy discover'd their route ;
Replies the sky ruler, " they've no business there,
" In Britain there always is beauty to spare ;
" And as to Dame Wisdom, by Styx I aver,
" While Faction stays with them they won't employ her.

" Hast home with them, Hermes," away flew the God,
And the yielding clouds cut with his snake twisted rod ;
In London, from place to place, questioning flew,
Where is Wisdom ? but where, indeed nobody knew.
He return'd with a tale, with a tale melancholy,
That Wisdom elop'd into Scotland with Folly.

" *Where is Venus ?*" quoth Mars, " *Aye, my Wife have*
" *you seen ?*"

Cries the King of the Cyclops, " *My Man-loving Queen ?*"

" *I left her employ'd with her Handmaids, the Graces,*

" *By Science requested to finish his Faces :*

" *Here's the name of each Genius with whom she's a guest,*

" REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, MORTIMER,

" MYERS, DANCE, WEST."

Vulcan vow'd he wou'd fetch her, " You shan't thun-
" der'd Jove,

" I encourage the Arts, and yon Island I love ;

" Into Fate I have look'd, and ere long I can see,

" What Athens was once, may Britannia be ;

" So Lemnos be mute, Hebe, hand me the nectar,

" Here's Great-Britain's Artists, and GEORGE their

" PROTECTOR."

THE DREAM.

Tune,—*Puff about the brisk bowl.*

BY a whirlwind methought I through Æther was
 Electric 'mong Spirits of Air : [hurl'd,
 Upborn by the clouds, we look'd down on the world,
 And odd exhibitions spy'd there.

England's Genius was there, bearing *Monarchy's* crown,
 In procession round *Liberty Hall* ;
Faſſion seiz'd her rich robe, *Public Spirit* pull'd down,
 And *Folly* broad grinn'd at her fall.

In weather-house plac'd, to denote foul and fair,
 Two Figures are veering about ;
 So pageants we ſaw, and we ſmil'd at their glare,
 As they turn'd, with the Times, in and out.

The *Methodiſts*, mask'd with *Hypocriſy's* face,
 Anathemas thunder'd aloud ;
 So Jack Puddings joke, with diſtorted grimace,
 Benetting their Gudgeons,—the Croud.

Wit and *Humour* were there, drove from *Dignity's* door,
 That *Stupidity's* coach might have room ;
Debauch we ſaw open *Temptation's* baſe ſtore,
 And *Disease* taint *Simplicity's* bloom.

Stubborn Will againſt *Prudence* was waging a fight,
 While *Deſire* oppos'd *Duty* ſtrong ;
 The *Paſſions* confeſs'd *Reason's* Dictates were right,
 Though themſelves ſtill reſolv'd to be wrong.

A wonderful Troop towards Weſtminſter bore :
 What wonders there are 'mong mankind ;
 In gilt chariots *Lawyers* paraded before,
 On foot *Juſtice* follow'd behind.

Church Preferments we ſaw—but reſpect ſhall withſtand
 The abuſe that's pour'd forth on the Cloth ;
Stock Jobbers and *Statesmen* we ſaw hand in hand,
 And *Pride* ſtood at ſar between both.

Cent per Cent had lain siege to *Integrity's* head,
 And *Beauty* was battering his heart ;
East India Success struck *Humility* dead,
 And *Title* took *Vanity's* part.

Crafty *Care* and pale *Usury*, two sleepless hags,
 Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet untired with toil ;
 Their heir, *Dissipation*, we saw at their bags,
 With *Flattery* sharing the spoil.

The myst'ries of Trade,—but no longer I'll dwell,
 On either the mighty or mean ;
 From an Emperor's court to a Penitent's cell,
 Life's all the same laughable scene.

'Tis a pitiful piece, like a Farce in a Fair,
 Where shew, noise, and nonsense misrule,
 Where tinsel paradiſings make Ignorance stare,
 Where he who acts best is the Fool.

INDEPENDENCY.

Tune,—*Tho' my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain—*

LET us laugh at the common distinctions of State,
 When merely from Title, men hold themselves
 If Merit wins Honours, the wearers we praise, [great ;
 But only the Mean, homage Heraldry's Blaze.

If you are a lineal descendant from Adam,
 Or spouse can collateral claim from his Madam ;
 O'er acres of parchment, tho' Pedigrees spread,
 Boast not how you're born, sir, but shew how you're
 bred.

Your laurels display, which your forefathers won ;
 We allow *they* did great things, but what have *you* done ?
 The Cover, the Stubble, your Conquests proclaim,
 And your Country's preserv'd—by the *Laws of the Game*.

Lords of large Manors, your flatt'ers disband,
 What are you but tenants for life to the Land ?
 Your lakes, gardens, grots, temples, busts, pictures, plate,
 Things of the Inn, where in Life's-stage you bait.

While you the labours of Luxury bear,
 All Time tells you out, to make room for your Heir ;
 The same round of riot, he runs for his day,
 Successor's summons, sends him the same way.

He who exists in Infinity's State,
 Whose hand holds the Sun, and whose Fiat is Fate ;
 To some has sent power, to others gives wealth,
 But to us, who are humble, his best blessing—*Health*.

Let the Graces, we nightly, a sacrifice make,
 Let Mirth and Humour, the chairs, as our Toast-masters take,
 Their social converse, our time we improve,
 While Tendernefs lends us the daughters of Love.

My Welcome attends Hospitality's call,
 Common Sense is our Cat'rer in Liberty Hall ;
 No one dish dress'd there, all Court Treats we resign,
 At your distance, ye Kings ! INDEPENDENT we dine.

TOLL, LOLL, LOLL.

Tune,—*Black Joke*.

Some day at home in a maudlinish mood,
 Like dull Porter Drinkers, I drowsily stood,
 Heavily humming out, Toll, loll, loll, loll,
 Fair of my fancy, whisk'd into the room,
 Lovely she look'd, like a May morning's bloom ;
 Her form was, but forming a Simile's flat,
 Think all that you can think, and she was all that.
 I quickly left yawning, Toll, loll, loll.

On a Sopha she sunk, as if failing in strength,
 Then gracefully wanton, fell back at full length,
 In attitude temptingly, tuning Toll, loll,
 I begg'd for the Words, but her smiling express'd,
What Words among friends? try the Tune 'twill do be
 'Twas a hint, and I instantly 'rose to her Wishes,
 Fell into her arms, there she fed me with Kisses,
 For Kisses are Symphonies, 'Toll, loll, &c.

As if just awaken'd, inclining her head,
 Her eyes pleasure sparkling, short sighing she said
 " How sweet is the sound of Toll, loll ?
 " All Art in Employment's profane Affectation,
 " Profession's true Pleasure, is prompt Inclination ;
 " When Souls in sweet Unison, blend their Embrac
 " Then, then, and then only, Love's gamut has Grac
 Toll, loll, loll, &c.

It is Taste at an Op'ra, to Pantomime Pleasure,
 O'ercome by the magic of Harmony's measure,
 And seem to expire, with Toll, loll, loll, lol
 But Nature's nice organs, have nobler sensations,
 Not bodiless sounds, but corporeal vibrations ;
 In these dear Da Capos, both equal advancing,
 Elastic Arteries full Chords are dancing,
 Toll, loll, loll, &c.

To practise Love's lesson, exceeds all the schools,
 Scarlatti and Handel, and such folks were fools,
 At Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll.
 They Harmony made of half Tones and whole,
 'To lull lady's ears, but 'tis Love charms the Soul ;
 When lips to lips tuning soft Symphonies tender,
 The heart beating Preludes, denote a surrender.
 Of Toll, loll, &c.

'Tis Music and Love, or the music of loving.
 That only the life which we live for is proving,
 Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll.
 Tho' Int'rest makes Freedom pay Wedlock's expense
 Yet Love for Love leads up the Dance of the Senses
 Where Jealousy frights not, nor folly is teasing,
 There we may enjoy the true pleasure of pleasing.
 Toll, loll, loll, &c.

TOLL, DE ROLL, LOLL.

Tune,—*Let the Grave and the Gay.*

WHEN the Deity's word
 Throughout Chaos was heard,
 And in order up rose this vast ball;
 Land, Sea, and Sky rung
 With Creation's glad song,
 It was then a fine—Toll, de roll, loll.
 Inconstant mankind
 Could not keep in one mind,
 But into foul parties must fall;
 'Gainst Religion and State
 Rais'd a pother and prate,
 And made a sad—Toll, de roll, loll.
 On this sea-circled land,
 By great Nature's command,
 Freedom stopp'd at Integrity's call;
 England's Genius appear'd,
 In full chorus was heard,
 Lov'd Liberty's song—Loll de roll.
 On each distant shore
 We have sung it encore,
 And are ready, my lads, One and All,
 To sound the same strain,
 Tho' I think France and Spain
 Have enough of our—Loll, de roll.
 All the noise that our foes
 Took such pains to compose,
 Not a Heart of Oak's Ear could appal;
 But the Dons and Monseers
 Were struck dumb with three cheers,
 They're the Eng'ish Tarr's Toll de roll loll.
 At the place Minden nam'd,
 By the British foot fam'd,
 How glorious those days to recall:
 The French folks advancing,
 Were stopp'd in their dancing,
 And tumbled about—Loll de roll.

For this thing, or that,
 Toll de roll, comes in pat,
 'Tis a Chorus I'll always extol ;
 'Tis suppos'd not express'd,
 'Twas what each one likes best,
 Then here's to the best—Toll de roll, loll, &c.

THE ORIGIN OF TOLL, LOLL, LOLL.

Tune,—*As one day at home in a maudlinish mood.*

I'LL sing you a song, and I'll sing all about it,
 Or in tune or out on't, you need not to doubt it,
 My tune is Toll, toll, tol, loll, loll,
 Staccatos, Chromatics, Rests, Crotchets, and Chorus
 Deep Tenors, sharp Trebles, with Fifths, Eighths and
 Thirds,
 Are sounds without Sense ; Common Sense co
 before us ;

So silence each Solfa let's Toll, toll, toll, chorus,
 And nothing but Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, l

If word-gnawing Critics grammatical bawl,

Under derivation, Sir, this Toll, toll, toll ?

“ I answer, from Loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, lo
And pray what is Loll, loll, loll, perge, quoth Pedant
Prose-do, continues he, I never read on't ;

What part of Speech are you this Toll, loll, loll, making

“ The only part, sir, of the whole that's worth takin
 Toll, loll, loll, &c.

The Verb which Love conjugates, Nature's the tutor
 Both active and passive, but sometimes stands neuter
 Toll, toll, loll, &c.

When wantonly wish'd for, *optative* Mood makes it
 When promised in *future*, Hope happily takes it.

Of all Terminations respecting the Tenses,

The *present* is always the best for the Senses.

Toll, loll, loll, &c.

as for once, tho' become something serious ;
 Black Joke's a tune, that mayhap is myfter'us,
 Who knows what is hid under roll, loll, loll, loll.
 is under, or in it, or what is about it,
 ps has a meaning, perhaps is without it ;
 ay be thought Wit, but that would be wonder ;
 ay be a single or double Entendre,
 Toll, loll, de roll, &c.

ou have, or if you have not, read a Hift'ry,
 ou are Free-mason'd, and understand Myft'ry,
 Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, is Loll, toll, toll, toll.
 more may be made on't, I beg to know what,
 may be, or may'nt be, it can, or it cannot ;
 r how be it, hereby, so be it, and soforth,
 at good friends excuse me, indeed I must go forth.
 Toll, loll, de roll, &c.

T H E N A B O B.

Tune,—*Ye Lovers who never Inconstancy knew.*

YE makers of Nabobs who millions amass,
 Eclipsing nobility's train ;
 In pride of profusion your Pageantries pass,
 'To your Worships a word,—*don't be vain.*
 Tho' Spoils of the East, you exultingly view,
 Not a reptile that crawls but is richer than you.
 Your sideboards may bend with superfluous weight,
 Your breasts the slant ribbon may bind,
 You homage receive from the Paupers of State,
 Weigh these 'gainst the Wealth of the Mind.
 An Instinct unerring all animals boast ;
 Lord-Man he has reason, and so my Lord's lost.
 Can we wanton on waves in the deep troubled storm ?
 Can the Board of Works, Beaver-like build ?
 Can ye Artists contend with a transmigrate Worm ?
 Or Spider-like sail through the field ?
 Contempt must attend on Ambition's odd grasp,
 Who catches at Crowns, when he shrinks from a Wasp.

O'er Passion can Beauty a conquest atchieve?
 Cou'd Sampson an Ague engage?
 What Science can teach us the art not to grieve?
 What bribe is to buy off old Age?
 What Opium can lull the Alarms of the Mind?
 That something so wakeful, which wakens mankind.
 In pompous down beds Guilt may labour to rest;
 Back, Conscience the curtain will draw,
 To exhibit such Spectres as harrow the Breast,
 While Memory sharpens her saw;
 Humanity sighs at the sufferer's pains;
 But Justice proclaim'd, *Thus I balance their Gains.*
 Let us, as we ought, bid defiance to Knaves,
 And Briton-like speak as we think.
 Disgrace to the crew of Venality's slaves;
 To honest men—Happiness drink.
 Here's to Liberty, Lads, without Flatt'ry or Fear,
 And I hope I am pledg'd from the Heart by all here:

T R U E B L U E.

Tune,—*To all ye Ladies new at Land.*

THE cards were sent, the Muses came,
 'Twas Ceres gave the feast
 To Juno, Jove's majestic dame,
 Fair Hebe hail'd each guest,
 With Phœbus, Bacchus, wit and wine,
 Like man and wife, should social shine.
With a fall, la!, la!
 Th' Olympic dance, Minerva wife,
 With graceful steps mov'd round;
 Blue was the fillet—like her eyes,
 Her sapient temples crown'd;
 That girdle loosen'd falling down,
 Buck Bacchus caught the azure Zone.

his breast the Ribbon plac'd,
 Styx, avow'd the youth,
 it had the Throne of Wisdom grac'd,
 you'd grace the seat of Truth :
 robe he instant open threw,
 on his bosom beam'd *True Blue*.

sings, taught by me, shalt Garters give,
 " In Installations show ;
 What subjects merits shou'd receive,
 " Their Monarchs shou'd bestow.
 Their Symbol, lov'd, Celestials view,
 And stamp your Sanctions on *True Blue*."

The rosy God, Urania prais'd ;
 The tuneful sisters join ;
 The Sov'reign of the Sky was pleas'd
 To constellate the Sign.
 Along the Clouds, loud Pæans flew,
 Olympus join'd, and hail'd *True Blue*.

This order Iris bore to earth,
 Minerva charg'd the fair,
 Where first she found out Sons of worth,
 To leave the Ribbon there.
 From clime to clime she searching flew,
 And in HEBERNIA left *True Blue*.

D I T T O.

'Tune,—*Masks all*.

LET those who love Helicon sip at its streams,
 And chill'd by cold water, doze spiritless dreams ;
 No aid I'll invoke from a tea-drinking Muse,
 But bumper me Bacchus to toast the *True Blues*.

Sing tantararara True Blue.

No man slaying hero's rash deeds I rehearse,
 Nor shall Strephon's sighs sadly whine in my verse
 To friendship, to freedom, this sonnet is due,
 And Friendship and Freedom becomes a *True Blue*—

Wrong'd Nature to Newton from Dullness appeal'
 Mankind he enlighten'd, bright vision reveal'd ;
 All colours examin'd, and found upon view
 One chief, one unchang'd, and he nam'd it *True Blue*

Kings, Statesmen, and Patriots, illustrious chuse
 The slant azure bandage, the mark of *True Blues* ;
 To Britain's chief knighthood the Garter is due,
 And that honour'd Ribbon is spotless *True Blue*.

To furnish, with Science, the sons of the earth,
 Olympus the goddesses of Wisdom brought forth ;
 Her eyes, Paris own'd, were the brightest he knew,
 And their lustre, quoth Homer, is sparkling *True Blue*.

In spring, when Creation her blossoms resumes,
 And field-flowers fill the rich air with perfumes ;
 What sky-colour, tell me, the sun best looks through ?
 The atmosphere's clearest when clouds are *True Blue*.

To fully that standard each social disdains,
 The tint of *True Blue* bids defiance to stains ;
 On the breast of each brother the Ribbon we view,
 Which shews, that at heart he is pure and *True Blue*..

When Liberty ling'ring, Hibernia quits,
 And Honour to passive Obedience submits ;
 Public Spirit to Ireland then bids adieu,
 Adieu, lads, to life then, then farewell *True Blue*..

THE WINE VAULT.

Tune,—*The Hounds are all out.*

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar as sociably stor'd,
 My brave boys.

My vault door is open descend and improve,
 That Cask,—aye, that we will try ;
 'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
 And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
 As I hate that a bumper should stand.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be stor'd,
 I gallop the brusher along ;
 Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's God,
 And a Sentiment give, or a Song.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem
 With pearls the moist walls to emboss ;
 From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste stream
 Like stucco-work cut out of moss.

When the lamp is brimful, how the taper flame shines,
 Which when moisture is wanting decays ;
 Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
 Or else there's an end of my blaze.

Sound those Pipes they're in tune, and those Binns are
 well fill'd,
 View that heap of Old Hock in your rere ;
 Yon bottles are Burgundy ! mark how they're pil'd,
 Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review ;
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like *Macedon's Madman*, my glass I'll enjoy,
 Defying, hyp, gravel, or gout ;
 He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,
 I'll weep when my liquor is out.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly will I,
 When reeling I roll on the floor ;
 Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
 And dare the best buck to *do more*.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
 No *Hic Jacet* be cut on my stone ;
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
 And say that *His drinking is done*,

My brave boys.

A PASTORAL.

Tune,—*Despairing beside a clear stream.*

BY the side of a green stagnate pool,
 Brick-dust Nan the fat scratching her head,
 Black matted locks frizzl'd her skull,
 As bristles the hedge-hog bespread ;
 The wind toss'd her tatters abroad,
 Her ashy-bronz'd beauties reveal'd ;
 A link-boy to her, through the mud,
 Bare-footed, flew over the field.

As vermin on vermin delight,
 As carrion best suits the crow's taste,
 So beggars and bunters unite,
 And swine-like on dirt make a feast :

Hottentot offals have charms,
 h garbage their bosoms they deck ;
 stitily opened her arms,
 filthily fell on her neck.

r flabby breasts one hand he plac'd,
 towels those breasts ever teaze,
 er fist grip'd her stay-wanting waist,
 e ladies she dress'd for her ease :
 rew forth his quid and he swore,
 n his lower lip, charged to the brim,
 ul'd, like a lewd grunting boar,
 squinting, she leer'd upon him.

my love, tho' I cannot well jaw,"
 s pleyer at playhouse began,
 tobacco's so sweet to the chew,
 is to kiss is the lips of my Nan :
 my Jack, cries the mud-colour'd she,
 I gave him such rib squeezing hugs,
 ft-hole I'll cuddle with thee,
 blast me ! though bit by the bugs.

s black as themselves, now the sky
 the south of the hemisphere lour'd,
 in love's feast in the dry,
 a stable they hastily scour'd ;
 hungry rats round them explor'd,
 I cobwebs their canopy grace,
 nted on litter they snor'd,
 gu'd with dirt, drink, and embrace.

EXTRAVAGANZA.

Tune,—*Pan's song in Midas.*

OT one of the wise men, tho' ever so knowing
 Can stop the heart's dancing, when fancy is
 flowing,

Dame Caution may dodge us, but quickly we'll let
her,

And high over earth, boys, break cover in *Æther*.
Toll, lo

How then shall we laugh at each sublunar system,
And prove to star-peepers how much they have mist!
We'll hob-nob with *Saturn*, his cellar will charm us,
And hand in hand run round his girdle to warm us.

In tangents fly off; and to *Jupiter* hurry,
Ask Majesty's leave with his moons to be merry;
On Captain *Mars* call, from the Spheres get a tune,
Send the *North Star* a card, by the *Man* in the *Moon*.

On *Mercury* mount, make a *Comet* position,
With Demirep *Venus* then dance a cotillion;
Her *Hesper* and *Vesper*, you know their vocation,
They rise and set just like the state of the nation.

But now to talk more like a two-legg'd terrestrial,
Awhile we'll leave fancying this gallop celestial:
Suppose some dear girl her appointment was keeping,
And pat pat up stairs, you first heard her feet tripping.

Or when down the dark walk the silk gown comes
rustling,

How each sense is hurry'd, from head to head bustling;
Unbounded as mad expectation can fancy,
'Tis pleasure's sharp fury, Love's Extravaganzy.

We fill up our time by full filling our glasses,
And jollity laughing with love-looking lassies;
Our bumpers discharging, then charge to our wishes,
Present and give fire in volleys of kisses.

But we'll have no more now of Roundelays rattling,
Of chiming and rhyming, of tittling and tattling,
This singing or saying may please, I don't doubt it;
But here's to that mouth which makes no words about it.

TIME'S DEFEAT.

Tune,—*Cupid sent on an Errand, &c.*

ONE evening, *Good Humour* took *Wit* as his guest,
 By *Friendship* invited to *Gratitude's* feast;
 Their liquor was claret, and *Love* was their host,
 Laugh, song, and droll sentiment, garnish'd each toast.
 While *Freedom* and *Fancy* enlarg'd the design,
 And dainties were furnish'd by *Love*, *Wit* and *Wine*,
 Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a loud knock,
 A watchman hoarse bawling, 'Twas past Twelve o'Clock.
 They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
 And up stairs they brought the Impertinent, bound:
 When dragg'd to the light, how much were they pleas'd
 To see 'twas the grey-glutton *Time* they had seiz'd
 His Glafs as his lanthorn, his Scythe as his Pole,
 And his single lock dangled adown his smooth skull;
 My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought fit to knock
 And bid you be gone, for 'tis past Twelve o'Clock.
 Says the *Venom'd-Tooth'd-Savage*, on this advice fix,
 Tho' *Nature* strikes twelve, *Folly* still points to six;
 He longer had preach'd but no longer they'd hear it
 So hurry'd him into a hoghead of Claret.
Wit observ'd it was right, while we're yet in our pri
 There is nothing like *Claret* for killing of *Time*;
Love laughing, reply'd, I am pleas'd from my heart,
 He can't come and put us in mind we must part.
 This intruder, rude *Time*, tho' a tyrant long known,
 By *Love*, *Wit* and *Wine* can be only o'erthrown;
 If hereafter he's wanted on any design,
 He'll always be found in a hoghead of *Wine*.
 Since *Time* is confin'd to our *Wine*, let us think
 By this rule we are sure of our *Time* when we drink;
 Henceforth, let our glasses with bumpers be prim'd,
 We're certain our drinking must now be well-tim'd.

THE BRITON.

Tune,—All you who would wish to succeed with a lark.

FROM the face of the Sun, see the mists disappear,
 Resplendent his beams brighten day ;
 The highlands, the trees, and the hill tops are clear,
 'Tis the pride of the year, it is May.

The hare starts away, puss disturb'd from her seat,
 Flies frighted, and doubles the wold.
 How plaintive the sheep their loud echoes repeat,
 Because not yet freed from the fold.

'Tis Liberty's language, the voice of the soul,
 Throughout air, upon earth, in the sea,
 From us unto where the most distant worlds roll,
 What animal wou'd not be free ?

Let us live while we're free ; but when Liberty wanes
 Life is but imprisoning breath ;
 As slaves shall we sigh, or escape from our chains,
 And follow our Freedom to death.

We dare, even dying, our birthrights defend,
 Our last shall be Liberty's call ;
 Like Sampson, we'll nobly existency end,
 And our tyrants o'erwhelm with our fall.

Good subjects will Government ever obey,
 Into air toss Malignity's tale ;
 But Honour forbid fraud shou'd e'er come in play,
 And England be set up to sale.

While *Will*, without *Law*, scourges *Gallia's* coast,
 Let us, in our honesty bold,
 First drink to the KING's health—then add to the toast
 May Englishmen scorn to be sold.

T H E T R I O.

Tune, *Ye Fair possess'd of ev'ry Charm.*

WIT, *Love* and *Reputation*, walk'd
 One ev'ning out of town,
 They sung, they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd,
 'Till night came darkling on :
Love wilful needs wou'd be their guide,
 And smil'd at loss of day,
 On her the kindred pair rely'd,
 And lost with her their way.

Damp-fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
 All bleak the barren moor :
 Across they toil'd, when *Love* grown bold,
 Knock'd loud at *Labour's* door.
 Awhile within the red-roof'd cot
 They stood and star'd at *Care*,
 But long cou'd not endure the spot,
 For *Poverty* was there.

The *Twain* propos'd next morn to part,
 And travel different ways ;
 Quoth *Love*, I soon shall find a heart,
Wit went to look for *Praise* ;
 But *Reputation*, sighing spoke,
 " 'Tis better we agree,
 " Though *Love* may laugh, and wit may joke,
 " Yet, friend, take care of me.

" Without me, *Beauty* wins no *Heart*,
 " Without me *Wit* is vain ;
 " If headstrong here with me you part,
 " We ne'er can meet again.
 " Of me you both shou'd take great care,
 " And shun the rambling plan ;
 " No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,
 " So keep me while you can."

Love stopt among the village youth,
 Expecting to be crown'd,
 Enquiring for her brother, *Truth*,
 But *Truth* was never found :
 She sought in vain, for *Love* was blind,
 And *Hate* her guidance crost ;
 'Tis said, since *Truth* she cannot find,
 That *Love* herself is lost.

T H E E N D.

Tune,—*The fool who is wealthy is sure of a Bride.*

PAPILIO the rich, in the hurry of love,
 Resolving to wed, to fair *Arabell* drove ;
 He made his proposals, he begg'd she wou'd fix,—
 What maid cou'd say no to a new Coach-and-fix ?

We'll suppose they were wed, the guests bid, supper done
 The fond pair in bed, and the stocking was thrown :
 The Bride lay expecting to what this wou'd tend,
 Since created a wife, wish'd to know for what end.

On the velvet peach ost, as the gaudy fly rests,
 The Bridegroom's lips stopp'd, on *Love's* pillows, I
 breasts :

All amazement, impassive, the heart-heaving fair,
 With a sigh seem'd to prompt him, *don't stay too long the*

Round her waist, and round such a waist, circling
 arms,

He raptures rehears'd on her unpossess'd charms.
 Says the fair one, and gap'd, I hear all you pretend,
 But now, for I'm sleepy, pray come to an end.

My love ne'er shall end, 'Squire Shadow reply'd,
 But still, unattempting, lay stretched at her side.
 She made feints, as if something she meant to demand,
 But found out, at last, it was all to no end.

In disdain starting up from the impotent boy,
 She, sighing, pronounc'd, there's an end of my joy ;
 Then resolv'd this advice to her sex she wou'd send,
 Ne'er to wed till they're sure they can wed to some end.

And which end is that ? why the end which prevails,
 Ploughs, ships, birds, and fishes, are steer'd by their tails :
 And tho' man and wife for the head may contend,
 I'm sure they're best pleas'd when they gain t'other end.

The end of our wishes, the end of our wives,
 The end of our loves, and the end of our lives,
 The end of conjunction, 'twixt mistress and male,
 Tho' the head may design, has its end in the tail.

T'is time tho' to finish, if aught I intend,
 Left like a bad husband, I come to no end ;
 The ending I mean is what none will think wrong,
 And that is, to make now an end of my song.

CASTLES IN AIR.

Tune,—*The Lass who wou'd know how to manage a man.*

IF I was a wit, like a wit I'd presume,
 But no Muse beckon down from the sky :
 I had rather go up—so old *Pindar* the groom
 Bring *Pegasus* out and I'll fly.

Take a leap from the land, gallop atmosphere o'er,
 The man in the moon how he'll stare !
 When I start for the pole, I'll go off upon score,
 And clear ev'ry *Castle in Air*.

Those castles are built by *Dependency's* dreams,
 Poor *Vanity's* bubble the base :
 Pale promise-pin'd Hope, as the architect, schemes,
 They're furnish'd by folks out of place.

If the nod of a Courtier our cringing shou'd crown,
 Or bit by a smile from the fair,
 Self-consequence swell'd, we disdain to look down,
 So look up to a *Castle in Air*.

My country I'll serve, my constituents defend—
 On their honour thus candidates swear :
 But fixt in their seat, wou'd you look for your friend,
 He is lost in a *Castle of Air*.

What man in his senses of puffs wou'd be proud,
 Or covet the multitude's stare ?
 What use have the shouts of Venality's croud ?
 But erecting a *Castle in Air*.

As to *Genius*, or *Learning*, or *Science* ;—such names
 Are frights to make fine breeding stare ;
Dissipation at present such title disclaims,
 They're said to be *Castles in Air*.

Wise men from the East—you indeed ev'ry day
 Can count out your orient glare :
 Hark forward, ye NIMRODS, a *Nabob's* your prey,
 A NABOB'S NO *Castle in Air*.

'Till Death shall us part, I'll be constant I vow,
 This, too oft, is the phrase of the Fair,
 But some Ladies minds are—one cannot tell how—
 Not better—than *Castles in Air*.

'Till Death !—How appalling must that sentence be ?
 What looks then the proudest must wear ?
 When all the land left them, is six feet by three,
 Their *Castle*—but *out of the Air*.

Too late they perceive, that they've time misemploy'd
 To be star'd at, or only to stare ;
 That they've liv'd to their loss, as each day was destroy
 Erecting new *Castles in Air*.

The *Grave*—but too grave is not fit for our plan,
 Which is neither to doat nor despair :
 While we live, let us *live*, making life all we can,
 Then a fig for each *Castle in Air*.

R E P E N T A N C E.

une,—*In April when primroses paint the sweet plain.*

THE dictates of Nature prove school knowledge weak ;

“ Does not Instinct beyond all the orators speak ?
 “ From their parts of speech we’ll not borrow one part,
 “ Our lips, without words, find the way to the heart.”

Thus as last night I sung, with my lass on my knee,
 Methought one below, hoarse enquired after me ;
 We listen’d and heard him, his breathing seem’d scant,
 And upstairs he stepp’d, with an asthmatical pant.

The door op’ning wide, solus enter’d the sprite,
 Black and all black his dress, sable emblem of Night :
 His livid lips quiver’d, pronouncing my name,
 And, head and staff shaking, declar’d me to blame.

Repentance (quoth he) won’t admit of delays,
I insist, from this moment, you alter your ways.
 As I star’d at him, slyly, my bottle I hid,
 Then punctually promis’d to do as he bid.

With unkerchief’d neck, sparkling eyes, and loose hair,
 Her gown, single pinn’d, burst from closet my fair ;
 There she fled when the fright first appear’d in the room,
 Then fell at his feet in the health of Love’s bloom.

So graceful she knelt, and so tender her tone,
 Then she sent such a look, Silver-beard was her own.
 I saw his eyes twinkle, blood flatter’d his face,
 He fondly, tho’ feebly, essay’d an embrace.

I left them, and, just as I fancy’d the churl
 Made a strengthless attempt to be rude with my girl :
 She shriek’d, I rush’d in as he strove to escape,
 And the Watch took *Repentance* away for a rape.

Ever since when we wanton in rapt'rous embrace,
 The reproach-bearing wretch dares not shew us his face
 May each fond of each, thus enjoyment improve,
 Be henceforth *Repentance* a stranger to *Love*.

ELIXIR L'ARGENT.

Tune,—*Pretty Peggy of Windsor.*

THO' with puffs daily papers are cram'd, Sir,
 With antidotes for ev'ry ail,
 I'll shew a specific not sham'd, Sir,
 A nostrum which never can fail.

The Drop and Pill, may heal or kill,
 As Doctors on Doctors have done ;
 But snug and sure, to work a cure,
 Apply th' *Elixir l'Argent*.

For weak consciences 'tis an *Emetic* ;
 A *Restorative* for a lost frame ;

If fear gravels you, this *Di'retic*
 Discharges each symptom of shame.

Like Achilles from Styx, no wound will fix
 When this *Unguentum* is on ;

Nay, chuse to anoint ev'n Justice's point,
 'Tis blunt by *Elixir l'Argent*.

'Tis a *Stiptic* to stop maidens scruples.

An *Opiate* makes jealousy rest ;

'Tis a *Lecture* where all men are pupils,
 Art and science without it a jest.

Be witty, be wise, win Learning's prize,
 This *Recipe* want you're undone :

Merit vainly may strive, no genius can thrive,
 But the genius who gets the *l'Argent*.

His Honour demurs to a hearing,

The Agent demurs to his plan,

The Witness demurs to his swearing,

And Madam demurs to her man :

Yet each sick breast demurs digest,
Secundum artem they're gone.

When a *Quantum suff.* is took of the stuff,
Elixir nouveaux de l'Argent.

When sickness voluptuousness seizes,

The medical corps in array,
 Sword by side take the field 'gainst diseases,
 And Swifts-like, give battle for pay.

Not a work of *Self* accepting the pelf,
 That lesson the learned ne'er con,
 ut faith we're flamm'd, we might die and be damn'd,
 But for our *Elixir P'Argent.*

G A M I N G.

Tune,—*Ye Virgins of Britain who wisely attend.*

AST night I attended at Robinhood's group,
 Where five-minute-orators kept the thing up;
 Where Politics, Physics, Wit, Humour and Learning;
 May hear things to wonder at, past their discerning,

With a Speaker, applying a pinch to his nose,
 As slowly, like tragedy ghost, he arose,
 The Methodist Preachers began our seduction,
 And Gamesters and Gambling complete our destruction.
 Young Knowell upstarting, reply'd, with a sneer,
 Mr. President, really that gentleman's queer,
 He rails against Gamesters, yet, this may be said,
 He wou'd have been one, but he wanted a head.

And now I am up, and my minutes go on,
 That I prove him a fool, why, I'll hold two to one.
 These fault-finders don't know the things they're
 "abusing,

What's all the world after, but winning and losing?

- " I forgive all he knows, and I dare him to say,
 " If he wou'd, or wou'd not have the best of the lay.
 " Honest people I love, but I never heard yet,
 " It was thought wrong to have the right side of a bett.
 " Life's like hazard-playing, we all wish to win,
 " And he must have luck, to be sure, who throws in.
 " 'Tis the Statesman who sets, his friends nick their
 " places,
 " And those 'gainst the court are suppos'd to throw Aces.
 " On the turf we perhaps may have Cunning's
 " assistance,
 " But Westminster-hall gives Newmarket a distance :
 " By crossing and jostling this land may be lost,
 " And Liberty run on the wrong side the post.
 " I abjure each expression wou'd hurt ladies fame,
 " But will they not all play the best of the game ?
 " To be sure *trade's* a virtue, and *gaming* a vice,
 " Yet fraudulent *bankrupts* are worse than false *dice*.
 " If our betters will play, and playfellows esteem us,
 " *Cum Monitor ludit nos quoque ludemus,*
 " Don't blame him who wins, rather laugh at the loser,
 " We only take Fortune from those who abuse her.
 " If a Lord loves a Gamester's life, is it absurd
 " For a Gamester to take up the life of a Lord ?
 " Whether Lord, or what else, 'tis a matter of mirth,
 " What signifies title, Sir, *What are you worth ?*"

The hammer went down, *Knowell* silent became,
 And henceforth we'll honour the best of the game :
 So here goes a Main, here the Caster must win,
 We drink to the lucky, who hold longest in.

THE JOLLY SOUL.

Tune,—*The Wine Vault.*

COME Liberty, damme boys, but we'll be free,
 Tho' Care kill'd a cat, what care I?
 I hold six to four, only say done to me,
 Like a *Soul* I have liv'd, and I'll dye.

My brave boys.

They sent me to college, I didn't mind that,
 To teach me to preach and to pray;
 I couldn't be humm'd, I saw what they were at,
 So my eye upon all they can say.

to pulpit palaver, why, that's all a sham,
 No priestcraft shall e'er do for me:
 Will, or I won't, a free agent I am,
 And I'll only believe what I see.

My lovers of Claret, aye, Claret's the thing,
 To drink it without any tax;
 Don't mind the bother 'bout Subject and King,
 But custom-free that's all *I ax*.

Clergy, and Commons, and Lords will but join,
 Our national debts to pay off,
 And let us free Gratis have women and wine,
 Why then we may do well enough.

Half-pints the Parliament-house then I'll toast,
 And GEORGE too, upon my bare knee;
 Don't care which side, nor if none rule the roast,
 So I've but my fun and am free.

Now they're sad times, for our freedom is gone,
 Since we to bumbailiffs submit;
 O'Rights! damn all bills, for the nation's undone
 By that *General Warrant*, a *Writ*.

We must be made slaves if they don't put a stop
 To Lawyers, the Justice, and all ;
 For if in Old England we don't keep it up,
 Why then, to be sure, it must fall,

When I dye—but that's queer—and to think on't is d
 So as to *this here*, or *that there*,
 Let me go where I will, if my bottle is full,
 And I get but a girl, I don't care.

If Master Death thrusts himself into my room,
 They tell me, he always makes free ;
 I'll try if I can't tip *old Boney* a hum,
 If not, why, may-hap he hums me.

As I told you before, I'm resolv'd not to think,
 So I cannot a Sentiment give,
 However, my Souls, while we live lets us drink,
 Because while we're drinking we live,
 My brave boy

TO-DAY AND TO-NIGHT.

Tune,—*What a Blockhead is he who's afraid to dye*

RURY FINGER'D *Aurora*, fair Lady of Light,
 From the saffron robes shaking the last shade of
 Call'd *Phæbus*, who bleis'd with his sea beauty's be
 Slow awoke, *Tetis* vow'd, 'twas *immensely too soon*.

Above the horizon his beams, circling, spread
 The grey dappled clouds, fring'd transparent with re
 The breezy air rich with the perfumes of May,
 While birds on the boughs chirp'd and sung in the
 Shall man, most oblig'd, offer less to that pow'r
 By whom he's endow'd, to enjoy ev'ry hour ?
 Yes,—pride-born Ingratitude never will pay
 The thanks which are due for the gift of *To-day*.

No,—*To-morrow's* the thing; *To-morrow!* Sloth cries—
To-morrow's the shadow which ev'ry day flies;
 Death *Yesterday* call'd in his fools—and, *To-day*,
 'Tis not six to four but we're had the same way.

We must laugh when we look at Time-killers distress,
 Who dress, dine, and daudle—dine, daudle, and dress:
 In one senseless saunter dream *Day* and *Night* thro'
 In nothing to say, and—in nothing to do.

As for thinking *To-day*, 'tis absurd to begin:
 A head fine frizzur'd wants no finish within:
To-morrow's the wild-goose at which they all aim,
 A mouthful of moonshine they get for their game.

Let us, lads, depend on Life's plain-dealing plan,
 Not kill Time, but keep all alive while we can:
Day and *Night* too, our welcome to Beauty we'll pay,
 Love equal expects both *good Night* and *good Day*.

To *Night* be my song then—I honour its shades;
 Fall fertile, ye vapours, make mothers of Maids;
 To the end of each *Day* be our doings upright,
 May all do the best thing they can do *To-night*.

T O D R I N K .

Tune,—*Guilford Stile*.

WHEN Prudence declaims how time passes,
 Cou'd we tempt Mr. *Chronos* to stay,
 While we're bump'ring a round of our lasses,
 We would wait upon all he cou'd say.
 But is it worth while through books to toil,
 In troubling our heads how to think?
 Thought ne'er was design'd to puzzle the mind,
 Let us only mind how we drink.

There was *Solomon* one of the wise kings,
 When past it, began to complain :
 He affected at last to despise things
 Because his was labour in vain ;
 But used to say, there's time to play,
 To labour, to love, and to think ;
 Let those in their prime, remember the time,
 At present 'tis time we should drink.

A pox on Reflection, be jolly,
 Dispassionate Cynics despise,
 Did you once know the raptures of folly,
 You never wou'd wish to be wise.
 I scorn the plans sobriety scans,
 From bumpers I never will shrink ;
 By the busy in trade, be cent, per cent. made,
 'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink.

K I S S I N G.

*Tune,—In pursuit of some Lambs from my Flock that
 had stray'd.*

YE delicate lovelies, with leave, I maintain
 That happiness here you may find ;
 To yourselves I appeal for Felicity's reign,
 When you meet with a man to your mind.

When Gratitude Friendship to Fondness unites,
 Inexpressive endearments arise :
 Then hopes, fears, and fancies, strange doubts and
 delights,
 Are announc'd by those tell tales, the eyes.

Those technical terms, in the science of Love,
 Cold schoolmen attempt to describe,
 But how should they paint what they never can prove ?
 For Tenderness knows not their tribe.

Of all the abuse on enjoyments that's thrown,
 The treatment Love takes most amiss,
 Is the rant of the coxcomb, the sot, and the clown,
 Who pretend to indulge on a kiss.

The love of a fribble at self only aims :
 For sots and clowns—class them with beasts.
 No fibre, no atom, have they in their frames,
 To relish such delicate feasts.

In circling embraces, when lips to lips move,
 Description, oh ! teach me to praise
 The Overture Kiss to the Op'ra of Love—
 But Beauty would laugh at the phrase.

Love's preludes are Kisses, and, after the play,
 They fill up the pause of delight :
 The rich repetitions which never decay,
 The Lip's silent language at night.

The raptures of KISSING we only can taste,
 When sympathies equal inspire,
 And while to enjoyment, unbounded, we haste,
 Their breath blows the coals of desire.

Again, and again, and again Beauty slips ;
 What feelings these pressures excite !
 When fleeting life's stopp'd by a kiss of the lips,
 Then sinks in a sigh of delight.

M O R A L.

Whilst our glasses we kiss, and we frolic at ease,
 Of Happiness ne'er may we miss ;
 May we live as we list, may we kiss whom we please,
 And may we still please whom we kiss.

BARTLEME

BARTLEME FAIR.

Tune,—*Young Strephon he went i' ether day to the Wake.*

WHILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and fattins,
We poor folks are tramping in straw huts and
pattens,

As merrily Old English ballads can sing-o,
As they at their opperores outlandish ling-o;
Calling out, bravo, encoro, and caro,
Tho' I will sing nothing but Bartleme Fair-o.

Here first of all crowds against other crowds driving,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving;
Here's fiddling and fluting, and shouting and shrieking,
Fifes, trumpets, drums, bag-pipes, and barrow-girls
squeaking.

My rare round and sound, here's choice of fine ware-o,
Tho' all is not sound sold at Bartleme Fair-o.

Here are drolls, hornpipe dancing, and shewing of
postures;

Plum-porridge, black-puddings, and op'ning of oysters;
The tap-house guests swearing, and gall'ry folks
squawling,

With salt-boxes, solos, and mouth-pieces hawling;
Pimps, pick-pockets, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,
Bawds, bailies, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and
taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gunpowder-plot, Sir,
Wild beasts all alive, and pease-porridge hot, Sir:

Fine sausages fry'd, and the Black on the wire;

The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.

The ups-and downs, who'll take a seat in the chair-o?

There are more ups and downs than at Bartleme Fair-o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,

The chaise without horses, and Queen of Hungary;

The merry-go-rounds, come, who ? rides come, who
rides ?

Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire-eating besides ;
The fam'd learned dog that can tell his letters,
And some men, as scholars, are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, when we ramble 'mong gay
things ;

Our passions, like children, are tempted by play-things ;
By sound and by shew, by trash and by trumpery.
The fal-la's of fashion, and Frenchify'd frumpery.
Life is but a droll, rather wretched than rare-o,
And thus ends the ballad of Bartleme Fair-o.

RURAL FELICITY.

Tune,—On Market day last, I remember the time.

LET court lovers pay adoration to crowns,
That man is a monarch for me,
Who chearful improves the few acres he owns,
Unenvying, industrious, and free.

At night, in high health, from his labour he rests,
His household sit round in a row,
Wife, children and servants, domestical guests,
Such circles in town can ye shew ?

He smiles on his babes, as some strive for his knee,
And some to their mother's neck cling,
While playful the prattlers for place disagree,
The roof with their shrill trebles ring.

Those Cynics who brood o'er a single life's spleen,
The offspring they have dare not own,
But happy-wed pairs can enjoy the fond scene
To you ye unfocials unknown.

His dame the good man of the house thus address'd:—

'Twas so with us when we were young :
Her hand within his he with gentleness press'd,
While sentiment prompted his tongue.

I remember the day of my falling in love,
How fearful I first came to woo ;
I hope that these boys will as true hearted prove,
And our lasses, my dear, look like you.

A tear of joy starting he kiss'd from her cheek,
Love gratefully glowing her face,
Too full her fond heart, not a word cou'd she speak,
But, sighing, returned his embrace.

'Tis by such endearments affection is shewn,
In silence more nobly express'd,
Than all the cant phrase, the *Bon Ton* of the town,
Where Love is a Monmouth-street guest.

Go on, ye high births, and pretend to despise
Those scenes which to you are unknown ;
But laugh not too long, rather aim to be wise,
And compare such a life with your own.

Vain jesters, be mute, I'll a sentiment give,
A toast which esteem will not scorn ;
May they who can taste them, Love's kisses receive,
And tenderness meet a return.

THE TOPER.

Tune,—*Shanby.*

YE lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret,
Releas'd from the trouble of thinking ;
A fool long ago said, we nothing could know,—
The fellow knew nothing of drinking.

our over Plato, or practise with Cato,
 Dispassionates, dunces might make us :
 Men now more wise, self-denial despise,
 And live by the lessons of *Bacchus*.

g wigg'd, in fine coach, see the Doctor approach,
 And solemnly up the stairs pace,
 Rarely smell on his cane, apply finger to vein,
 And count the repeats with grimace.
 As he holds pen in hand, Life and death's at a stand,
 A tofs-up which party will take us ;
 Away with his cant, no prescription we want,
 But the nourishing nostrum of *Bacchus*.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,
 While misers 'midst millions are pining ;
 While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mourning,
 We laugh at wealth, winching and whining,
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime, tofs a bottle to Time,
 He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us ;
 His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,
 By the styptical balsam of *Bacchus*.

What work there is made, by the newspaper trade,
 Of this man and t'other man's station ;
 The *Ins* are all bad, and the *Outs* are all mad ;
 In and Out is the cry of the nation.
 The politic patter which both parties chatter,
 From bumpering freely shan't shake us ;
 With half pints in hand, independent we'll stand,
 To defend *Magna Charta* of *Bacchus*.

By your motion well tim'd, you're charg'd and you'r
 prim'd,
 Have a care !—Right and left, and make ready—
 Right hand to glass join—at lips rest the wine—
 But be in your exercise steady.
 Our levels we boast, when our women we toast,
 May graciously they undertake us ;
 No more we desire, so drink and give fire,
 And volley to BEAUTY and BACCHUS.

THE TIMES.

Tune,—*Once on a time, 'twas long ago.*

GOOD people all both great and small,
 And eke and aye, and also ;
 Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,
 And then I need not bawl so.
 There was a time, when times were good,
 The ancient Bard in rhyme sings ;
 So use time well, 'tis time we should,
 We should so, did we time things.

But out of time and out of tune,
 We helter skelter go forth ;
 Sometimes too late, sometimes too soon,
 Good lack-a-day, and so forth.
 We give great folks the greatest crimes,
 They can afford to father 'em,
 But so impartial are the times,
 We're guilty, *omnium gatherum*.

Fox-hunting, boldly bucks embrace,
 But sportsmen of discernment,
 Abroad will chuse a Nabob's chase,
 Or hunt at home preferment :
 To hunt the Statesman, who's in play,
 When Patriots cast about, Sir,
 A pension stops the hark-away,
 And so the field's flung out, Sir.

In such place-tempting times as these,
 Upright be our intentions ;
 Ill fare the loon who first took fees,
 And him who first paid pensions.
 Yet sinecures we'll not abuse,
 Nor their illustrious givers,
 We quarrel now, 'cause we can't chuse
 Who shou'd be the receivers.

Dear Englishmen and country-folks,
 Don't give yourselves uneas'ness,
 Nor mind the flouts, the shouts, the jokes,
 But only mind your bus'ness,
 Wou'd one mind one, the kingdom through,
 And work within his station,
 At home he'll find enough to do,
 And not undo the nation.

So to conclude, and make an end,
 Of this nice-diction'd ditty,
 Indeed 'tis time, the times shou'd mend,
 In country, court, and city,
 For our good *Queen* our song we'll sing,—
 May she ne'er wake nor sleep ill;
 And next, my lads,—God ble'ss the *King*,
 And all his faithful people.

A D I N F I N I T U M.

Tune,—*Which nobody can deny.*

SINCE Life's but a jest let us follow this rule,
There's nothing so pleasant as playing the Fool;
 In town we may practise, as well as at school,
 Which nobody can deny.

The world turns about, the same things o'er and o'er;
 We fool it; our forefathers fool'd it before:
 They did what we do, which our sons will encore.

Life's but a half holiday, lent us to stare;
 We wander, and wonder, in Vanity's fair;
 All baby-like bawling for each bauble there.

If denial shou'd follow a lover's request,
 Like a tooth-cutting child, he's a troublesome guest,
 Till the chit by his deary is hush'd to her breast.

When discontents dare against court-service riot,
 The Minister, nurse-like, prepares proper diet ;
 They've pensions for pap, then the urchins are q

We, children-like covet the glitter of gay things,
 Make racquet for ribbons, and such sort of play-thin
 Which we cannot have tho'—unless we can say thing

But before we can say, we should see how things go
 If the market is high, or majority low,
 Then, just at the selling-price, give *Yes*. or *No*.

We take, or are all in our turns taken in ;
 The world, to be sure, 'tis a shame and a sin,
 Might soon be much better,—but who will begin ?

Each age has its folly, ours is dissipation,
 Enfeebling—But why all this dull declamation ?
 If weaken'd we'll drink to the strength of the nation.

Allowing things wrong, Sir, which way shall we right
 'em :

'Tis *Taste* to hear *good things*, 'tis *tasty* to slight them :
 It was, is, and will be so, *ad Infinitum*.

Which nobody can deny.

THE RAREE SHEW.

Tune,—*Now we're free from College Rules.*

THE town's a raree-slew, some say,
 A rare shew for projectors :

What pity 'tis, we spoil the play.

For want of better actors.

But sometimes in, and sometimes out,

'Tis so upon all stages ;

Folks will not mind what they're about,

But only mind the wages.

Among the imitative arts,
 Chief is an actor's science ;
 Expressive heads, and feeling hearts,
 With nature form alliance.
 Behind the scenes, tho' *Party* rage,
Caprice and *Adulation*,
 With *Slander*—but we know the Stage
 Shou'd represent the nation.

A representative indeed !—
 As players make believe, Sir,
 In this world's drama, to succeed,
 'Tis as you can deceive, Sir,
 You may be caught, by face or dress,
 Before you come to know folks ;
 But then the counterfeits confess,
 They're all—but only shew-folks.

Most aim great characters to hit,
Pride spouts as *public spirit*,
Pert Dulness is mistook for *Wit*,
 And *Silence* want of *Merit*.
 Some study the Informer's arts,
 Then power their side espouses ;
 Some play the pimps, and flatterers parts,
 In hopes to have full houses.

We title this same droll we shew,
The Humours of the Nation—
 Extremely high, extremely low,
 Endemic Dissipation.
 The *World* !—What by that word we mean,
 Is self and self's disguises ;
 A busy, lazy, lottery scene,
 Where Folly fills up prizes.

Whate'er we think, whate'er we say,
 Whate'er we are pursuing,
 Is o'er and o'er the self-same play
 Of doing and undoing.
 Life's vegetation ripens and rots,
 'Till dust to dust returning ;
 So let us sprinkle well our spots,
 And drink from night to morning.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

Tune,—*Masks all.*

TO excel in *Bon Ton* both as genius and critic,
 And be quite the thing, Sir, *immense scientific*;
 On all exhibitions give sentence by guess,
 With shrugs and stolen phrases that sentence express.
 Sing tantararara Taste all.

The money you squander your judgment confirms,
 You need not know science, repeat but the terms.
 The labour of learning belongs to the poor,
 Do but pay that's enough for a true *Connoisseur*.

As to *Shakespeare* or *Purcell* why you may allow
 They were *well enough once*—but they will not do now.
 Admit *Newton's* clever, just clever,—that's all;
 And formerly, faith, we might fancy *White-ball*.

When lord of the feast, 'midst your parasite group,
 You're the slave of conceit, and low forgery's dupe.
 All artists (but English ones) praise and procure,
 By your band of bear-leaders you're dubb'd *Connoisseur*.

For words, when you're lost, fill the blank with grimace,
 And pantomime scorn by your power of face,
 If Merit dares speak, and he's known to be poor,
 Knock him down with a bett, then your triumph's secure.

With high-varnish'd masters, and bronz'd bustos grac'd,
 Your house, like a toy-shop, is lumber'd in taste;
 All, all are antiques, *Ciceroni* procures,
 For who dares deceive such compleat *Connoisseurs*?

The worth of a man, say the wife, is his pence:
 'Twas said so, and so it will centuries hence.
 Then money's *the thing*; the grand pimp that procures,
 Full work for the wits, whom the forms *Connoisseurs*.
 Sing tantararara Taste all.

H E R E G O E S.

Tune,—*To sigh or complain.*

YOME care-curing *Mirth* from *Wit's* bower forth
 Bring *Humour*, your brother, along,
Spitality's here, and *Harmony* near,
 To chorus droll *Sentiment's* song.

comedy trim, *Joke*, *Gesture* and *Whim*,
 With trios will keep up the ball;
 order of *Taste*, we open the feast
 Of *Friendship* in *Liberty-ball*.

ho'll president be?—*Unanimity*, see
 He's order'd to sit as our host;
 lord *Common Sense*, with pains and expence,
 Introduc'd him to give out the toast.

o' scandal we hate, only good we hold great,
 Nor any for title's-sake praise;
 worthy's that name, no merit can claim,
 But what genealogies raise.

Anno Dom. we would felicity see,
 demonstrate how easy we could:
 e fault-finding elves to mending ourselves,
 n things might be soon as they shou'd.

ives read their mates, curtain-lectures debates,
 d wonder they're not understood;
 band's perplex'd, and the lady is vex'd,
 use ev'ry thing's not as it shou'd.

n, or place, is the gift of his grace,
 al wou'd be over-nice,
 dding on board, and pres'd by my lord,
 wou'd not come in for a slice?

Corruption's the cry, opposition runs high,
Yet who can help laughing to see,
Tho' Faction's so big—*Ambo* Tory and Whig,
In *one part* both parties agree.

For the kingdom of man, division's the plan,
By the laws of the Cyprian court,
The ladies must yield, when our standard we wield,
And what we advance they support.

For a bumper I call,—Here's the *Sovereign* of *All*,
The spring from which all honour flows,
From thence we all came, so we go to that same,
Here's to it, and to it, *Here goes*.

D I C K A N D D O L L .

AS one bright summer's sultry day,
For sake of shade I sought the grove
Thro' thickset-hedge, on top of hay,
I met with mutual love :
A youth with one arm round his pretty girl's waist,
On small swelling breasts he his other hand plac'd,
While she cry'd *Dick be still,*
Pray tell me what's your will ?

“ I come (quoth Dick) to have some chat,”

And close to her's, his lips he squeez'd ;

“ I guess (cries Doll) what you'd be at,

“ But now I won't be teaz'd”

She strove to rise up, but his strength held her down,

She call'd our for help ! and petition'd the clown,

“ O Dick, dear, let me rise, .

“ The sun puts out my eyes.

“ I'll tear your soul out !—Lord ! these men,

“ If ever——well I won't submit.——

“ Why ? what ? the devil !—Curse me then !—

“ You'll sling me in a fit.”

Down, like a bent lily, her head dropp'd astant,
 Her eyes lost the day-light, her breath became scant,
 And, feebly, on her tongue
 Expiring accents hung.

The chorus birds sung o'er their heads,
 The breeze blew rustling thro' the grove,
 Sweet smelt the hay, on new-mown meads,
 All seem'd the scene of Love.
 Dick offer'd to lift up the las as she lay,
 A look, full of tendernefs, told him to stay ;
 " So soon, Dick, will you go ?
 " I wilst———dear me !—heigh ho !"

Vibrating with heart-heaving sighs,
 Her tucker trembling to and fro',
 Her crimson'd cheeks, her glist'ning eyes,
 Proclaim'd possession's glow.
 Dick bid her farewell, but she, languishing, cry'd,
 As wanton she play'd by her fallen shepherd's side ;
 " A moment ! pray sit still,
 " Since now you've had your will."

" Lord ! (cries the girl) you hasty men,
 " Of love afford but one poor proof ;
 " Our fowls at home, each sparrow hen,
 " Is ten times better off.—
 " No ! that you shou'd not, had I known your design,
 " But, since you've had your will, pray let me have mine ;
 " So, once more, ere we rise,
 " Do, dear Dick, save my eyes."

A SIMPLE PASTORAL.

To a very simple tune of—*Christmas now is coming.*

AURORA, lady gay, hides her face in blushes ;
 Budding, blanching May, whitens hawthorn
 bushes.

See the clouds transparent,—see the sunshine rising ;
 London rakes, I warrant, wou'd think this surprizing.

See the sturdy swains, trenching-ploughs are holding;
Some on pebbly plains, last night's pens unfolding.
How the swine-yards woo!—how the herds are glowing!
While the pigeons coo, barn-door fowls are crowing.

Here are *Flora's* dressings, air-fill'd perfume here is,
Here *Pomona's* blessings,—here the gifts of *Ceres*.
Hark! the tinkling rills,—and the bubbling fountains;
Cascades o'er the hills,—tumbling down the mountains.

See! at welcome wakes, shew-folks fire-eating;
While, with ale and cakes, *Jack* his *Girl* is treating.
Hark! the distant drum,—lasses all look frightened;
But, when soldiers come, girls how you're delighted!

Night her shutters closing, all the village still is,
Save where, unreposing, Captain calls on *Phyllis*:
While she lets her spark in, shooting stars are falling,
Farmers dogs are barking.—comets dreadful trailing.

For to scholars thinking, omens must be telling:
Whether worlds are sinking, or if waists are swelling.
But, my lads and lasses, mind a friend's advisings,
Let us till our glasses—to our falls and risings.

THE CABAL.

Tune,—*Long time with the Graces fair Venus, &c.*

WHY shou'd you, lov'd Sensible, shou'd you be pale,
The portrait of Grief you appear;
You look like yon lily that drops in the vale,
With my lips let me wipe off that tear.

Disdain a reply to Malignity's tongue,
Let Clamour to Patience submit;
It is better that Slander shou'd say you were wrong,
Than that you the wrong shou'd commit.

The Atheist, if really such madmen exist,
 Belief will delirious decry,
 In Infidel doubtings pretend to persist,
 What they cannot conceive they deny.

Thus some of your sex, old and ugly, will rail,
 Like Atheists all goodness they doubt,
 Insisting men may o'er all beauties prevail,
 Because themselves could not hold out,

You must pardon the cry, think not strange what I say,
 They mercy from you must receive ;
 Be it known to your tenderness, 'tis the world's way,
 Who injure will never forgive.

Smile, smile, and smile on, let day beam on your face,
 To oblivion be Obloquy hurl'd ;
 By the best you're belov'd, thou fair figure of Grace,
 So laugh at the rest of the world.

THE QUESTION.

Tune,—To please me the more, and to change the dull scene.

SUPPOSE Twelve has struck, wherefore pray all
 this fuss ?
 Next time 'twill strike less, what are hours to us ?
 Let the sun rule the day, and the moon mark the night ;
 Without rules, or schools, sure we know when we're
 right.

The inference from hence which I draw, but first drink,
 A bumper's the best preparation to think :
 I infer nay affirm, and with me you must join,
 Life's not life without love, love's not love without
 wine.

H

This truth I'll maintain, thus maintaining my post,
 And give in this bumper a truth for my toast.—
 I'm sure to be pledg'd by each lass-loving youth,
 Here's a brusher, my bucks, to the fam'd *naked Tru*

At first we are into this world pull'd and teaz'd ;
 At our getting, Papa and Mama may be pleas'd ;
 But as to us babes, Nature's multiplication,
 Begot for diversion, we're born in vexation.

We are fools in green youth, mankind ripe into knaves,
 Grey hairs turn to money, or mistresses slaves ;
 To our burial from birth, passive objects of *Fear*,
 Keep the door shut, and don't let that *Scrub* slip in here,

Let Ill-will abuse us, Hypocrisy bawl,
 Vain-zeal the cry join, we join laugh 'gainst them all :
 Self-denial may sermonize, Temperance tease,
 We live as we like—let them live as they please.

Our voyage is Pleasure, Hope hoists up the sail,
 Our pilot is instinct, Desire the gale ;
 To Beauty we're bound, we've Bacchus on-board,
 Our guns by Love loaded, *Enjoyment's* the word.

THE SONGSTER'S HORN-BOOK.

Tune—*Ally Croker.*

GREAT A was alarm'd at B's bad behav'our
 Because he refus'd C, D, E, F, favour ;
 G, got a husband, with H, I, K, and L,
 M, marry'd *Mary*, and scholars taught spell.

A b c d e f g h i k l m, &c.

It went hard at first with N, O, P, and Q,
 With R, S, T, *single* and also *double* U.
 With X and Y it stuck in their gizzards,
 'Till they were made friends by the two crooked
 Izzards.

It to be sure *Ex*

This A, B, C, tho' so little it is thought about,
Each change in the world by its power has brought
about :

'Tis the ground-work of Wisdom, of Science the key,
Sir,

What can a man know, who don't know A, B, C, Sir?

Some fiddlers, in drefs, pretend to ape their betters,
They had better mind their Horn-book, and study all
their letters ;

Their knowledge now no farther goes, from A B C, Sir,
To the four more letters call'd, D, E, F, and G, Sir.

As to words 'tis not worth while to mind their precision,
If we thro' the Gamut can run a division ;
The annals of England, to our shame, will tell ye,
That *Newton* was nothing to fine *Parinelli*.

How ravishing that swell ! what sweet *symphonia* ?
What *Cantabilis* ? what *taste* ? *Ab cara divina* !
O chi gusto the voice of *Signior Suffinuti*,
Milonic the language of *tace tutti tutti*.

As insects will cluster round pots full of honey,
Imported illiberals swam for our money ;
Sense is scald'd off by sound, and trash over taste glories,
Only shew 'tis succeeds now, *O Tempora, O Mores* !

This A B C, excuse without *Ceremoni*,
My hoarse voice and harmony is not *Unisoni* :
You censure my singing, for censure is free, Sir,
As a songster remember, I'm but in A B C, Sir.

A b c d e f g h i k l m, &c.

maintainir

COMMON SENSE.

Tune,—*One morning young Reger accosted me thus.*

ONE might having nothing to do—nor to drink,
I began a new practice, and that was to think;
What my subject shou'd be, kept me some time in doubt,
I consider'd, at last—*what we all were about.*

Such frauds and such fractions; such follies, such fictions,
Such out-of-door clamours, and in contradictions;
What must this be owing to? why? or from whence?
What is it we want?—why, we want *Common Sense.*

O yes! who can tell us where *Common Sense* dwells?
Does it burnish gold roofs, or strew rushes in cels?
Does it beam in the mine? does it swim in the sea?
Does it wing the wild air? does it blossom the tree?

If folks wou'd accept *Common Sense* as their guest,
With *Memento* and *Tuum* at home they'd be blest'd:
Not lunatic lacqueys run mad up and down,
Nor mind any business but what was their own.

But which is the way to find *Common Sense* out?
She feasts not on turtle;—cuts in at no rout?
Get the tub cynic's lanthorn, we won't mind expence,
But look by its light, 'till we spy *Common Sense.*

If chance she is seen, tho' for fear we mistake her,
She's natively neat, like a lovely young Quaker:
Pure Beauty, despising false Drapery's aid,
And *Common Sense* scorns all pedantic parade.

Let us first call at Court, but, perhaps, we intrude,
'Twas told so by Miss *Affectation*, the prude:
There Fashion forbids the free use of the mind,
What can *Common Sense* say in a place so refin'd?

Then at Church! to be sure, *Common Sense* there succeeds,

Unless *Superstition* should choak it with weeds :

And tho' *Infidelity* dares a pretence,

She's easily vanquish'd by plain *Common Sense*.

When I mention'd the Church, you expected at least,
In the common-place mode, some stale joke 'gainst a
Priest ;

That a laugh I shou'd raise, at the Clergy's expence,
But he who wou'd wish it, must want *Common Sense*.

As to Trade, no accounts can be well kept without her ;
Yet stock-jobbers say they know nothing about her ;
Bear witness 'Change-alley—the *Omniums* declare,
Common Sense shall for ever be *under Par* there.

Come, I'll give you a toast, if I give no offence—
Here's the sensitive Plant, and the Root *Common Sense*.
Here's Love's magic Circle, which all senses binds,
And Delicate Pleasures to Sensible minds.

A F O R E - C A S T L E S O N G .

Tune,—*How happy cou'd I be with either.*

DO you see, as a sailor, I'll heave off

A bit of a song in my way,

But, if you don't like it, I'll leave off,

I soon can my bawling belay :

Odd Lingos Musicianers write in,

Concerning *Flats*, *Sharps*, and all that ;

We Seamen are *sharp* in our fighting,

And as to the Frenchmen they're *flat*.

Outlandish folks tickle your ears

With solos, and such sort of stuff,

We tars have no more than three cheers,

Which French folks think music enough.

Through *Canada* loudly 'twas rung,
 Then echoed on *Senegal's* shore,
 At *Guadalorpe* merrily sung,
 And *Martinique* chorus'd *Encore*.

At *Havre* we play'd well our parts,
 Tho' our game they pretended to scoff,
 For trumps we turn'd up English hearts,
 They threw down their cards and sheer'd off :
 They have met with their match now they feel,
 Their *buffing* and *cutting* we check ;
 They were *lurch'd* at *Crown Point* and lost *Deal*,
 And faith they got *slamm'd* at *Quebec*.

Our music gave French folks the vapours,
 It took an odd turn on *Conflans* ;
 We knew they were all fond of capers,
 So set up an old English dance :
 'Twas *Britons strike home* that we founded,
 By the strength of that tune they were trounc'd,
 The *Tididols* looking confounded,
 While *Hawke*, faith, their feather-heads pounc'd.

Our instruments always do wonders,
 From round-tops we give serenades ;
 Our *Organs* are twenty-four pounders,
 Our *Concerts* are brisk cannonades :
 For cooks, tho' the French folks are neater,
 Our messes they never can beat,
 Our dishes have so much saltpetre,
 And as to our *balls* they're forc'd-meat.

God bless our *King George*, with three cheers, Sirs,
 And God bless his *Consort*, Amen.
 In past times we've drubb'd the Mounseers, Sirs,
 For pastime we'll drub them again :
 There's one thing I have more to say,—Tho'
 Beyond seas, my boys, we'll o'ercome,
 If you'll give *Old England* fair play tho',
 And keep yourselves quiet at home.

T H E W H I M.

Tune,—*If I ever shou'd know, and that knowledge impart.*

THAT the world is a stage, and the stage is a school,
Where some study knaves parts, and some play
the fool,

Was said, and again so we say ;

For as the world's round, and rolls round about,
Old fashions come in, and new fashions go out,
As vanity dresses the play.

Do not seriously think of these whimsical times,
But sing or say something in whimsical rhimes,—

The world's but a whim, and all that ;

I mean not the world which revolves on the poles,
But the animal world, that's made up of odd souls,
The sons, and the daughters of chat.

For a new exhibition their portraits we'll plan,
And pen and ink likenesses sketch if we can,

Where all may their semblances see ;

Tho' folks of fine breeding, immensely polite,
Their own faces finish, with rouge and flake white,
So leave no employment for me.

Let us tenderly take off those masks, and their cures
Attempt, by exposing such caricatures

In *Impartiality's* hall ;

But if the gall'd sinner shou'd wince at a line,
And cry, "Curse the fellow !—the picture's not mine,"
The prime-serjeant painter I call.

Come, Satyr, assist me, my project is new.—

The demi-beast, grinning, his range of reeds blew,
And this was his symphony's song :—

"Shou'd I sing of these times, or in prose or in verse,
"Weak things, but not wicked ones I shou'd rehearse,
"A medley betwixt right and wrong.

" This æra is much too insipid for me,
 " Futility's only in practice I see,
 " Unworthy one stroke of my lash :
 " The fashion is Folly, let Folly go on,
 " To shew Sense subsides, and true taste to *Ben Ten*,
 " And Genius is banish'd for Trash."

Disdain frown'd his brow, redd'ning Rage his eyes cast,
 Contempt o'er his countenance spread as he past,
 No more Dissipation he'll school.
 We'll be quite the thing then, as life's but a toy,
 A bubble in which we can only enjoy
 The pleasure of playing the fool.

THE SCURVY.

Tune,—Ere Phoebus shall peep on the fresh budding flow'

EVE tempted to err, ill betide the sad time,
 Ye modern wives, pity her fall,
 Since we her sons suffer for grandmamma's crime,
 The *Scurvy* has tainted us all.

To curb the contagion which putrifies here,
 In vain have the faculty try'd;
 Its pestilent symptoms offensive appear
 In vulgar eruptions of pride.

For all pride is low, 'tis a cancerous brain,
 A poorness or foulness of blood;
 The want of sound sense renders wretches insane,
 Who are lifted above what they shou'd.

Epidemic prognostics appear in each state,
 Where *Meann's* in office is plac'd,
 Who *scurvily* ape the odd air of the great,
 And fancy ill-breeding is taste.

At when their high mighty superiors approach,
 The malady takes a new turn;
 Subjectly then the base *scurvy* things crouch,
 As before they were bloated with scorn.

With *artists* the *scurvy* of *envy* appears,
 When comates they coldly commend;
 ay, oft it breaks out in illiberal sneers,
 And poisons the fame of a friend.

Thou'd *Genius* a visit to *Greatness* presume,
 He's *scurrily* offer'd a chair;
 disdain marks the *things* in the visiting-room,
 Who wonder the *fright* thou'd come there.

Be proud, if you please, ye gay groups of conceit,
 Still flatter, be venal, and vain;
 We know what you feel, what ye pay for each treat,
 And we know too—*Ye dare not complain.*

With unmeaning gaze pamper'd Wealth wheel'd along,
 With the *scurvy* of *vanity* swell'd,
 Took the snuff of contempt at the more worthy throng,
 By whom he's with pity beheld.

Come, meek-ey'd *Humi'ty*, lend me thy hand,
Humanity deign me thy aid,
 Instruct me, that I may myself understand
 Not to scorn those my *MAKER* has made.

T H E D E M I R E P.

O R, I K N O W W H O.

Line,—*Tho' Austria and Russia, France, Flanders, and
 Prussia.*

CLEOPATRA the gay, as old stories declare,
 Put *Mark Antony* oft to the rout:
 But the lover was fond, and the lady was fair,
 No modern among us will doubt.

H. S.

But yet I insist
 Our own Times are the best.
 Antiquity ! what can that do, Sir ?
 Cou'd *Livia* or *Lais*,
 Faustina or *Tbais*,
 Compare to the fine——— *I know who, Sir ?*
 Let placemen receive, and let patriots oppose,
 And raise unforgiving dissensions :
 A mistress's arms is the post I wou'd chuse,
 A bottle and friend are my pensions.
 Preferments at court
 Are ministers sport,
 When they see what to gain them folks do, Sir ;
 They make boroughs command,
 I wish only to stand
 As member for fine——— *I know who, Sir ?*
 Possessors, assessors, envelope the mind
 With ethics of old *Aristotle* ;
 The lesson of nature, to tutor mankind,
 Is—beauty sublim'd by a bottle.
 The best in the College,
 Who boast of their knowledge,
 The *science supreme* never knew, Sir,
 Unless they can prove,
 That a Lecture of Love
 They have had with the fine——— *I know who, Sir ?*
 You this or that system embrace or reject,
 As philosophy's fashion is ruling ;
 But look in her face and you'll find an effect
 • Beyond electricity's fooling.
 Though sparks there arise,
 What are they to her eyes ?
 And as to what touching can do, Sir,
 It is all but a joke,
 When compar'd to the stroke
 That is given by fine——— *I know who, Sir.*

The atoms of *Cartes* Sir *Isaac* destroy'd ;
Leibnitz pilfer'd our countryman's fluxions ;
Newton found out attraction, and prov'd Nature's void,
 Spite of prejudic'd *Plenum*'s constructions.

Gravitation can boast,
 In the form of my toast,
 More power than all of them knew, Sir ;
 What FELLOW OF SOPH,
 Will in tangents fly off
 From the center of sine——— *I know who, Sir.*

Sensible socials who dare now and then,
 To laugh at some folks in this nation,
 Is beauty which sculptures us blocks into men,
 To beauty then make a libation.

Poor lovers may prize,
 Lips, legs, arms, and eyes,
 Each piece-meal pretensions won't do, Sir !
 No part shall be lost
 When I mention my toast,—
 Here's the WHOLE of the sine——— *I know who, Sir."*

M A Y.

Tune,—*A beautiful face, and a form without fault.*

WINTER is d'rove, by warm winds to the North,
 And *Spring*'s early pencil gay colours the earth ;
 Blossom expands its pied leaves to the day,
 And the new-cloath'd in the livery of May.

thus, in soliloquy, rambling along,
 Look'd tow'ards the wood, there I heard a sweet song ;
 The leaves gently fann'd to and fro' by the breeze,
 The air a soft symphony play'd through the trees.

A hound after hare the long meadow o'er-leaps,
 As something like love which gave speed to my steps ;
 That through the thicket, upon the game sprung,
 Had too soon had a view of the siren who sung.

Oh ! how my heart beat, how alarm'd was my pride,
To behold a young rustic fix'd close at her side ;
They toy'd and they prattled, 'twas innocent play,
'Their rosey cheeks spoke all the warmth of new *May*.

The lad and the lass look'd like *Eden's* first pair,
And I, scowling, stood just as *Satan* did there.
Her tenderness hateful, his fondness as bad,
But their give-and-take kissings,—O God !—I grew mad.

I turn'd from the sight, then return'd in despair,
And pretended a cure by despising the fair,
On both bestow'd curses, went raving away,
But I stopp'd at each step, nor cou'd go, nor cou'd stay.

Home heavily sighing, I halted along,
Each bird jarr'd my head, with its out-of-tune song :
The late pleasing landscapes appear'd to decay,
The scene to *December* was chang'd from new *May*.

In my books I expected some nostrum to find,
But *learning to love* has small share in the mind ;
No morals I meet there the wonder cou'd work,
But instinct suggested—to draw a long cork.

As sorrow is dry, the best thing I cou'd do,
To make my cure perfect, was—drawing out two :
So wine before wenching hereafter I'll say,
For wine's good in all months, as well as in *May*.

THE BRITON'S WISH.

Tune,—*Daniel Croper.*

WOU'D you know the way that Eve
In *Eden* was caught tripping,
Arch *SATAN* twitch'd her by the sleeve,
And shew'd a golden pippin ;

Tempted by the glitt'ring charm,
 'Twas said she ill-us'd Adam,
 And ever since the same alarm
 Bewitches MISS and MADAM.

The dad of *Danae* was a dolt,
 To lock a woman's will in ;
 A *guinea shower* bursts each bolt,
 Miss op'd her lap for filling.
 Ask beauties, who for chapmen wait,
 What 'tis they chiefly wish for,
 They'll own, though most men take their bait,
 'Tis only gold they fish for.

But why shou'd women bear the blame,
 When men, both out and in, Sir,
 Will gamble at the golden game,
 Nor care they how they win, Sir ?
Arts, Science, Office, Trade, confess
 Mean mercenary dealings,
 A'l reas'ning bipeds, more or less,
 Shew selfish fellow-feelings.

Election agents truth disgrace,
 They've made this an unbound age ;
 To brothels brought fair Freedom's face,
 And, Pandar-like, took poundage.
 But henceforth Britons may we shew,
 In bribes no more our trust is,
 But nobly independent go,
 And only vote for Justice.

O THOU ! from whom each blessing springs,
 Earth, seas, and skies director,
 To whom we owe the best of kings,
 Be his, be our protector.
 The tyrant, arm'd with terror's scourge,
 Aves subject slaves t'approve him,
 But *free-born Britons* bow to GEORGE,
 For in our hearts we love him.

Dear Liberty, celestial Fire,
 Remain here unconfuming;
 May that spark catch, from Son to Sire,
 From age to age illuming:
 For this is ev'ry Briton's song,
 This all we wish to be boys;
 Let life be short, let life be long,
 But let that life be *free*, boys.

MUTUAL LOVE.

Tune,—*As Cbloe on Flowers reclin'd, &c.*

ON a brook's grassy brink, in the willow's cool
 shade,
 The primroses pressing, a damsel was laid;
 She smil'd on the tide that roll'd limpid along,
 Beholding herself, to herself sung this song.—

The 'Squire's fine Lady last night he brought home;
 What! tho' in such gay cloaths from London she's come,
 Had I costly fashions as well thou'd I seem,
 For fairer my face is, if Truth's in this stream.

Thro' church-yard, on Sunday, as slowly I tread,
 While gaping louts, grinning, on tombstones are spread,
 I hear how they praise me, I keep on my way,
 And, down-looking, seem not to heed what they say.

Sometimes Lords and Captains, all over perfume,
 Will stop me, and tell me, I'm Beauty in Bloom:
 That I rival the rose,—that I'm whiter than snow:
 I simper, and simply say—*Don't jeer me so.*

They've press'd me, they've promised, nay offer'd me
 gold,
 Sometimes (I assure them) they've strove to be bold;
 They've talk'd of my treasure, they've call'd it a gem,
 'Tis so sure so it is, but it is not for them.

No! no! 'tis for him, and 'tis only his part,
Who's the man of my hope, and the hopes of my
heart;

Who friendly instructs me, who fondly can play,
And his eyes always speak what his wishes wou'd say.

The ranging bee sweets from the honey-cup sips,
As sweet I taste love from the touch of his lips;
Oft my cheek on the fleece of my lambkins I rest,
But cold is that pillow compar'd to his breast.

'Tis here for my fair one!—her Lover reply'd,
O'er the hedge as he leap'd, and light dropp'd at her side;
She started! a moment life's bloom left her face,
But quick 'twas recall'd by the warmth of embrace.

She, languishing lay in Love's tenderest scene,
And question'd the rambler where 'twas he had been?
Why so he wou'd fright her.—She'd scold him she vow'd,
But a kiss was his plea, and that plea was allow'd.

'Till by kisses o'ercome, to his transports she yields,
The landscapes were lost, and forgot were the fields;
Each felt those sensations *susceptibles* prove,
Who mutually melting, exchange *mutual love*.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

Tune,—*I am a young Damsel that flatter myself.*

ALL things have their time by the Hebrew King's
rule;

What pity a Wise Man wou'd e'er play the Fool:

Yet weak was that Sage, who when long past his prime,
Attempted with beautiful girls to keep Time.

All was *Vanity* then, and *Vexation* his text,

To be sure he was vain, and his women were vex'd.

On his own Times how wisely King Solomon spoke,
But Wisdom, in our Times is rather a joke:

Who's to blame ? 'tis not clear, whether we or our guides,

But equally things are ill-tim'd on all sides ;

Like wirlings who sacrifice all to their fun,

We our errors enjoy, and rejoice we're undone.

There's a Time to be right, for some time we've been wrong ;

There's a Time for a speech, and a Time for a song :

As to song-making, somebody told me the way,

Since I nothing cou'd do, how I something shou'd say :

A wish still to do, has my doings out-spied,

And all I have done, alas ! lumbers my head.

Superannuate socials, like me, leave the last,

Pursue the sole sport which we're fit for,—the glass ;

Be not bubbled by self, nor be Flattery's dupes,

Nor attempt at intrigue when ability drops :

At impotent keepers we've pointed with scorn,

Avoid the same vice,—be not laugh'd at in turn.

Turn'd the corner of *Forty*, 'tis time to give way ;—

But *Women to Wine* change, and still we've our day :

Doctor *Bibibus* says, whether *Flask* or *Scotch Pint*,

As oil to the head, wine the soul will anoint ;

Embrace then the bottles, hug closely your quarts ;—

May we have in our Arms what we love in our Hearts.

THE VETERAN.

Tune,—*Give us Glasses, my Wench.*

TURN'D *of Forty* !—what then ?—why twist that
and *Threescore*,

All the days of our lives let us live :

We only ask health, not a moment hope more,

Than what Nature undocor'd will give.

As beauty is us'd, so Britannia's abus'd,
 How many loud coffee-house praters,
 Will boast of the weight which they have in the State,
 And *would be* the nation's dictators.

Such creatures pretend they can England befriend,
 So attract or distract all about them ;
 That *pen onner*, they know *how*, *when*, *what*, and *also*,
 And the ministry can't do without them.

When candidates bow, patriotic they vow
 To honour, esteem, and adore us ;
 But chose, they change soon, they are taught the court
 tune,
 And chant in majority's chorus.

Reproach, if you please, may impertinent tease,
 Remembrance attempt to awaken ;
 But th' answer is this, I thought things amiss,
 I really, my friend, was mistaken.

His market is made, we all live by trade,
 So buy or sell, Sirs—chuse you whether ;
 Rich and poor tis the same, 'Change-alley's the game,
 A job ! a sad job altogether !

Our animal stuff is not made of bomb proof,
 When temptation's artillery assails ;
 As the batt'ries begin, we're betray'd from within,
 The flesh over spirit prevails.

Corruption !——that's hard—but from birth to church-
 road
 What *need* but rotting along :
 Folly mends *clay*, each *vice* has its day,
 But—good night—for I've done with my song.

BEAUTY

B E A U T Y A N D W I N E.

Tune,—*Attend all ye Fair, I'll tell you the art.*

ONE day at her toilet as *Venus* began
To prepare for her face-making duty,
Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plan
Wou'd not help it, but hinder her beauty.

A bottle young *Semele* held up to view,
And begg'd she'd observe his directions—
This burgundy, dear *Cytherea*, will do,
'Tis a rouge that refines all complexions.

Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips,
On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd encore;
The joy-giving goddess, with wine-moisten'd lips,
Declar'd she wou'd hobnob once more.

Out of window each wash, paste, and powder she hurl'd,
And the god of the grape vow'd to join;
Shook hands, sign'd, and seal'd. then bid *Fame* tell the
world,
The union of *Beauty* and *Wine*.

A L O V E S O N G.

Tune,—*Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air.*

LET him fond of fibbing invoke which he'll chuse,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or madam the muse;
Great names in the classical kingdom of letters,
But poets are apt to make free with their betters.

I scorn to say aught, save the thing which is true,
No Beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;

She has charms upon charms, such as few people may view,
She has charms,—for the tooth-ach and eke for the ague.

Her lips;—she has two, and her teeth they are white,
And what she puts into her mouth, they can bite;
Black and all black her eyes, but what's worthy remark,
They are shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the dark.

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,
Cause each side her head should go partners in hearing:
The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholders,
Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her waist is —so—so, so waste no words about it;
Her heart is within it, her stays are without it;
Her breasts are so pair'd—two such breasts when you see,
You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had three.

Her voice neither nightingales, no! nor canaries,
Nor all the wing'd warblers wild whistling vagaries;
Nor shall I to instrument music compare it,
'Tis likely, if you was not deaf you might hear it.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've carry'd,
And equally pair'd, as if happily marry'd;
But Wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide.
By her spouse so she's serv'd when he throws them aside.

Not too tall, nor too short, but I'll venture to say,
She's a very good size—in the middling way.
She's—aye—that she is,—she is all, but I'm wrong,
For ALL I can't say, for I've sung ALL my song.

WHAT'S THAT TO ME?

Tune,—*The dainty dames who trip along.*

THE blue clouds, from the skies are fled,
And vapours cap the mountain's head;
The lord of day resigns his reign,
While twilight ushers in her train.

But, what's all this to me?

By shepherds whistling o'er the wold,
 Her tinkling flocks are drove to fold ;
 Her brimming pail the milk-maid bears,
 And bears her love, or thinks she bears—

Yet, what's all this to me

From reeking pools the fumes ascend,
 Tall leafy trees their shades extend;
 Evening appears in matron grey,
 And puts to blush the rakish day.

Still, what's all this to me

The flow'ry beds have lost their bloom,
 The verdant grove's conceal'd in gloom,
 The landscapes die upon the sight,
 And chilly spreads the veil of night,

Well! what's all this to me

Though dismal birds begin to prowl,
 The flitting bat, the hooting owl ;
 And glow worms glimmer feeble rays,
 The link-boys of the lightfoot say.

Why, what's all this to me?

Yes, yes, in truth, for when 'twas dark,
 A light I spy'd, and bless'd the mark ;—
 I hemm'd, and quick the casement op'd,
 How leap'd my heart, my search was stopp'd.

And, that was much to me.

“ Hift, (cries my fair one) softly creep,
 “ The old folks are both fast asleep,
 “ Lord! how our house-dog makes a din!
 “ But I'll steal down and let you in.”

Now, what do you think of me?

When safe we met, few words were said,
 For fear by voice to be betray'd ;—
 So what was done I will not say,
 'Twas Love look'd on and bid us play.

But, what is that to thee?

Love's raptur'd rites are secret joys,
 Profan'd by fots and babbling boys ;
 But we initiates never boast,
Fidelity's our general-toast.

Here's that, my friend, to thee.

THE SENTIMENT SONG.

Tune,—*Sing Tantararara Toast all.*

DINNER o'er, and grace said, we'll for business
 prepare,
 Arrang'd right and left in support of the chair,
 We'll chorus our song as the circling toast passes,
 And manage our bumpers as musical glasses.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

To your lips, my conviviais, the burgundy toast,
 May we never want courage when put to a shift—
 Here's what tars dislike, and ladies-like best ; —
 What's that ?—you may whisper, why 'tis *to be press'd!*

Ye fowlers, who eager at partridges aim,
 Don't mark the maim'd covey, but mind better game ;
 'Tis beauty's the sport to repay sportsmen's trouble,
 And there *may our pointers stand stiff in the stubble.*

To game we give law, and game laws we have skill in.
 Here's *love's laws*, and *they who those are fulfilling*,
 But never *may damsels demur to our sport*,
 Nor we suffer nonsuits when call'd into court.

As the Indians are warring, our game we must flush,
 On our breasts, as we lye, we present through a bush—
 Here's *the nest in that bush*, and *the bird-nesting lover* ;
 Here's *Middlesex bush-fighting*,—*rest and recover.*

Asthmatical gluttons exist but to eat,
 They purchase repletions at each turtle treat ;
 Love's feast boasts a flavour unknown to made dishes—
 Here's *life's dainty, dress'd with the sweet sauce of kisses.*

Fair befall ev'ry lass, fair may fine ladies fall,
 No colour I'll fix on, but drink to them all ;
 Then black, the brunette, and the golden-lock'd dame—
The lock of all locks, and unlocking the same.

More upright fore-knowledge that lock is commanding,
 Than all other locks, aye, or *Locke's* understanding :
 That lock has the *casket of Cupid* within it,
 So—Here's to the key, lads,—*the critical minute.*

Lads, pour out libations from bottles and bowls,
The Mother of All-Saints is drank by *All-Souls*.—
 Here's the *Down Bed of Beauty* which upraises man,
 And beneath the *Thatch'd-House* the *miraculous can.*

The *dock-yard* which furnishes *Great-Britain's* fleets,
 The *bookbinder's* wife manufa^ct'ring in sheets,
 The *brown female-reaper*, who dares undertake her ?
 And the wife of Will Wattle—*The neat basket maker.*

Here's *Bathsbeba's* cockpit where *David* flood centry ;
Eve's custom-house, where *Adam* made the first entry ;
 The pleasant plac'd water-fall 'midst bushy park ;
 The *wick* makes the tail stand, the *farrier's* wife's mark.

That the hungry be fill'd with rich things let us say ;
 And well pleas'd the rich be sent empty away.—
 The *millers*'s wife's music ;—the *lads* that's lamb-like ;—
 And fence of the farmer on top of *Love's* dike.

But why from this round-about phrase must be guess'd,
 What in one single syllable's better express'd ;
 That syllable then I my Sentiment call,
 So here's to *that word*, which is, *one word for all.*

Sing Tantararara Toust all.

THE DAMN'D HONEST FELLOW.

Tune,—*Old Woman at Grimstone.*

AS a choice-spirit bred, so I'll choicely behave,
My bucks, I'm damn'd honest and free;
As to rules they're for fools; I'll be nobody's slave;
The Minister must do for me.

If he does not, nor cannot, for that's all the same,
But leaves me to sink or to swim;
If he don't do for me when I send in my name,
Why, damme, then, I'll do for him.

If GEORGE did but tip me a place, or a post,
If I did n't clear all, I'll be curst:
I'll take care that nothing shall ever be lost,
Of myself tho', I'll take care the first.

The Government's tools to a man I wou'd shift,
Corruption's the nation's disgrace;
The Treasury's Lord, why I'll turn him adrift,
And whip myself plump in his place.

The national debt I'll wet-sponge it away,
The *sinking fund* that I wou'd drown;
And when we bold Britons have nothing to pay,
Why then all our money's our own.

As to *Scotchmen*, I'll *scotch* them all off, never fear,
They are Jacobites all to a man;
Pray tell me what business have such fellows here?
I'm a Briton, and hate ev'ry clan.

They have nothing to do with our meat and our drink,
I grant you they're clever, but still
We're ten times as clever, if we wou'd but think,
And one time or other we will.

Like foxes I'll hunt Presbyterians to church,
 For, zounds ! we'll be all orthodox ;
 The subsidy Princes I'll leave in the lurch,
 And stock-jobbers set in the stocks.

My friends I'll provide for, and thus I'll begin ;—
 Arch-Bishop of York shall make room,—
 His pulpit I've promis'd to my whippers-in,
 And Lord Chancellor's seat to my groom.

My grand buck at drinking shall Admiral be ;
 I've judgment in all I design :
 He surely must prove best commander at sea
 Who's best at an ocean of wine.

Now as to land-service, *Excise* I'll disband,
 And I'll banish the *Watch* from the street ;
 Betwixt *York* and *London* no turnpikes shall stand,
 And I'll burn the *King's Bench* and the *Fleet*.

As to smugglers, why curse on the *Custom-house* tribe,
 Of placemen I'll soon make an end ;
 I'll hang the first fellow I find take a bribe,
 Except 'twas a buck and my friend.

So now for a toast — stay—what toast shall we have ?
 Why *LIBERTY*—can we say more ?—
 And he who won't pledge it I'm sure is a *Slave*,
 And a slave is a son of a whore.

A wife to be sure ! that's the fashion in town,,
 And fashion for wives to make free ;
 But I won't be humm'd, I'll have none of my own,
 What friends have will always serve me.

So here's to that girl who will give one a share,
 But as for those jilts who deny,
 So cursedly coy, tho' they've so much to spare—
 But drink, brother bucks, for I'm dry.

L I B E R T Y - H A L L .

Tune,—*Derry down.*

OLD *Homer* ! but with him what have we to do ?
 What are Grecians, or Trojans, to me or to you ?
 Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke,
 Coice Spirits, assist me, attend hearts of oak.

Derry down.

Sweet Peace, belov'd handmaid of science and art,
 Unanimity, take your petitioner's part ;
 Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do—
 But first, may it please ye—my service to you

Perhaps my address premature you may think,
 Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink ;
 There are many fine toasts, but the best of 'em all
 Is the toast of the times ; that is: *Liberty-Hall.*

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd,
 Its grand corner stone Magna Charta is nam'd ;
 Independency came at Integrity's call,
 And form'd the front pillars of *Liberty-Hall.*

This manor our forefathers bought with their blood,
 And their sons, and their sons sons, have prov'd the
 deeds good ;
 By that title we live, with that title we'll fall,
 For life is not life out of *Liberty-Hall.*

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold,
 Playing bright in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold,
 Truth beams on her breast ; see, at Loyalty's call,
 The Genius of England in *Liberty-Hall.*

Ye sweet-smelling courtlings of ribband and lace,
 The spaniels of power, and bounty's disgrace,
 So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,
 'Twas Passive-obedience lost *Liberty-Hall.*

But when Revolution had settled the crown,
And Natural Reason knock'd Tyranny down,
No frowns, cloath'd with terror, appear'd to appall,
The doors were thrown open of *Liberty-Hall*.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
Her standard is *Justice*, her watch-word, be *free*;
Our King is our countryman, Englishmen all,
GOD BLESS HIM, and bless us, in *Liberty-Hall*.

On vere is des All—Monsieur wants to know,
'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainebleau;
'Tis a place of no mortal architect's art,
For *Liberty-Hall* is an *Englishman's Heart*.

Derry down.

A M E L I A.

Tune,—*Ye Lasses, who drive from the smoke of the town.*

ONE Eve from whist-table *Amelia* withdrew,
Join'd our group, and she begg'd we'd explain—
Why year after year, by Wit's common-place crew,
We are told life's so short and so vain :
With a look that spoke more than all *Cicero* said,
To me flew her order—I bow'd, and obey'd.

- “ Our sex, my fair curious, are Vanity's fools,
- “ On Bubble's of Self-love we soar ;
- “ However a patron may pension his tool,
- “ *Dependency* dodges for more :
- “ The gross of Mankind are such near-sighted elves,
- “ As trash they behold all the world—but themselves.
- “ Illib'ral *Ingratitude* always will scold,
- “ *Expectancy's* ever in pain ;
- “ *Abuse* gives her tongue, and you need not be told,
- “ The most worthless are always most vain :
- “ Like pure silent streams, *Merit* keeps in its place,
- “ Approach *Dunce's* torrent, *Froth* flies in your face.

- " When you blest the day, with your figure and face,
 " *Insensibles* seem to admire ;
 " By Love's *Electricities*—*Beauty* and *Grace*,
 " Ev'n *Dullness* is struck with desire :
 " Life's not worth without you, one half day's expence,
 " 'Tis a world without sun, and a soul without sense.
 " O! wou'd ye, *Ineffables*, wou'd you endure,
 " To bestow upon man a new birth ;
 " Your forms are specifics to furnish the cure,
 " And eradicate *Folly* from earth :
 " To you, as our sovereign, we offer our hearts,
 " And only are happy when you take our parts."

THE HUMBUG.

Tune,—*The man who is drunk is void of all care.*

THAT living's a joke, *Johnny Gay* has express'd,
Fall de roll, toll, loll,
 In earnest we'll make all we can of the jest ;

Loll de roll, &c.

A load of conceits, a long life we are lugging,
 Which some are humbugg'd by, and some are hum-
 bugging.

Fall de roll, &c.

His Honour with consequence charges his face,
 Bows round to the levee, and ogles his Grace ;
 Then whispers his friend, *Sir, depend on my word,—*
 But if you depend, you're humbugg'd by the Lord.

Says *Patty* the prude, and she wide spread her fan,—
Me marry! What? I go to bed to a man?
I detest all male creatures! my God!—I shall swoon!
 She did,—and was brought to-bed, faith, before noon!

To London *Pa* sent her, when bloom was regain'd,
 To violate her maidenhead there she maintain'd ;
 For a virgin was wed, she knew how to be mum,
 So gain'd a good husband, her husband a *Hum*.

Miss *nicely* observ'd, *wastly vulgar's thi. word,*
Immensely indelicate, monstrous absurd:

Yet last night, dear Miss, when you thought you
 snug,

You consents'd—*without loving*—*life's all a humbug.*

The wanton wife often, too often, I fear,
 Proves words to be facts when she calls her spouse I
 And enjoys the sweet chat as stol'n pleasures she hu
 How cunningly now she her cuckold humbugs.

But husband at home, as few marry'd men with
Fall de roll, toll li

To dine ev'ry day on the very same dish,
Lolt-de roll, &c.

Makes a meal with her maid, the thing publicly
 known is,

A tete-a-tete feast, call'd the *Lex Talionis*,
Fall de roll, &c.

D O O D L E D O O .

Tune,—*Ev'ry where fine Ladies flirting.*

Young'ings fond of female chaces,
 Mount in hopes of Wedlock's races,
 Some for fortune, some for faces.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Oh! th' extatic joys which flow, Sir,
 When two souls congenial, glow, Sir,
 This above, and that below, Sir.

Each 'gainst each, like wrestlers, twining,
 Each with each engagement joining,
 Now resisting, now resigning.

When imparadis'd they're pairing,
 Ev'ry nerve stretch'd to its bearing,
 Hardly knowing what nor wherein.

Fainting, panting—pulses thrilling—
 She—obedient waits, and willing,
 But he's out of breath with billing.

Fain the fair wou'd fondly dally,
 Looking love—but he don't rally,
 Rather seeming—shilly shally.

Kissing, smiling, she cries—*so! so!*
Go, you naughty creature, go! go!
 While he yawns out—*ab! ab!—ob! ob!*

This, indeed, too oft the case is,
 Men will furious fall on faces,
 Then fall off into disgraces.

All the work they make with wooings,
 Couplings, changings, cursings, cooings,
 Are but doodling doodle doings.

Falling back, then falling to, Sir,
 We like babies, beauties woo, Sir,
 Love is—Cock a doodle do, Sir.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

THE COMET.

Tune,——*Shou'd I once become great, what a business
 'twou'd be.*

HAD I old *Homer* here, I wou'd make that wretch
 see,

(Quoth *Venus*) whom 'tis he abuses ;
 What business has any verse-monger with me ?
 Their prudes let them stick to,—the Muses,—
 And so I was wounded by rough *Diomed* ?
 A pretty dress'd up sort of story ;
 See *Jupiter* smiles—but papa, now, indeed,
 'Tis not for your honour and glory.

Why will you permit these mortality frights,
 What *Olympus* has plann'd to review ?
 Don't suffer such reptiles to creep out at nights
 To observe what we deities do.
 Immensely impertinent 'twas, you must own,
 My *transit* to see, and expose it ;
 Because, 'tother day, I just drove out of town,
 Their spectacles peep'd in my closet.

A moment *Jove* laid his bright dignity down,
 And let Laughter illumine his face ;
 To his daughter reply'd—*Cytherea*, a frown
 Becomes not the Empress of Grace.
 Those atoms of clay which you see to and fro',
 Skip about on yon globular crust,
 Like the blue on a plumb, are but insects you know,
 A mere animalculous dust.

Those emmets, 'tis true, scientificall prate,
 A race of half-reasoning elves,
 Who all can account (as they think) for my state,
 Yet know not the state of themselves.
 They pretend to examine eternity's rules,—
 The cause of all causes dispute ;
 I'll shew you these arrogant earth-worms are fools,
 And this all their systems confute.

Away, at his word, the vast COMET rush'd forth,
 And swift through immensity blaz'd ;
 Yet *Attraction* went on, though it girdled the earth—
 On earth, how the *star-peepers* gaz'd.
 Each circl'd, and circl'd a scheme of his own,
 And reason'd about, and awry ;
 In derision, a moment, Immortals look'd down,
 'Twas a jest for the Sons of the Sky.

Be humble, ye beings of feeble threescore,
 Shall *finites*,—*infinity* scan ?
 The best of us only are men, and no more—
 And, at best, only think *what is man* ?

Contrary mixture of *pity* and *scorn*,
pride, *servility*, *sorrow* and *mirth*;
 In a moment he's made, in a moment he's born,
 In a moment again he is earth.

of *Error*; for that's all the birthright ye share,
 Ev'ry day's actions make known;
 Nought let *Vanity* gaze into air,
 But think of itself and look down,—
 Hold!—let us think,—to look down did I say?
 'Tis so,—and so seize my cup,
 And do as I do, and I'll shew you the way,
 The best way, my lads to look up.

T H E B L O O D.

Tune,—*The Tars of Old England.*

Learn'd of the age, each artist, each sage,
 Ye speakers at fam'd Robinhood,
 Come, or decline, or derive or define,
 What the character is of a *Blood*?

Ironies so neat, pert *Jemmies* so sweet,
 With all their effeminate brood;
Mafons so shy, choice spirits so high,
 Kick'd out of doors by a *Blood*.

King a bet, or if taking a whet;
 If beating the rounds he thinks good,
 Dare to oppose will be pluck'd by the nose,
 With a—*Dam'me Sir, a'nt I a Blood*?

Constable queer, and the watch should appear,
 Riots to quell, if they could,
 Out compliment, out of window they're sent,
 That is fine fun for a *Blood*.

He laughs at *Old Nick*, calls religion a trick,
 And his arguments can't be withstood ;
 'Tis a bett or an oath, but most commonly both,
 As to Reason,—What's that to a *Blood* ?

As we have but our day, even Bloods must decay,
 He would keep it up still if he could ;
 But his manors foreclos'd, and his honour expos'd,
 He must die as he liv'd—like a *Blood*.

To retrench wou'd be base, to repent a disgrace,
 So he acts just as geniusses should ;
 By a medicine of lead, warm apply'd to his head,
 He cures the disease of a *Blood*.

D O T H E S A M E.

Tune,—*How d'ye do ?*

MARK ANTONY gave up the world for a girl ;
 And he who would not do the same is a churl.
Do the same! that's the thing ;—do not think me to blame:
 If a bumper I drink will not you *do the same* ?

But what do you think that I mean by all this ?
 Why evil to them who imagine amiss.
 Hit or miss, luck is all ; are the lucky to blame ?
 No no, do but win—we would all *do the same*.

The dainty-fed dame, in unpinn'd dishabille,
 To the swain of her sighs upon tiptoe will steal ;
 Voluptuously welcomes the sense-piercing kiss,
 And gives up her soul to the dangerous bliss.

While soft broken murmurs betray her delight,
 The rustling leaves play through the still of the night,
 And if to her tremblings they kept time and tune ;
 Above mildly shone, in pale splendor, the moon.

Lady Luna down looking, the luscious scene sees,
 Withdrew her beams, blushing, from silver-topp'd trees ;
 In a cloud veils her face, crying out, *fie for shame.*
 To *Endymion* drives off,—and with him *does the same.*

'Tis Hypocrisy's humour, the *Ton* of the Times,
 To lay on our neighbours the load of our crimes ;
 The failings of friends we to Slander proclaim,
 But sink our own sinings,—won't you *do the same.*

Reason ne'er had the head-ach, no toasts he'll approve ;
Reason ne'er had the heart-ach— he ne'er was in love.
 But poor honest *Instinct*, he's always to blame,
 For he'll drink and he'll love, and why—we *do the same.*

My country ! my country ! that phrase cannot fail ;
 'Tis the bait voters bite at, the tub for the whale :
 Distinction, on both sides, is only a name ;
 For this side, and that side,—both sides *do the same.*

Let us, without blaming or this side or that,
 Only keep to our own side, and mind what we're at,
 I wou'd be at something, but what, I won't name,
 Yet to toast it I'll teach you, and drink to *the same.*

Your sentiment, *Decency*, give it to me,—
The Quakers Address, Friend, I drink unto thee.
 So here's to't, and to thee ; and pray who's to blame ?
 Why him—can you find him ? who won't *do the same.*

LOVE AND WINE'S PARTNERSHIP.

Tune,—*No more let us trouble our heads 'bout the State.*

IT was as one morning on *Ida Jove* thone,
 All frantic the Queen of Love flew in,
 Her arms she expanded, embracing his throne,
 Saying, Sire, oh save me from ruin !

For Justice *Diana* to *Jupiter* prays,
 They abandon my Temples and Shrine, Sir,
 That sot and his sots have extinguish'd my blaze,
 And drown'd Beauty's Altars in wine, Sir.

By *Styx*, but 'tis false, jolly *Bacchus* reply'd ;
 Such slander I'll never endure, Ma'am :
 Love's pains to assuage men that many things try'd,
 In me only met with a cure, Ma'am.
 Your ignorant urchin, your booby, is blind,
 And scatters his arrows at random ;
 The Heart they mislead, and they madden the Mind ;
 'Tis Wine which alone can withstand e'em.

Where is it ? th' Olympical Grand called out,
 Young *Semele* bumper'd Champaign, Sir,
 Pull nimbly the Genius brush'd it about,—
 Quoth Monarchy, *I'll drink again, Sir.*
 So laying his lightning's artillery down,
 His tresses imperially shaking,
 To *Venus* put on a majestic frown,
 Saying, *Certainly you are mistaken.*

Mistaken, Papa ?—*Miss*, pray hold your tongue,
 You'd better.—*Jove* thunder'd to *Venus*,
 'Pon Onner (*she pertly reply'd*) you are wrong,
 Celestials be judges between us.
 Go, *Mercury*, summon the States of the Sky.
 Thus order'd Lord Chancellor *Jove*, Sir,
 At *Ida's Exchequer* this suit they shall try,
 Decreeing for Wine as for Love, Sir.

Their Worships went first on the Cyprian cause,
 Unarray'd, Beauty figur'd before 'em ;
 What licking of lips, what hums, and what hahs,
 What peeping there was 'mong the *querum* !
 The Patron of Vines saw 'twould go for the wench,
 Unless that a dust he could kick up,
 Tipp'd *Hermes* the wink, and they bumper'd the bench :
 'Till the court only chorus'd a pickup.

eye-lids half elos'd, one attempted at speech,
 wind over-charg'd his expression.
n—nin—nin—nin—but bump on his breech
 squatted, and smor'd out the session.
 was chairman, in full buckl'd wig,
 that day being *Juno's* physician,
 cane, strok'd his chin, us'd hard words, and
 look'd big,
 became his Right Worship's condition.

statutes, quoth he, the statutes at large,
 and small too, declare *corum nob.*—
 ad was too heavy to hold out the charge,
 ropp'd, and down fell the full bob :
 blem of what often happens below,
idity office disgraces ;
 'ly has friends, and too many I know—
 we know the wise folks too want places.

Bacchus and *Venus* agreed 'twixt themselves
 recreation hereafter to smother ;
 liness to laugh, though 'mong dignifi'd elves,
 friendly assist one another.
u mind the moral : 'Tis clever to think,
 think too about something clever ;—
Nine makes us love, and since Love makes us
 drink,
 's drinking and loving for ever.

O U R T S H I P.

Tune,—*To all ye Ladies now at Land.*

T others sing of flames and darts,
 And all love's lullaby ;—
 ing eyes, and cracking hearts—
 deuce a bit will I.
 are willing, I'm so too,
 why there's no more to do.

With sa la, la.

Should you expect, in Sorrow's guise,
 I'll wear a woeful face,
 Such maudlin mumm'ry I despise,
 Mine is no love-sick case—
 'Tis but my whim, e'en make it thine,
 Then whim to whim, and yours to mine.

Or if you think in golden-rain,
 Like *Jove* I'll pave my way,
 Such expectations are but vain,
 I've only this to say,—
 You've something which I would be at,
 I've something too ; so *tit* for *tat*.

Your taste, your talk, I may admire,
 And praise with truth your face ;
 Your sparkling eyes that speak desire,
 And give expression grace.
 Yet there's a——but I'll not be bold,
 Nor say, what's better *took* than *told*.

Well kens the lafs what I would win,
 And well I ken the road ;
 He that is out would fain be in—
 A patriot a-la-mode.—
 As you're my sov'reign grant me grace,
 I only ask a little place.

Least said, they say, is mended soon,
 With you I'll not dispute ;
 Ill tastes the long requested boon
 'Tis sweet when short's the suit,
 Then grant with grace the grace I sue,
 Or let me, without grace fall to.

With fa, la

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Tune,—*While Waves rebound from Albion's shore.*

YE hardy Sons of Honour's Land,
 Where *Freedom* MAGNA CHARTA plann'd,
 Ye Sovereigns of the sea;
 On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
 From East to West, from Pole to Pole,
 Your Conquest celebrates your Name,
 Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame.
 When! when will you be free?

Mistake me not, my Hearts of Oak,
 I scorn with LIBERTY to joke,
 Ye Sovereigns of the Sea!
 I might I blame, I praise no wrong,
 I sing an independent song,—
 Since Ministers must be withstood,
 And Patriots are but flesh and blood,
 I dare with both be free.

While strange told tales from scribblers' pen,
 Disturb the peace of honest men,
 Ye Sovereigns of the Sea;
 The trash of temporizing slaves,
 Who earn their daily bread as knaves,
 Whichever side may rise to fall,
 Their ready money—that's their all.
 Such fellows can't be free.

We meet for mirth, we meet to sing,
 And jolly join—*God save the King!*
 Ye Sovereigns of the Sea;
 The honest Instinct points the way,
 For KING, our COUNTRY, we obey;
 We pay to neither side our court,
 But LIBERTY in both support,
 As men who should be free.

Assist, uphold your church and state,
 See great men good, and good men great :
 Ye Sovereigns of the Sea ;
 Shun *Party*, that unwelcome guest,
 No tenant for a Briton's breast ;
 Forget, forgive, in *Faction's* spite,
 Awe all abroad, at home unite,
 Then, then, my friends you're fi
 Ye Sov'reigns of wide ocean's waves,
 To heroes, long enshrined in graves,
 A Requiem let us sing ;
 I *Alfred*, *Henry*, *Edward* name,—
 Then *William*, our deliverer came :—
 May future ages BRUNSWICK own,
 Perpetual heir to *England's* throne,
 So here's *God save the King*.

T H E V I S I O N.

Tune,—*As I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day.*

AS home I return'd, it was late in the day,
 Thro' Westminster-abbey, I knew was my way,
 And there I beheld,—or believe that I saw.
 A terrible spectre with teeth-wanting jaw ;
 The figure was frightful as you may suppose,
 His sockets were eyeless, and never a nose.

I, trembling, address'd him with—Sir, I presume
 Your worship is walking from *Nightingale's* tomb ?
 As *Milton* observes, so he grinn'd for a smile,
 And stalking off, beckon'd me down the dark isle ;
But, faith, I won't follow,—and loudly I spoke,
 Then took to my heels, and I tumbl'd—and 'woke,

My joy cou'd you guess, when recover'd, I spy'd.
 My girl sweetly sleeping, and warm by my side ;
 Such lips ! such a neck ! then her cheeks had a hue
 Like roses just moist with the summer morn dew :

I press'd her close to me, nay, held her too tight,
For faith I was scarcely escap'd from my fright.

Awaking, she tenderly call'd out,—My dear !
What ails you ? you shake so, you're not well I fear !
What pleasure is this tho', *quoth me to myself*,
To have love alive here, instead of that elf ?
With rapture I fell on the dear creature's face,
With rapture the fond one return'd my embrace.

Let fribbles with beauty, as fribbles behave,
And *Pedantry* boast, he is no passion's slave ;
Let *Pride*, folly-teeming, lure dress-loving elves,
To scorn the enjoyment of all—but themselves :
Such *things* we despise, and them only approve,
Whose hearts esteem ripens from friendship to love.

TRANSIT OF VENUS.

Tune,—*Had I but the way to turn some things to gold.*

ASTROLOGERS lately a bustle have made,
How round the sun *Venus* cou'd dance it,
With *optic, catoptric, dioptric* parade,
To spy how genteel was her transit:
Between you and I; tho' 'twas mal-a-propo,
T' examine a fine woman's actions,
For were we to look among ladies below,
What frays it wou'd make and what fractions ?

Good-lack, how they look'd at this wonderful sight—
A wonderful sight ! but what is it ?
When all came to all and when all came to light,
Love's regent, paid *Neptune* a visit :
Bedew'd by the salt-water spray as she rose,
To *Apollo* her beautyship run*,
Intending to dry her Olympical cloaths,
So stood between us and the sun.

* *Run* pro. *ran*, for the rhyme sake.

While pointing your glasses, and winking each way,
 Inquisitives, what did you see ?
 Does th' Empress of Joy, now, friends, honestly say,
 Wear garters above, or 'low knee ?
 A fig for the farce of your schemes and your scrolls,
 Eclipses indeed you may shew,
 But as to each orb which high over us rolls,
 Not an inch past your noses ye know.
 Into ditch *Thales* fell, with his telescope geer,
 At midnight wou'd stargazing roam,
 When brought back bedaub'd all his spouse said was
Dear,
You had better observe things at home.
 If husbands who ramble, this maxim wou'd mind,
 And put it but once to the proof,
 Observe things at home ; go but home and they'll find,
 At home they had business enough.

M A R I A.

Tune,—*I am the Lovely, the joy of the plain.*

ONE day, by appointment, *Maria* I met,
 The day of delight I remember it yet ;
 As the meadow we cross'd to avoid the town's croud :
 The sun seem'd eclips'd by a black spreading cloud :
 Escaping the shower, to barn we fast fled,
 There safe heard the pattering rain over head.
 Some moments I suffer'd my fair to take breath,
 Then, sighing, she cry'd, " Lord ! I'm frighted to death ;
 " Suppose, nay, now, by any one I should be seen ?
 " Nay, nay, now,—nay, pray now—dear—what do
 you mean ?
 " Had I thought you wou'd be half so rude—fye ! for
 shame !
 " I wish I'd been wet to the skin e'er I came.
 " You will have a kiss, then !—why, take one or two !
 " I beg you won't tease me !—Lord ! what would you
 do ?

" You'll tear all one's things—I ne'er saw such a man !
" I'll hold your hands tho' !—Aye, do if you can :
" Is this your love for me ?—Is this all your care ?
" I'll never come near you again,—now, I swear !

As she, us'd me away, love explain'd by her eyes,
Resistance was only to heighten the prize ;
Her face chang'd alternate from scarlet to snow,
Her neck rose and fell fast, her language was low :
Such beauty ! but more of that scene was not shewn—
For Decency here bid her curtain drop down.

The storm being over, all sunshine the air,
When instant rose up the yet love-looking fair,
Crying hark ! there's one listens—do look out, my dear,
I must be bewitch'd, I am sure, to come here,
My things how they are rumpled, !—Lord ! let me be
gone ;

What have you been doing ? and what have I done ?

Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,
I innocent enter'd—but am I so now ?
I'm ruin'd,—I never myself can forgive—
I'll leap in the brook,—for I'm sure I can't live !—
If I do my whole life will be wasted with grief,
Unless here to-morrow you'll give me relief.

ADMINISTRATION.

Tune,——*In this mirror, bucks, behold.*

SEE this bumper, bucks, be gay,
I scorn all imposition ;
If you'll pledge my toast you may,
'Tis *Courtship's* coalition :
When two parties close embrace,
And separation smother,
He is upright in his place,
Andd ownright is the other.

Whether 'tis to rise or fall,
 Yet still his time improving,
 In the cockpit at Whitehall,
 The best of measures moving,
Outs will sometimes *Ins* become.
 'Twixt both sides bold he ventures,
 Pushing things with vigour home,
 Administration enters.

Certain of a strong support,
 Each op'ning he embraces,
 All the time he stays at court,
 His friends preserve their places :
 The members he depends upon,
 When plac'd in proper station,
 The *Star* above the *Garter* won
 At *Beauty's Installation*.

In love and state exact the same,
 Respecting mankind's wishes,
 ALL the cupboard's key wou'd gain
 To plunder *loaves* and *fishes* :
 Placemen England have disgrac'd,
 The daily papers tell us,
 Howso'er you have been plac'd,
Non placeis will be jealous.

Ministers may places fill,
 I buy none, nor am selling ;
 A thatch'd house underneath the hill
 Is what I chuse to dwell in :
 Tho' it has no high-rais'd roof,
 Yet prospects can command, Sir ;
 Not so low, but room enough
 For me upright to stand, Sir,

On the hill, along the dale,
 I sometimes turn a rover,
 Then within the mossy vale
 I sily creep to cover :
 There's the sport and that's the spot,
 'Tis pleasure's wild plantation,
 Left the toast thou'd be forgot—
Here's Love's Association.

FAIR PLAY.

,—*When the Nymphs were contending for Beauty
and Grace.*

FIENDS, Britons, and countrymen, heed what
you say,
Englishmen ever shew all folks *fair play* ;
up, and reflect, ere you dare to despise,
ere all sons alike of one LORD of the skies.

He give to the *Savage*, the *Turk* or the *Jew*,
Indian or *Catholic*, less than to you ?
Prejudice blinds us, that *mind-madd'ning Elf*,
all wou'd be *wiser* than *WISDOM* itself.

unfeeling Base deny Sorrow a tear,
critics dare at *Deformity* sneer ;
pity, 'tis true, but Observance will find
term *Vulgar* takes in two-thirds of mankind.

wrangle, we ridicule, laugh, and despair,
rashly our, what we call *Reasons* declare ;
rational on customs and countries decree,
sentence each being born 'tother side sea.

catchmen we spurn, and at *Irishmen* sneer ;
italy, prithee a word in your ear—
looks of contempt other nations you view,
equal injustice they thus deride you.

italy, somehow, was banish'd from town,
—*Nature* enquir'd where *Welcome* was flown ;
Faction drove off, she returns here no more,
tentedly settled on *Ireland's* shore.

the *Scots*—if we suffer not *Party* to rate,
ere are *wise men* among 'em ; and good men and great ;
ere e'er *merit's* found, give that *merit* its due,
raise the praise-worthy, adds *merit* to you.

To *Oblivion* consign those distinctions of soil,
Distinctions among men all born in one isle;
 The same sea encircles our shores with its tide,
 What Creation unites thus shall *Clamour* divide.

Here's to all good fellows, in ev'ry degree,
 Who dare do as we do, drink, think, and speak fi
 And here's to those lasses who *Liberty* prove,
 And pledge from their hearts this toast, FREED
 LOVE.

C I R C E.

Tune,—*I have a Tenement to let.*

CIRCE was a precious piece,
 A plague upon the gypsey,
 She dol'd out drink somewhere in Greece,
 And made her tenants tipsey:
 And then each filthy, swinish sot,
 Engend'ring 'among the devils,
 Upon those obscene imps begot
 A harpy spawn of Evils.

The fiend *Corruption*, first brought forth
 Dust-licking *Adulation*;
 And second dæmon harra's'd earth
 With *Party's* altercation;
 The hag *Deceit*, a reptile bred,
 Call'd *Infamy*, the pander;
 A third and fourth were brought to-bed
 Of *Insolence* and *Slander*.

So fertile were th' infernal race,
 Each day new monsters prowling,
 Base *Perjury* with rank *Grimace*,
 And *Envy* ever howling;
Servility with worthless *Pride*,
Debauch with poison'd diet,
 Swoln *Gluttony* by *Scurvy's* side,
 A faction form'd for riot.

A while these Implings croak'd about,
 'Till startling Madam *Circe*,
 She order'd all the Vermin out,
 Nor to her own shew'd mercy.
Absurdity with *Malice* went,
Ingratitude with *Lewdness*,
Scurrility with *Discontent*,
 And *Ridicule* with *Rudeness*.

Their bastard-brood the Dæmons bore,
 Along the mid-air sitting,
 And found at last a welcome shore,
 Where *Bribery* was sitting.
Ambition hail'd them on their way,
 And gave them his directions;
 His Agents took them into pay,
 Then sent them to ELECTIONS.

C H A S T I T Y.

Tune,—*Good people, I'll tell you no Rhodomontade.*

I Wonder, quoth Dame, as her Spouse she embraces,
 How strumpets can look, how they dare shew their
 faces,
 And those wicked Wives who from husband's arms fly
 Lord! where do they think they must go when they
 die?

But next day by Husband, with 'Prentice Boy caught,
 When she from the bed was to Toilet-glass brought,
 Her Head he held up, with this gentle Rebuke—
 My Dear! you was wishing to know how Whores look!

Turn your eyes to that table, at once you will see
 What faces Jades wear; then, my Dear, behold me
 Your Features confess the Adulterers clear,
 My Visage exhibits how Cuckolds appear.

You ask'd where bad Wives go? why, really, my
Chick,

You must, with the rest of them, go to *Old Nick*!

If *Belzebub* don't such damn'd Tenants disown,
For bad Wives, he knows, make a hell of their own.

All the world wou'd bewed, if the Clergy could shew
Any rule in the service to change *I* for *O* :

How happy the Union of Marriage wou'd prove,
Not long as we *Live* join'd, but long as we *Love*.

At his feet she sunk down, Sorrow lent her such Moans,
That Resentment was gagg'd by her Tears and her
Tones.

What cou'd *Hubby* do then? what cou'd then *Hubby* do!
But Sympathy struck, as she cry'd, he cry'd too.

Oh *Corregio*! cou'd I *Sigismunda* design,
Or exhibit a *Magdalen*, *Guido*, like thine,
I wou'd paint the fond Look which the Penitent stole,
'That pierc'd her soft Partner, and sunk to his Soul.

Transported to doating! he rais'd the Distress'd,
And tenderly held her long time to his breast;
On the Bed gently laid her, by her gently laid,
And the Breach there was clos'd the same way it was
made.

T H E S P E C I F I C .

Tune.—*Tbo' I with one Love wou'd be always content*

TH O' News-papers puff ev'ry Nostrum to town,
What Nostrum is like the Grape's Juice?

No Chymical Liquor that turns red to brown,
No *Beaume de Vie*, nor *Eau de Luce*.

As to *Rouge*, the rank practice, alas! is so rife,

The Beauty of Health it consumes,

But Wine is the Volatile Spirit of Life,

And brightens our natural Blooms.

The *Balsam of Honey* a tickling Cough stops,
 To *Marechal* the *Scurvy* submits ;
 There's what's his Name's wonderful *Viperine Drops*,
 And *Henry* for *Hysterical Fits* ;
 But *Physic*, like *Musick*, bears fashion's decree,
 Of *Modish Distempers* they tell us ;
*Licentiate*s, or not so, yet ev'ry *M. D.*
 Pronounces us *Nervous* or *Bilious*.

Pour *Wine into Wounds* you'll be cur'd with a jerk,
 Religious that text to pursue,
 Whene'er my mind's wounded, I draw a long Cork,
 Sometimes my prescription is *Two*.
 The Doctor's a Dunce, down the sink dash the Slops,
 Those Pipes we are going to start 'em ;
 Just draw off a Glass, they are *Bacchus's Drops*,
 The Mixture is *Secundum Artem*.

As to Cuckoldom—that is a hurt to the Head,—
 If Wives will be Harlots, why let them,
 An *Absorbent* we find in a Bottle of Red,
 An *Opiate* by which we forget them.
 Philosophers say,—but a fig for their Shaws,
 Such water-chill'd Maxims disown 'em ;
 Their *Efficients* I prove are *deficient* in Cause,
 When I've my Scots Pint, *Magnum Bonum*.

Wine makes,—aye, what don't it ? it makes right and
 wrong,

'Tis *Love*, *Wis*, and *Truth's Ventilator* ;
 At once it locks up the most voluble Tongue,
 At once turns a *Mute* to a *Prater*.
 If fond of a Fair, Wine this Magic will shew,
 Make but, like an Artist, your Trial ;
 In *ber* it will silence the nerves which say *no*,
 And raise you above a *Denial*.

More or less to the *Scurvy* all Men are a prey,
 Quoth *this, that*, and *i'other Physician* :
 More or less we're all mad, I will venture to say,
 And the world's in a scurvy condition.

Good Wine makes good Blood, and good Blood keeps
us sound,

So Recipe tantum sufficit ;
For Madness, my friends, since the Remedy's found,
Let none be so mad as to miss it.

THE GRISKIN CLUB.

Tune,—*A Toper I love as my Life.*

OF Griskins I sing, they're a feast for a King ;
Kings, *Homer* says, dress'd their own Messes :
Achilles, the hot, always hung on the Pot,
Patroclus he garnish'd the dishes.

By the Poets of old, *Apicius* we're told
Was an Eater among the Antiques ;
Tho' his Taste it was fine, yet like us could not dine,
For no *Griskins* were cook'd 'among the Greeks.

'Mong the Greeks? well I know, man, *Apicius* was Roman,
So no Critic's rod am a risking ;
Not of Roman, nor Greek, but of Britons I speak,
And Britons who boast of their *Griskin*.

Trimalchio's Stuff, and the French *Dartineuf*,
Had almost good Eating abolish'd ;
Sardanap'us was great, and *Lucullus* could treat,
Yet never a *Griskin* demolish'd.

One Emp'ror took pains, to make *Ragouts* of Brains,
But how was those Dishes compounded ?
It was done long ago, for at present I know,
Our Cooks would be greatly confounded.

Come! Lads, bark away, hunt the Bottle to-day,
At night, Boys, to Beauty high over ;
Be this understood, may our *Griskins* prove good,
When, as *Grisks*, we leap into Love's Cover.

BEEF STEAK CLUB.

Tune,—*Since Artists who sue for the Trophies of Fame.*

DRAW the Cork, the Cloth's drawn,—a Toast to
the KING,
I presume it is meet, after meat we should sing,
For thus prescribes *Galen*; "Life's Health to prolong,
'Take Dinner's digestive, a Glass a Song."
To him the Diplomats their judgment resign,
So *fiat mixturam*, 'tis Music and Wine.

Old *Homer*, who, *Shakespeare-like*, all Nature knew,
Does honour to Beef, and to Beef-eaters too;
He sings, that the Greeks, by whom *Troy Town* was
fell'd,
In fighting and eating, all nations excell'd;
And he, for the Day, who was *Hero* in Chief,
Had a Double Proportion, or *Premium* of Beef.

It was *Cacus* (some say) tho' that's not Orthodox,
'Twas *Milo* of *Crotos* first knock'd down an Ox;
He invited all friends to his Beef-eating Wake,
But first, on Turf Altar, he offer'd a Steak.
The *Ætherials* regal'd on the odour that 'rose,
Says Epicure *Jove*, such a Club we'll compose.

Then call'd out for *Vulcan*, the God, limping, came,
And, ogling behind him, attended his Dame;
Each deity seem'd more inclin'd to her Meats,
Than to dine on the best dish *Olympus* cou'd dress,
Jove silence proclaims, his curls awfully shakes,
And on *Ida* establish'd a club of BEEF STEAKS.

When *Juno*, that instant, a female peal rung,
In *Jove's* hand the Bowl shook, the Toast dy'd on his
tongue;

But commanding a Cloud, like a Curtain to fold,
He embrac'd her within it, and silenc'd the Scold.
In practice, ye husbands, put *Jupiter's* plan,
And keep your Wives quiet—as well as you can.

JACK TAR'S SONG.

Tune,—*A Begging we will go.*

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,
And let us merry be,
Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
And then all hands to sea.

And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught,
The minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
The fere tack to cat a head.

The Jockey's call'd to borse, to borse,
And swiftly rides the race,
But swifter far we shape our course
When we are giving chase.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman cheers,
As loud we hollow when we send,
A broadside to Mountseers.

The what's-their-dames, at uproars squall,
With music fine and soft,
But better sounds our boatswain's call,
All bands, all bands aloft !

With gold and silver streamers fine
The ladies rigging shew,
But English ships more grander shine,
When prizes home we tow.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or our wives,
And then, my boys, *buist sail* for more,—
Thus pass brave *sailors* lives.

And a sailing we will go.

P R E J U D I C E.

Tune,—*Without you will promise, nay, swear to be true.*

[INGRATITUDE's crime worfe than witchcraft's is
nam'd,

A neglect to repay what we owe;
Of fuch an omission we muft be aſham'd,
I'm aſham'd fuch omission to ſhew.

But when the alarm of an earthquake was ſpread,
All London ſeem'd running away;
Unfafe the fine gentleman fancy'd his bed,
And tumbl'd out trembling, to pray.

No Sunday-throng'd routs then politeneſs diſgrac'd,
But each to the Temple repairs;
The delicate, drefs'd moſt immenſely in taſte,
Attempted to ſpell out their prayers.

Under beds, into cellars, up chimneys, in ſhoals,
As rabbits to burrows will fly;
The *free-thinkers* ran, they believ'd then in ſouls,
And blubbering—begg'd not to die.

But when apprehenſion had labour'd in vain,
And Safety ſtopp'd Penitent's din,
Religion was quitted, for *ſeven is the main*,
'Tis church time, my dear, we'll cut in.

Before black Rebellion at Culloden fled,
Pale Terror took towns in the South;
Laugh ſeem'd to want Mirth, nay, Debauch ſneak'd to bed,
And Clamour was down in the mouth.

Then ſoldiers were welcom'd, as ſoldiers ſhould be,
Nay, embrac'd, as the prop of the land;
And Engliſhmen grateful, from Prejudice free,
Shook bra' bonny Scots by the hand.

But since—may HIS Memory Britons preserve,
 Who gave to *Invosion* Defeat ;
 In Peace we permit our own *Soldiers* to starve,
 But can't bear a *Scotchman* should eat.

Ere *Mabomet* cou'd the *Turks* Mission begin,
 Arch *Gabriel* came down as his guest ;
 He purify'd *Mecca's* Professor from sin,
 Extracting a *Speck* from his breast.

That *Spot* we are born with, 'tis *Jealousy's* Core,
 Mortality's Pain and Disgrace ;
 Pluck it out, and to hinder its hurting you more,
 EMULATION apply in its place.

F R E E D O M.

Tune,—*Betty Bell, and Mary Gray.*

COME Neighbours, Neighbours, drink about,
 Have done with *Party's* pothor,
 List not, ye Lads, to *Upstart's* about,
 On one side nor on t'other.
 The Winners laugh, the Losers rail,
 Thus *Faction* ever dins, Sir ;
Insanity tells *Folly's* tale,
 The *Outs* will at the *Ins*, Sir.

Oh, *Common Sense* ! once more descend
 To save this *Isle* from sinking ;
 Be once again *Britannia's* friend,
 And set her Sons to thinking !
 No more by *Knaves* let us be school'd,
 But teach us how to read 'em,
 Nor let well-meaning Men be fool'd
 By *Privilege* and *Freedom*.

Where's *Freedom* ?—point out *how* and *when*
 We have enjoy'd that Bounty ?
When Magna Charta—aye, Amen,—
 But tell me where's her County ?

*Why where our property's secur'd
Where Liberty possessing ;
Then, Brother Britons, be assur'd
The GAME ACT is a Blessing.*

LOV'D LIBERTY ! celestial Maid !
Which way shall we address thee ?
You're *England's Genius*, it is said,
And *Englishmen* possess thee ?
We boast too much about this fair,
For, nightly, tho' we toast her,
I wou'd not have you, friends, despair—
But, faith, I fear we've lost her.

Like Hamlet's ghost, *'Twas here ! 'tis gone !*
And only to be guess'd at ;
As maidenheads, when lost and won,
Are what the winners jest at.
In vain the **GODDESS** opens her arms,
No more her arms we're wooing ;
Licentiousness has Harlot's charms,
Which tempt to our undoing.

Wit, Beauty, Sciences, and Arts,
Are all become dependant ;
We're neither free in heads nor hearts,
We're slaves, and there's an end on't.
It was, and ever will be so,
Each fetter'd to some Folly ;
And, all the *Liberty* we know,
Is—*drink ! and let's be jolly.*

H O N O U R

Tune,—*Confusion to him who a Bumper denies!*

OUR Reck'ming we've paid, here's to all *bon repos*,
The decks we have clear'd, and 'tis time we shou'd
go ;

A coach did you say ? No ! I'm sober and strong,
Waiter ! call me a link-boy, he'll light me along.

Obsequious the dog with his dripping torch bows—
Your honour! poor Jack, Sir, your honour Jack knows.
 For the sake of the pence thus he'll *honour* me on,
Gold dust strews the race-ground where all *honour's* won.

Hold your light up!—what half-naked objects here lye,
 Thus huddled in heaps?—*Good your honour!* they cry;
To poor creatures, your honour, some charity spare;
Honour's phrase is *Necessity's* common place prayer.

Young perishing *out-casts* thus nightly are found,
 No parishes care, they're too poor to be own'd.
 For *he*, in these times, wou'd be laugh'd to scorn,
 Who distress wou'd assist, yet expect no return.

With courtier-like bowing the shoe-cleaners call,
 And offer'd their brush, stool, and shining black ball,
Japanning your honour, these colourists plan,
 And, really, some *honours* may want a japan.

To varnish the Taste is,—as cases from dust,
 Each picture now glares with a transparent crust;
 Nay, some ladies faces are colour'd like blinds,
 While men use japanning which masquerades minds.

Of Honour, of Freedom, yet England can boast,
 And Honour and Freedom's an Englishman's toast;
 May Infamy ever Deserters attend,
 But honours drown those who our HONOURS defend.

F O O L S - H A L L.

Tune,—*The Sun in Virgin Lustre shone.*

OLD Homer nodded long ago,
 And modern bards oft sleep we know;
 They doze to dream, and dream to write,
 'Twas thus with me the other night.
 Sleeping by all somnif'rous rules,
 Methought 'twas in the hall of fools;
 More properly the place to call,
 The learned say, it was *Fools-Hall*.

There *Billingsgate* with front of brags,
 And *Faction*, rode on braying as;
 While scurril' *Banter* leer'd along,
 With face buffoon, and loll'd-out tongue :
 Riot there, with mouth stretch'd wide,
 On a drunkard fat astride ;
 Spangled *Lewdness* op'd the ball,
 And *Nonsense* echo'd round *Fools-Hall*.

Credulity, the dupe of lies;
Stupidity in Thought's disguise ;
Dulness came in hood and cowl,
 Solemn as the broad-fac'd owl ;
Quirk and *quaintness* hand in band,
 In *Lawyer's* gown, and *pleader's* band ;
 On tiptoe *Pride* o'erlook'd them all —
 While *Scandal* flew about *Fools-Hall*.

Base *Scribblers* arm'd with white and black,
 To shine or foil, to heal or hack,
 With stone-blind *Ignorance* stood next,
 And *pedants* tearing *Shakespeare's* text :
 There *Prejudice* the day denies,
 With hands held up before his eyes ;
 Pert *Dissipation* welcom'd all,
 She kept it up within *Fools-Hall*.

With *Vanity* blind *Zeal* was pair'd ;
Hypocrisy their profits shar'd ;
Fraud, pimp-like, *Superstition* led,
 But hood-wink'd to *Impesture's* bed :
 Mills *Affectation* made the rout,
Debauch the sick'ning feast sat out :
 While *Doctors* waited *Symptom's* call,
Disease's vapours fill'd *Fools-Hall*.

The stupid heirs of much-muck'd land,
 With wheezing gluttons throng'd the Strand ;
 Great sport they hop'd; they long'd to see,
 Heedless what victim 'twas to be :
 But wealthy *dunces* joke the best
 On *Merit*, when 'tis most distress'd ;

While *foes*, while *caxcombs* great and small,
Paraded, grinning, round *Fools-Hall*.

Plain *Truth* appear'd, but at the sight
They shriek'd, they cou'd not bear the *fright*;
The *Cay* confin'd him in the stocks,
And *Virtue* prov'd not orthodox:
Honour the parish pass'd away,
And *Wit* was gagg'd for *Folly's* play;
Deserted *Beauty*, mock'd by all,
The beadle's whip drove from *Fools-Hall*.

O'erwhelm'd with what I saw, I wept,
And, happily, no longer slept;
Malice, methought had spy'd my tears,
Exposing me to *Party's* sneers,
Who hiss'd and shov'd me through the throng;
I 'woke as I was dragg'd along,—
Here's Women, Wine, and Health to all,
Who scorn the crouds which fill *Fools-Hall*.

P O L I T I C S.

Tune,—'*Tis a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps it is to-wain.*

AS an Englishman ought, I wish well to my King,
'As an Englishman ought for my country I'll sing,
And my mind I will tell, 'tis a kingdom to me,
By his Birthright a *Briton* dares think and speak free.

My Hearts of oak, stoutly you call out for *Freedom*,
And *Liberty, Property*,—really we need 'em;
But don't quite so loud against brib'ry exclaim,
Rogues will buy,—but *who sells, Sirs,* ? then pray who's
to blame ?

Ye noise-making, fash-breaking, lacqueys of factions,
Ye insane disturbers, who're bit by distractions,
Think what you're about, when the loudest you bawl,
Not a man that you're mad for but laughs at ye all.

When the wind's in the East, sad and sick of his life,
 As if under spell of Queen Mab ;
 He is always at home, Sir John Brute to his wife,
 Abroad, Jerry Sneak to his drab.

At the tavern he'll prove all religion is art,
 And laughs at Eternity's doom ;
 But in bed, when alone in the dark, how he'll start
 If a mouse only moves in the room.

He swears, aye, and loudly, that he will be free,
 Nay, die ere his country disgrace ;
 Confusion to Ministers ! drinks on his knee,
 Then, rising, runs off for a place.

Wives, sisters, or daughters, wherever he stays,
 A prey for *debauch* he intends :
 Proper gratitude thus for his welcome he pays,
 It is right to be fond of one's friends.

Shou'd pique prompt his spouse to retaliate in kind,
 He'll bellow *death, vengeance and all* ;
My pistols bring quick !—but, quick changing his mind,
 On his Proctor imprimis he'll call.

When maudlin at night as 'tis nightly the case,
 How loving the creature appears ;
 While drops from dim eyes trickle down his smear'd
 face,
 And hickups keep time to his tears.

Foolish friendship he'll proffer, and fulsome repeat,
 But the zeal of the night snor'd away ;
 For his interest, indeed, he to morrow may meet,
 If not, he don't know you next day.

Not the best of us all, not a man is exempt,
 If ourselves we impartially scan ;
 We are objects for Pity, or else for Contempt ;
 Misconduct is master of man.

As against our own will we are tumbled to town,
 So reluctant again we go out ;
 In chasing and changing that *will* up and down,
 We *Wisdomites* blunder about.

Still blunder we must, and we're born but to dye,
 And as wise in the dark as the light ;
 But drinking, my bucks, all mistakes we defy ;
 Here's a bumper to prove ourselves right.

B E A U M E D E V I E.

Tune,—*Two Gods of great Honour.*

ARIADNE one morning to *Theseus* was turning,
 When missing her man, to the beach down she
 flew ;

Her cries unavailing, she saw far off, sailing,

His ship 'fore the wind, let's'ning still to her view,
 She tore her fine hair, beat her breast in despair,

Spread her arms to the skies, and sung down in a
 swoon,

When *Bacchus*, 'midst *Æther*, begg'd leave of his father
 To comfort the lady, *Jove* granted the boon.

Then gladly descending, her sorrows befriending,

His *Thyrsis* he struck 'gainst the big belly'd earth,
 When o'er the smooth gravel, in murmuring travel,

A spring of champaign at her head bubbled forth ;
 She, wak'd with the scent, gave her sorrow full vent,

Yet to drink was determin'd, exhausted by tears ;
 She tastes her champaign, licks her lips, tastes again,
 And feels herself suddenly freed from her fears.

As still she kept sipping, her heart lightly leaping,

She look'd upon *Theseus* as a pitiful elf ;
 Wine turn'd her to singing, in-hopes it wou'd bring in
 A lover,—'twas lonely to drink by her self :

The God, her adorer confest'd, stood before her,

She han'd the celestial, she welcom'd the guest ;
 Champaign stopp'd resistance, she kept not her distance,
 But jollily clasp'd the young buck to her breast.

Each girl given over, betray'd by her lover,
 To hartshorn, to salts, and salt-water may fly;
 But we've an *elixir* will properly fix her,
 If properly she'll the prescription apply:
 The *recipe's* wholesome, 'tis *Beauty's* best *Balsam*,
 For which we refuse tho' to pocket a fee,
 As *gratis* we give it, girls grateful receive it,
 So here's to the practice of Love's *Beaume de Vie*.

THE NORFOLK FARMER.

Tune,—*I'm marry'd and happy, with wonder bear this.*

WHEN the early cock crows at the day's dappl'd dawn,

And soaring lark through the air trills,
 Ere yet the warm Sun drinks the dews from the lawn,
 Or vapours recover the hills;
 While ploughmen are whistling, as furrows they turn,
 And shepherds releasing their care,
 I rise to unkennel at sound of the horn,
 Or course with my greyhounds, the hare.

In spring-time observing my husbandmen sow,
 Then see how my yearlings go on;
 Sometimes, riding round, mark my turnip-men hoe,
 Or in barn what my threshers have done,
 At home, with the parson, 'bout markets I prate,
 His tythes, though I never delay;
 We properly each should maintain in his state,
 The vineyard-man's worthy his pay.

My milk-maidens, morn and eve, dairy-cows press,
 For custards, cream, pudding, and cheese;
 My daughter keeps market in neat but plain dress,
 And dame too—but 'tis when she'll please.
 We never for master or mistresship strive,
 But man and wife's lot share and share;
 As Gratitude tells us, in Friendship we live,
 Do so, ye *Crim. Cons.* if ye dare.

My poultry is all by my good woman bred,
 My garden gives roots for my health,
 For London my bullocks on best fodder fed,
 Yet pinch not the poot for my wealth.
 I've plenty of game in my copes and woods,
 My flock on its thyme feeding thrives ;
 With fishes well stor'd are my ponds and my floods,
 And honey from yon' row of hives.

What grateful return is to Industry made ?
 What reward have the bees for their toil ?
 We boast of *our* RIGHTS, yet, *their* rights we invade,
 And seize on their labours as spoil.
 But *Justice to Power* is only a name,
 Great fishes devour the small ;
 Great birds, and great beasts, and great men do the same,
 'Till *Death*, the grand robber, robs all.

Content spreads my cloth, and says grace after meat,
 While *Welcome* attends at my board ;
 No outlandish mixture disguises my treat,
 My wine my own orchards afford.
 With a glass in my hand, to church, country, and king,
 I drink, as a subject should do ;
 Perhaps my dame smiles, then one song I must sing,
 So, Sir, if you please, pray do you.

THE AUCTION.

Tune,—*Poe ! pox on this nonsense, I prithee give o'er.*

I'LL strive to sing something, yet would not do wrong,
 Will you please to accept of a common-place song ;
 This world's like an auction for selling and shewing,
Truth, Friendship, and Gratitude,—going ! a going !

*They are going !—but how ? not by hammer knock'd
 down,—*

No, no ! out of taste, they must go out of town.

Such stuff would our dear dissipation encumber,
They are shipp'd off for sea, and exported as lumber.

Preferment put up ! who bids ? *I, I, I, I* ;
Such a noise it has made we the lot must put by :
At the name of *Preferment* if uproar is heard,
No wonder such clamour against the preferr'd.

Confusion, and eke contradiction its mate,
Fill our heads with,—I don't know what politic prate ;
As all to be in suppose equal pretences,
Of *Innings* when *bank'd*, they're out of their senses.

Yot, seriously, Sirs, this world's not so bad,
Some women are chaste, and some men are not mad ;
But where do they live ? 'tis not worth while to try,
They are such sort of folks other folks can't live by.

How easy is weakness by wickedness turn'd,
Unworthiness welcom'd, and worthiness scorn'd ;
The female sex charge not with prostitute vice,
Mankind will be bought come but up to their price.

All men and their measures 'tis easy to see,
No parties, but parties of pleasure for me ;
Let this side, or that side, or both sides be mad,
We know no distinction but *good* men and *bad*.

Will any here hesitate how they declare ?
Or, toast the *good* people at home and elsewhere ;
Their country, complexion, religion, or wealth,
We need not but drink to the HONEST MAN'S HEALTH.

THE BOTTLE.

Tune,—*On a Time I was great, now little am grown.*

PUSH the bottle about, name the toast, and away,
With wine be our sentiments flowing ;
We idly grow old while we drinking delay,
Be merry, my bucks, and keep doing.

Keep doing I say, fill it up to the brink,
 'Tis a trouble to talk, 'tis a trouble to think,
 'Tis a trouble,—no, no !—'tis a pleasure to drink.
 Prithee ring, we must have t'other bottle.

Our classic is *Bacchus*, his volumes prefer,
 To all that's in old *Aristotle* ;
 But why, with quotations, should we make a stir ?
 We'll stir about quickly the bottle.
 A fool once to find how the world could go round,
 Leap'd into the deep where the puppy was drown'd,
 But deep had he drank, he the secret had found,
 Such wonders are work'd by a bottle.

The sportsman arou's'd, when the horn harks away,
 Shrill echo tantwivy repeating,
 His warm wishing wife, clings around him to stay,
 But shouts put to silence entreating.
 Yet what is his chace to the chace that we boast ?
 So, ho ! here's a bumper, hark, hark ! to the toast.
 Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent should be lost,
 And we're cast in the chace of a bottle.

Let *Heroes* or *Neroes* run mad after Fame,
 We're chang'd and rang'd ready for battle ;
 Let *Placemen* perplex and let *Patriots* declaim,
 Let both be indulg'd in their prattle ;
 But preachers o'er liquor, we always confute,
 Without 'tis the toast, at our meetings we're mute,
 For what, with our wine, can be worth a dispute,
 Except 'tis a short-measure bottle.

Shou'd sickness with sadd'ning captivity join,
 The ancients I'll equal in thinking ;
 But all my philosophy shou'd be my wine,
 Despair I defy when I'm drinking.
 Stood *Death* like a drawer to wait on me home,
 Or, bailiff-like, dare he rush into my room,
 I'll try for one moment to tip him a hum,
 While I bumper'd the last of my bottle.

THE MASQUERADE.
OR, LABOUR IN VAIN.

Tune,—*Musks All.*

ONCE *Jupiter's* lady, call'd *Juno* she soold
At toilet imagin'd herself to look old ;
In a pet put a veil on to hide her disgrace,
Then schem'd how each beauty shou'd shadow her face.
Sing tantararara Musks all.

First England review'd, there, amaz'd, *madam* saw
Many faces and forms without failure or flaw ;
Then others discover'd whose faces were spread,
All *lasy*, all *pesty*, with caustics of lead.

Those last pleas'd the *Queen*, who declar'd with a smile,
The *Folly* of *Fashion* should lead in thisisle ;
The great gifts of *Jove* they were dup'd to despise,
And natural *Beauty* by *Art* they disguise.

'Tis an empire, she said, of dress, drinking, and song ;
Of bathing—because we are bit by *Bah Ton* :
Her scheme, she foretold would succeed with the town,
For whatever's imported must always go down.

A card flew to *Pan*, who was skill'd in these matters,
To model some masks from the portraits of satyrs ;
Of *Proserpine* ask'd *Merry Andrew's* shade,
Without a buffoon there is no masquerade.

Pale Miss *Affectation* was order'd, in haste,
To dress up the phantom, and call the thing *Taste* ;
Then taught it to talk, just one phrase and no more,
Do you know me ? it squeak'd, *do you know me ?* encore.

'Twas *the Thing*, for 'twas foreign, it must be ador'd,—
It gagg'd depos'd *Wit* ; when will *Wit* be restor'd ?
When Englishmen—thus it was *Truth* bid me say,
Will shew to our own understandings fair play.

orld is no more than one vast masquerade,
 , by best concealments, best fortunes are made ;
 y should *Plain Dealing* pretend to complain,
 ation to labour is—*labour in vain.*

Sing tantararara masks all.

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

Tune,—*Shanby.*

HO' Austria and Prussia, France, Flanders, and
 Russia,

ve heroes who claim an attention ;
 e long list of Fame, as I look'd on each name,
Briton I thought she should mention.

among men, who was worthy her pen,
 could the doubt who must the man be ;
 aw not the whole, she unfolded the scroll,
 t on-top stood the *Marquis of Granby.*

ime shook his scythe, as he tott'ring stood by,
 iron teeth dreadfully grated ;
 e sad-looking crone clear'd his brow from a frown,
 ren Fame had my business related.
 cheeks of the churl, with a smile, seem to curl,
 d cheerfully answ'ring as can be,
 ingle-lock'd seer, " Sir, this point's pretty clear,
 We all lov'd the *Marquis of Granby.*

order of *Fate* I was bid to translate
 That hero to happier station ;
 e trumpet of Fame shook the air to proclaim
 Her *Granby's* beatification.
 shines now a star near the planet of war,"
 istrious soldier, befriend us,
 y influence our shield, and, when dar'd to the field,
 y thy martial spirit attend us.

Grief, away with your tears, see his lineage appears,
 We remember those looks, and adore 'em;
 They shall live in our love, and my life on't, they'll prove
 As brave as the brave man before 'em:
 What more can we say? but the *Granby's* huzza!
 Encore! loud and loud as loud can be;
 To the brim fill it up, it is *Gratitude's* cup,
 Off it goes, *To the offspring of Granby.*

CONCLUSION OF THE HUMBUG.

To the same Tune.

THE sages of old, and the learn'd of this day.
Fa, la, la.
 About life and living have said and will say,
Fa, la, la.
 About and about it, about and about,
 They *ev'rything* say, but can make nothing out.
Fa, la, la.

Rail on if you please, when the knowing-ones win,
 Yet half the world strives to take t'other half in;
 But all schemes concluded, and loss and gain summ'd,
 Both *bitters* and *bubbles* are equally humm'd.

Let those who will hunt after fame, and such dreams,
 Break their rest, necks, and hearts, in the chace of
 those schemes;
 Shou'd they what they wish to be ever become,
 They will find all they long'd for, alas! but a hum.

By terror of parents, or tempted by gain,
 The lady resigns to some jessamy swain;
 When husbands such delicate creatures become,—
 When husbands! no, no! for 'tis there lies the hum.

When Beauty, all brilliant, shines Queen of the ring,
Such grace, and such taste, and such—oh! *she's the*
thing!

How happy her husband!—he may be,—but mum,
For sometimes such happiness is but a hum.

What rout 'mong the rich at an only son's birth,
And what a parade when papa's put in earth;
Go cast up, who pleases, *Felicity's* sum,
From birth unto burial the total's a hum.

The *Profit* of life is out-balanc'd by cost,
Fa, la, la.

Joy ever must be in *satiety* lost,
Fa, la, la.

It is—it has slipp'd me, what 'tis I'd be at,
So a bumper I'll drink, there's no *bumbug* in that.
Fa, la, la.

S L E E P.

Tune,—*By the gayly circling Glass.*

SLEEP, thou leaden, lazy God,
What's thy balm for Sorrow's wound?
What thy restorative rod,
Can it render wretches sound?
Not thy *wand*,—no, no; 'tis *wine*,
Wine can all distress defy;
Ecce Signum, here's the sign,
Don't believe me, let us try.

Let the restless *Sleep* invoke,
Sleep which *cicatrizes* *Care*;
Let—but, I say, *Sleep's* a joke,
Wine's the dose against *Despair*:
What we have been?—why, farewell!
What we might be!—we'll not think.—
What we shall be!—who can tell?
Here we are, and here we'll drink.

When my face deep wrinkles seize,
 And my head with palsy shakes;
 When the gout benumbs the knees,
 And the voice, once manly, breaks;
 When the sunken cheek shews pale,
 And the hollow eyes bear dim;
 When the ear and mem'ry fail,
 And unnerv'd each wither'd limb :

Then repining, then I'll say,
Life, alas! is all a cheat!
 When I've nothing left to pay,
 Envious, then, abuse the treat :
 Soon or late, but late's too soon,
 Who will trust to morrow may ;
 Thinking puts one out of tune,
 Let us drink, my lads, to-day.

Day by day, and night by night,
 Joyful jubilees we keep ;
 Life we measure by delight,
 Tell me,—have we time to sleep ?
 Present time is in our power,
 And the means that time t' improve ;
 Taste it, 'tis Enjoyment's hour,
 Pledge me, lads, in *Wine and Love*.

Let the glass and lass be kiss'd,
 Let not coyness chill the scene ;
 To excuse, or to resist,
 Is high treason to Love's Queen.
 Pouting lips, and panting breast,
 Pressing, mingling, murm'ring join ;
 Wine inspiring Beauty's guests,
 Pledge me, lads, 'tis *Love and Wine*.

THE LONDON HUNT.

Tune,—*Come rouse, Brother Sportsmen, &c.*

THO' far from field sports we will field sports
 apply,
 Hark ! hark ! social sportsmen, hark forward and try ;
 Nor think we want *game*, tho' we're settl'd in town,
 Its *follies* are *game*, which we here will hunt down.

We break cover first, and throw off 'mong the great,
 By *babblers* surrounded, call'd *Flatt'ers* of *State* ;
 Whip them off, for they're vermin unworthy a chase,
 Their Patron's dishonour, and bounty's disgrace.

Like pageants, the *Nimrods* of *Nabobs* behold !
 'Midst all they have purchas'd by strange gotten gold ;
 Tho' large packs of livery couples they own,
 When *Conscience* starts up, can they all hunt it down ?

In French varnish'd chariots see *Quacks* draw along,
 Like *Death*, looking down on their *victims*, the *throng* ;
 With tales of their med'cines each paper abounds,—
 Hunt their *nostrum* ;—no, no ;—they wou'd poison our
 hounds.

Disappointment against the successful exclaims,
 And *envy* will always make *Uproar* call names :
 Those pests of the public to *Clamour* make court,
 To kennel such curs, for they only spoil sport.

The *Outs* 'gainst the *Ins* will for ever take aim,
 And *Ministers* must be the *multitude's* game ;
 'Tis tempests and tides which preserve the pure sea,
 We soon shou'd be stagnate if all shou'd agree.

Beat about for fresh sport, for thro' yon' hall let us draw,
 It abounds in black game, and that game is the *Larw* ;
 Call the dogs off, I say,—there's nothing to do,—
 If you meddle with them, they'll soon turn and hunt
 you.

We're *at fault*, but whose is it? come, sport...
back,

Hark to *Honesty*, that's the prime hound in our pa
We are all sound and staunch, for a brisk *burst* pr
Talio! 'tis a bumper,—fill free and drink fair.

Here's the Queen of our Hunt, 'tis *Britannia's* ov
Old England for ever! let that be the toast;
See a fresh bottle starts, one view hollow,—huzza
The *Fox brush* and *Beauty's brush*, brush them aw

T H E M A N.

Tune,—*How pleasant the meads were, how joyful the scene.*

IT is who's unaw'd by the sound of a name,
Yet harbours no hate in his breast;
What his betters may do he pretends not to blame,
As he hopes they do all for the best:
To the King he is just, to his country he's true,
And true to his friend and his glass;
A sportsman who always with spirit comes thro',
And ne'er baulk'd a leap, nor a las.

No office he flatters, compounds with no cheat,
But ever takes honesty's part;
Compassion awaits on his Justice's seat,
And Charity tenants his heart:
When a love-laden las with contrition appears,
For girls are ensnar'd like the game;
His tenderness turns not away from her tears,
His pity prevents her from shame.

To *Game-acts* he fancies our *Liberty* yields,
So sets their inflictions aside;
Protection allows not to vermin in fields,
Which is othe free-born deny'd.

Suppose a young idler at birds shou'd take aim,
 Or pufs take, perhaps, in a snare,
 Must *Englismen's birthright* be forfeit for game,
 And *man* made a slave for a *bare*?

If sticks from the hedge of his honour are found
 In the lap of the big belly'd poor,
 While sleet fills the air, and deep snows on the ground,
 And *Misery* groans at the door;
Humanity tells him to seek out the cause,
 Which prompted *Distress* to turn thief;
 Convinc'd 'twas mere *want*, he awakes not the laws,
 But stops future crimes by *relief*.

This, this is *the Man*, uncorrupted he stands,
 To *Baal* who ne'er bow'd the knee;
 Unmortgag'd, enjoys all his ancestor's lands,
 And ever lived debtless and free.
 Yes, yes, this is *He*, this *the Man* to my mind,
The Man who no party can snare;
 Shall I tell you, my friends, where this *Man* you may
 find,
 I wou'd—if I could but tell where.

M Y N O S E.

Tune,—*An Afs, an Afs.*

WHILE people call'd poets, in blank verse, or rhyme,
 Pindarics or epics compose,
 And celebrate heroes in sonnets sublime,
 My subject is, simply,—*my nose*.

The large nose and long one, thereby hangs a tale,
 A tail the old scholiasts suppose;
Ex noscitur naso—but proverbs may fail,
 I find it, in faith, by *my nose*.

The boys of *Conceit* blushing *Merit* deride,
 For coxcombs are *Modesty's* foes ;
 I challenge the sons and the daughters of Pride
 'To move such a muscular *nose*.

Præmetheus, 'tis said, form'd our animal clay,
 For quick'ning to *Æber* he rose ;
 I fear that some 'prentice, when he was away,
 A little aside shov'd my *nose*.

I presume,—but perhaps, 'tis presumption to say,
 I even presume to suppose,
 I should set myself up in the song-singing way,
 When I ought to set down with my *nose*.

My song therefore ends, now a toast with your leave—
 May *Wisdom* our councils compose,
 May *Britons* be friends, and forget and forgive,
 And at *Faction* each turn up his *nose*.

S E R I O S I T Y.

Tune,—*This cold flinty Heart it is you who have warm'd.*

WHITE Winter has left us, with all its chill train,
 And fruitful Spring puts forth its buds o'er the
 plain :

The birds their glad welcome by warbling express,
 All Nature seems pleas'd at the change of her dress.

Let us take example, and merrily sing,
 Each moment at midnight to us is new Spring ;
 Our green cover'd table, a garden for souls,
 Our nosegays are bumpers we gather from bowls,

With daisies, with king-cups, the meadows are crown'd,
 But blossoms from *Bacchus* our verdure surround ;
 'Tis *Life*—and such *Life* too, which only *Bucks* know,
 As for *Death* we can talk about him when we go.

When confin'd, no matter to us all the fun,
The smart things we've said, or the droll things we've
done :

Future Fame's all a joke—I'm for Life's present treat,
What's to come may be queer, for *To-morrow's* a cheat.

'Tis certain that, one by one, all must resign
The post of true pleasure,—*Health, Women, and Wine.*
Think, ladies, what Life is, and living improve,
To bilk the base worms, bestow *Beau'y* on *Love.*

As we ought, we reflect on Life's pleasure and pain,
We have liv'd, drank, and lov'd, we'll repeat them again,
While *Desires* depend on *Ability's* aid—
But Faculty's failing,—here, *Sexton*, your spade.

I have acted from *Instinct*, I've liv'd upon *Whim*,
As to *Prudence*—I can't say I e'er drank with him ;
With the *Sun* tho' I've drove round the bottle in tune,
And have labour'd all night with *Queen Midwife* the
Moon.

As to sins,—why, *repentance* will shorten our score,
The lowest have *hopes*, and the highest no more ;
We speak as we feel, and we act as we think,
And to men of such methods a bumper we'll drink.

Here's to those who, like us, *affectations* defy,
Not *spendthrifts* of life, nor like *misers* would die :
When call'd on to pay, calmly cast up expence,
And drink their last toast—*A good journey from hence.*

THE SQUABBLE.

Tune,—*Push the Bottle about, &c.*

ON *Ida* one day, at Olympical feast,
The lafs-loving *Jove* was the host, Sir,
Who gayly proposing a health to the best,
On *Venus* he fix'd for his toast, Sir ;

Each deity smil'd as the glass went about,
 But, pettishly, *Pallas* her bumper threw out,
 She spoke not, but seem'd by her manner to doubt
 The justice of toasting *Miss Venus*.

Then *Juno* broke silence, and spoke by her power,
 Her face looking pale like a spectre,
 "The liquor was turning excessively sour,
 "The toast gave a fust to the nectar."
Minerva maliciously seconds the Queen,
 "I wonder, Papa, what it is you can mean,
 "Sure other celestials are sweet and as clean,
 "Though not quite so common as *Venus*."

Dear M'em, replies *Demirep Dio*, and bow'd,
 Your breeding just parrs your good-nature,
 But ask the gods round, and, *Nem. Con.* 'tis allow'd,
 To all I'm superior in future.
 To be sure you're a prude, and enjoyment to spite,
 That ugly shield bear, as if lovers you'll fright,
 Enough, they are scar'd when they've once had a sight
 Of the old-maiden face of *Minerva*.

Her sov'reign and spouse haughty *Juno* may teize,
 And bed-chamber women be rating,
 And you, *Miss Militia*, as long as you please,
 May listen to *Sophisters* prating;
 But I, who am Empress of Love and its laws,
 Who have immortals and mortals applause,
 Whose beauties—but beauty (*quoth Vulcan*) has flaws;
 When *Mars* knit his brow and look'd frowning.

Jove rose in a rage, as he rose though he reel'd,
 And hiccups gave out by the hundred;
 Like artills on ice, to the right and left wheel'd,
 By *Styx* then he swore and he thunder'd:
 "Two to one, Madam *Ox-Eye*, is very foul play;
 "Miss *Brain-born*! I beg you'll dispatch and away,
 "Or what *Paris* told me of both, I shall say."
 The goddesses went away grumbling.

Come, come! (says young *Bacchus*) pray, father, have
done,

They are off; in the Milk-Way, walking,
Ye'll drink and be merry, the gossips are gone—

Of a song brother *Phæbus* was talking.
Apollo began, with the help of the *Nine*,
The ladies returning, good natur'dly join,
Such power has *music* when mingl'd with *wine*,
All friendly were fuddled together.

THE PORTRAIT,

OR, LA, LA, LA.

Tune,—*Colin and Phæbe.*

YE bibbers, who sip limpid *Helicon's* rill,
Ye lords of large manors on *Parnassus* hill,
Allow me, a scribbler, to try at solfa,
And languish, in liquids, a love-song, *la, la.*

The grubber in kennels for old iron seeks,
A grubber for thoughts scrubs the streams of the Greeks;
With stumpy quills raking each classical spa,
To pick up some simile fragments, *la, la.*

I wou'd if I cou'd, with the muses make free,
But which of those sisters will listen to me?
Attraction I want, their attention to draw,
As I'm old, they'll object, that it must be, *la, la.*

Ye ladies of *Lapland*, whose bosoms bestride,
Or, pair'd in witch whiskeys, afloat the moon slide;
If fiends, or if friends, you have harness'd to draw,
Let me be postilion, and trot on *la, la.*

Ground ivy has crown'd me instead of the bays,
Right Holland inspires my rare roundelays;
Mifs *Soap Suds* I ting, by poetical law,
To *shirts* more than *shirts* we are put, *la, la, la.*

Ye dabblers in distichs wherever ye snore,
On flock beds in cellars, or garreteers soar,
Arouze from your blankets, assist me to draw
My love's half, three-quarters, and whole length, *la, la*

Her eye-brows are cross-bows, the bolts are her looks,
With which my poor senses are knock'd down like rooks;
Her cheeks—but who can a comparison draw?
Not carmine,—no, no; she has none! 'tis *la, la*.

Her lips! and such lips, and such kisses they gave,
That Prudence was gagg'd, and sent off as a slave;
They found in my mind's *magna charta* a flaw;
Non-suited my judgment, and cast me, *LA, LA!*

Her neck has great grace, after meat and before;
Her legs, but, alas! I must mention no more,
For *eccecy*, lately, has kept me in awe,
So to say any more wou'd be, but *paw, paw, paw*.

A T O A S T.

Tune,—*Ye Lads who approve.*

WHEN running life's race, we gallop apace,
Each strives to be first at the post;
Mount *Hope* with catch-weights, for *Fame's* give-and-
take plates.

And pray what is *Fame* but a *toast*?

The toast of our days is poaching for praise,
All men of their services boast;
The ladies by dress the same ardour express,
Each wou'd if she cou'd be a *toast*.

Both sexes agree, over wine to be free,
For Freedom's an Englishman's boast -
As freely we think, so as freely we drink,
And a *sentiment* give for a *toast*.

What is life? prithee say, but a glass and away,
 While Health is our ruddy-fac'd host;
 But when we abuse him, we're certain to lose him,
 By taking too much of a *toast*.

These common-place rhimes, suit common-place times,
 Who now can of genius boast?—
 Why, really, I think, 'tis a science to drink,
 And there's genius in giving a *toast*.

Even politics fail, altercation grows stale,
 Of what now can either side boast?
 No matter to us, all their farce and their fust,
 Deserves not the name of a *toast*.

The riots and routs of the *ins* and the *outs*,
 Is only a newspaper roast;
 Of *crickets* I sing, *in* and *out* there's the thing,
 And there I'll attempt a *new toast*.

May our *innings* be long, may our *bowling* be strong,
Middle-wicket I chuse for my post;
 Come, bumper away, 'twixt the stumps your balls play,
 And *win the game lowe*—that's the *toast*.

T H E W O R L D .

Tune,—*The Schemes of my Sex I abhor and abjure.*

THE world, and its works, which we grieve to
 forsake,
 Are good or bad, just as we hit or mistake;
 We write and we wrangle, make parties and plan,
 As wise when we finish as when we began;
 So let us laugh on, to be serious is sad,
 A man in his senses wou'd now be thought mad,

Our senses are bubbles in Vanity's fair,
 And men-children sillily make a show there.

Each mounting his hobby-horse starts for the race,
 Expects admiration, but ends in disgrace ;
 For so dissipation our training has schem'd,
 The more we're look'd into, the less we're esteem'd.

Behold the booth's shew cloth to draw the crowd in,
 The rustics are wrinkl'd with open-mouth grin.
 Each muscle's in motion at *Anarew's* grimace,
 Who tickles the throng 'till they push in for place ;
 Pray tell me what more is the world's present plan,
 Than places to get in, and push who push can.

The shirtless untrowzer'd philosopher's saws,
 Once obsolete Reason pretended were laws ;
 But *Instinct* turn'd rebel, so *Instinct* was try'd,
 The *Passions* were jurors, NOT GUILTY ! they cry'd.
 Keep *Sapience* in schools, *Folly* now is the mode,
Truth's ways want repairing, I'll ride the new road.

My bottle's my hunter, I mount with a song,
 And ti-tip about like a Sunday-hack throng.
 Each raises his portion of dust for the day,
 And he who's a buck here will dust it away.
 We'll laugh at the dust which is made about town,
 And up with our brushes, to brush the dust down.

B E E F A N D A B U M P E R.

Tune,—*Accept of my ditty without finding fault.*

LET those who have nothing to do but to hear,
 And those who have nothing to do but to sneer,
 Glean *Scandal* from *Infamy's* stubble ;
Praise is but a vapour, and *Censure* the same,
 Go ask of philosophers *what they call Fame* ?
 'Tis *Anglice*, *Vanity's* bubble.

This scribbling, this pen-and-ink-itch is a crime,
 Yet heaven forgive each poor sinner in rhyme,
 Condemn'd to the penance of thinking ;
 For what are all similes to a furloin ?
 The flowing of fountains to filling of wine ?
 Huzza ! for good eating and drinking.

The *Sapphics* so soft, the *Pindarics* so rare,
 The *Epics*, *Iambics*, and such sort of fare,
 With many more names that are harder—
 To *turtle*, what signifies *Ty're tu* ?
 With classics I beg you'll have nothing to do,
 But study the stile of a larder.

Parnassus and *Pegasus* cold *Hypocrene*,
 Are words which I warrant give school-boys the spleen,
 And as to the pedant *Apollo*,
 Let him take his snuff, let his sisters drink tea,
 No coxcombs I want, Sir, no old maids for me,
 But *Bacchus* and *Venus* I'll follow.

The choice spirit Horace compos'd lyric verse,
Caullus and *Ovid* good scholars rehearse,
 Cap, scan 'em, and conjugate clever ;
 My sentiments are for a *sentiment toast*,
 And *syntax* abolish for *sak'd*, *boil'd*, and *roast*.
 So BEEF and a BUMPER for ever!

S P R I N G.

Tune,—*Come ! pledge me, Love, &c.*

LOOK round, my Love ! how chang'd the scene,
 So late white o'er the snow ;
 Now 'ray'd in flow'r enamell'd green,
 How rich the meadows shew.

The sun creative pow'r resumes,
And warms the breezy air;
The bursting buds expand their bloom,
While birds their nests prepare.

The herds and flocks on herbage feed,
Sweet Spring renews its pride;
The ice-bound streams from fetters freed,
Now, tinkling, roll their tide.

On leafless boughs no candy'd frost
In icicles appears;
But as in grief, for winter lost,
Dissolving into tears.

Thus sordid senseless human kind
But mere existence prove;
'Till Beauty's sunshine ope's the mind,
And melts the mass to love.

For spite of Wealth or Power's controul,
Or all the Wise can say,
'Till WOMAN warms the frozen soul,
We are but clods of clay.

A W O N D E R.

Tune,—*Since Life's but a Jest.*

A Wonder! a Wonder! a Wonder I'll shew,
You'll wonder indeed when this wonder you
know;

We are wonderful high, and as wonderful low.

Which nobody can deny.

We always are wond'ring at ev'ry thing new,
The good things we wonder at, rich people do,
'Tis a wonder indeed if such wonders are true.

Some wonderful folks make a wonderful rout,
 While some blunder in, other folks blunder out,
 We wonder what blunderers can be about.

One side says the times are so good they are glad ;
 The times, says the other side, ne'er were so bad ;
 I wonder if this side or that side is mad.

For the times, I some patriot changes propose,—
 That our taxes be less, and we wear plainer cloaths ;
 And that every wearer may pay what he owes.

Imprimis,—reflect on the taxes on wheels,
 On cards, and the claret we waste at our meals ;
 These grievances each party equally feels.

To be sure we must own 'tis curfed provoking,
 To see how some people their vices are choaking,
 While *Virtue*,——but neighbours, don't think I am
 joking.

For my grandfather said, and his name's rever'd,
 That his father's father had oftentimes heard,
 How *Virtue*, when he was a schoolboy, appear'd.

She fled without leaving behind her directions,
 'Twas in vain, she observ'd to oppose such connexions,
 As turtle-feasts, cuckoldoms, cards, and elections.

You may think me severe, but indeed you think wrong,
 I promis'd a wonder at first in my song,
 And the wonder is—How cou'd you listen so long ?
Which nobody can deny.

THE PARADE.

Tune,—*While others strive by pompous phrase.*

LET those attend who seek the choice
 Here, independent, we rejoice ;
 We look, we like, we meet, we part,
 As instinct prompts the feeling heart :

While many groups miscall'd the great,
Surrounded by insipid state,

The health of Peace abuse.

In Party's tumult Pomp's fatigue,

Place, Popularity's intrigues,

Life's social scenes they lose.

The dangles at a birth-night's glare,

As toy-shop figures, fin'ry wear.

Like winnow'd chaff shift to and fro',

In all the fufs and farce of ſhew :

As flies to sunshine spread their wings,

So up and down these idle things

In courtly fun-beams play.

The nobles smile to see the train,

Which, with a blush, they must maintain,

To garnish Grandeur's day.

Daughters of dignity and grace,

Ye high-bred dames of haughty race,

What think you, 'midst our di'mond blaze,

Your crowded routs, and Gala days?

Tho' sordid Flatt'ry servile grin.

Extols your forms, is all within

Fit for Contentment's doom?

Sisters of Fashion laugh and love,

Tho' round you all the Graces move,

Yet how are things at home?

Your stucco'd cielings, 'emboss'd plate,

Your carpets, robes, and beds of state,

Where gold and silver Cupids wove,

Exhibit artificial love.—

Can down, or fring'd embroidery's art,

Affection win or warm the heart,

Or strengthen vigour's stores?

Perhaps, 'midst all the waste of pride,

The Fribble yawns at Beauty's side,

Or sottish husband snores..

While we, as marry'd folks should do,

On neat unvarnish'd Love fall to ;

tiety ne'er bids us roam,
 We find Fruition's feast at home ;
 Beyond all mercenary charms,
 Are inclination open her arms.

Give *Cæsar Cæsar's* due.

Let *Friendship* fill the manly breast,
 And *Gratitude* be Beauty's guest,

And each to each be true.

THE FRIGHT.

Tune,—*Ab ! Cbloe ! transported, I cry'd.*

ONE ev'ning alone in the grove,
 Miss sat on the side of the green,
 She wonder'd at what they call Love,
 And what it is marry'd folks mean.
 " All night how I tumble and tofs,
 " Yet neither want manner nor means ;
 " Alas ! must I live to my loss,
 " And wither away in my teens ?"

Young Rhodophil ran up the slope,
 As if he some sport had in view ;
 She trembl'd, betwixt Fear and Hope,
 Irresolute what she shou'd do :
 She saw him advance to her seat,
 She saw him, but cou'd not away ;
 Love fix'd a large weight to her feet,
 Curiosity told her to stay.

Desire gave grace to his tongue,
 As lovers to lovers will speak ;
 Enamour'd he over her hung,
 Then bow'd down his lips to her cheek :
 He knelt, she attempted to rise,
 Tho' 'twas but a feeble essay ;
 The wildness he wore in his eyes,
 So scar'd her, she fainted away.

T I M E-K I L L E R S.

Tune,—How foolish weak women believe:

HOW weak is the wisdom of man!
How foolish the fancy of 'Taste!
Admitting that life's but a span,

That span must we wantonly waste :
About we dissatisfy'd move,
And ramble from climate to clime ;
Yet neither enjoy nor improve,
But only, alas ! to kill Time.

Ye husbands, rash dupes to excess,
Pretend to live damn'd honest lives,
Ingrates to the good ye possess,
You abuse both your time and your wives :
At midnight inebriate reel,
A prey to foul prostitute's lure,
O ! think what affection must feel,
What delicate wives may endure.

The gun-loaded 'Squire will toil
All day with keen Industry's care,
Incessantly anxious to spoil,
The innocent tenants of air :
Or after the fox bursts away,
Swift down the wind gallops along ;
The milchiefs that chance in the day,
At night furnish fun for a long.

At toilets how beauties appear,
Like fowlers they arm and take aim ;
High charg'd with curls, tier over tier,
And animal man is their game :
Sometimes with less dangerous arts
The fair, dissipations pursue,
If trifles did not take their parts,
With horrid Time what cou'd they do ?

When fine women do as they please,
 They hear not the nursery's din ;
 No husband's absurdities teize,
 They fly such dull scenes to *cut in*.
 Dear Bragg, Hazard, Loo, and Quadril,
 Delightful ! extatic ! immense ;
 With them each reflexion they kill,
 And escape all the trouble of sense.

Yet, lovelies, before 'tis too late,
 While yet the pulse beats in its prime,
 Consider that wrinkles await,
 And make up your quarrel with Time :
 Before 'tis too late so will we—
 Too long I've your patience be-rhim'd,
 With Time may we henceforth agree,
 And henceforth all things be well-tim'd.

THE FUNERAL.

Tune,—*Come ye carelefs, come and bear me.*

SEE the pall-supporting bearers,
 All in Undertaker's shew ;
 See the train of fable-wearers,
 Acting ev'ry mode of woe :
 Silent crouds the spot surrounding,
 Call'd the GRAND RECEIVER's Dome ;
 Dismal tolling tenor sounding,
 Fellow mortals follow home.

Lift ! oh lift ! ye state declaimers,
 On whose words the many dwell ;
 Place-bestowing, Patriot-tamers,
 Hark ! oh hark ! 'tis Grandeur's knell :
 Heralds loud proclaim the honours
 Which this once puissant past ;
 Tell his titles, count his manors,
 Lord of only this at last.

View the tomb with sculpture splendid,
 View the sod with briars bound ;
 There the farce of Finery's ended,
 All are equal under ground :
Fashions there, there *Envy's* banish'd,
 Beauties there can't plead their forms ;
 There *Precedencies* are vanish'd,
 Offals ALL to odious worms.

Wise folks, weak ones, poor, and wealthy,
 Tenant unremitting graves ;
 Haughty, humble, sick, and healthy,
 Britain's sons, and Asia's slaves ;
 Gloom no more the brow with sorrow,
 Meet the moment, come what may ;
 If we're all to dye to-morrow,
 Let us live, my lads, to-day.

We'll not lavish life's expences,
 Nor be niggards when we pay ;
 Let us please, not pall our senses,
 This is Reason's holiday :
 Here, to dunces bid defiance,
 Affectations disapprove ;
 Here's my Toast,—*The grand Alliance*,
 FRIENDSHIP, FREEDOM, WIT, and LOVE.

THE COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE.

Tune,—*Had pretty Miss been at a Dancing-school bred.*

THOUGH a *Cobler* is call'd but a low occupation,
 The practice of *cobling* is come into fashion,
 From me up to those who wou'd *cobble* the nation.

Some say that Old England wants *heel-piecing*, true,
 Our country's trod upon like an old shoe,
 And may *Heel-pieces* want, aye, and *Head-pieces* too.

One, *vamping* our old constitution pretends,
And *turn* and *translate* it to serve self and friends,
All this is but *bolching* to serve their own *Ends*.

Each roof in this island with liberty rings,
The good of their country each party-man sings,
The sense of that phrase is,—My country's good things.

If I, but how shou'd I the state have a hand in ?
Good souls I'd be picking, the bad be disbanding,
And then we shou'd come to a right understanding.

Against want the cunning man wisely provides,
A storm-shunning shepherd, beneath a bush hides,
So as the times change we are sure to change sides.

With my awl in my hand, I'll Old England defend,
Giving room to my betters, who've much more to mend,
May they soon become better, or soon have an end.

To those who are heedless what here may mishap,
Their hearts are as hard as the stone in my lap,
They're taking their swing, wou'd their swing was my
strap.

I begin to wax warm, so I'll close up my seam,
Or else I cou'd hammer out such a fine theme,
It was about something I saw'd in a dream.

To my *last* I am come, and that shall not last long,
So this is the last of a poor cobbler's song,
May they now be right who till now have been wrong.

M U M.

Tune,—*Ye medley of mortals*.

YE gossips, who blab out the secrets of state,
Ye tell-tales, who over the tea-table prate,
Ye boasters of favours from beauties o'ercome,
Be wiser, poor pratlers, henceforward be *mum*.

Sing tantararara mum all.

Ye wives who have husbands neglecting their duties,
That time give the bottle that's due to your beauties;
Would you cure them? take care when in drink they
reel home,

To receive them with smiles, and resolve to be *mum*.

It is good to hold fast, to hold much, or hold long,
But the best hold of all is the holding your tongue;
'Tho' wits by their words good companions become,
Can they get half so much as the man who is *mum*?

The servant who sily keeps silent will rise,
His ears he must doubt, nor give faith to his eyes;
Ask the fine waiting maid how the rich cou'd become?
She will curt'sey, and answer, *because I was mum*.

But enough has been said, and enough has been sung,
Remember, dear friends, keep good watch o'er your
tongue;

I have no more to say, to an end I am come,
My rhymes are all out, I must henceforth be *mum*.

Sing tantararara mum all.

THE PARENT.

Tune,—*Away with the Strife, the uproar of State.*

A Fond father's bliss to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that just buds on their
face;

With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again:
Men of pleasure be mute, this is life's lovely view;
When we look on our young ones, our youth we
renew.

Thus living we love, and thus loving enjoy!
No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy;

From the May-morn of Youth unto Winter's white
 age,
 Hand in hand, with contentment, we sing thro' life's
 stage ;
 When Death bids us stop, we end easy our song,
 And give the Gods thanks that we've liv'd well so long.

T H E H U M.

Tune,—*Push about the brisk Bowl.*

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the
 heart,

While thus we sit round on the—stay !

What business have I an old song to impart,

When I, Sirs, a new one can say, can say,

When I, Sirs, a new one can say.

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do ?

What best will my bad voice become ?

Why, faith, Sirs, I'll strive by my verses to shew,

That life is, alas ! but a *Hum*.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when they
 dye,

At death the most happy look glum ;

At our entrance and exit we equally cry,

Which proves our life's plainly a *Hum*.

Law and physic you see will make sure of a fee,

What advice to you gratis will come ?

If poor, you are lost, tho' merit you boast,

For *worth* without *wealth* is a *hum*.

Acquaintance pretend that your fortunes they'll mend,

And vow to your service they'll come ;

But be you in need, and you'll find that indeed,

Modern Friendship is merely a *hum*.

When some ladies kneel, small devotion they feel
 (But let us be modest and mum)
 At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for shew,
 Religion with them is a *bum*.

We are *bum'd* from our birth, 'till we're *bum'd* into earth,
 To an end of our jokes then we come :
 Take your glass, my brisk brother, and I'll take another,
 And thus make the most of a *bum*, a *bum*.
 And let's make the most of a *bum*.

S E L F.

Tune,—*I met with a Maiden one day at the Fair.*

SAYS I to my tutor, Sir, what shall I do,
 Shall I think to accumulate pelf ?
 Or learning or glory, which must I pursue ?
Converse, quoth the put, *with yourself*.

Myself I address'd, but self seem'd in a huff,
 Replying, *we ne'er shall agree*,
 For *Drinking* and *Cards*, *Folly*, *Shame*, and such stuff,
 Had charg'd all their odiums on me.

Non est factum, says I, and resolv'd to be try'd,
Conceit bid me hope for some sport ;
 To sessions I ran, I had *Laugh* on my side,
 Intending to hum the whole court.

But *Reflection*, a wretch who had no business there,
 Nor *Memory*, yet wou'd come in ;
Repentance bid *Pleasure* descend from the chair,
 And order'd the cause to begin.

I begg'd a permission to call in my friends
 To prove the defence I thou'd make ;
 Quoth Self, as to Friendship he serv'd his own ends,
 And only did things for my sake.

For his mistress in gaiety I was maintain'd;
 For me he a madman has prov'd;
 Tho' he may to hundreds affection have assign'd,
 Yet me, and me only he lov'd.

In a pet I resolv'd not a witness to call,
 The *general issue* my plea;
 But challeng'd the court, judge, and jury, and all,
 That they were as guilty as me.

'Tis the loadstone of life, to that point the world turns,
 For man is a miserly elf,
 Who cries and laughs, loves and hates, flatters and scorns,
 As Interest acts upon Self.

But now I'm awake—I that logic deny,
 Which proves Self the ruler of man;
 To a heart that can feel, weeping Beauty apply,
 Let him think then of Self if he can.

'Till WOMAN has civiliz'd savage mankind,
 We cannot susceptible prove;
 But when her perfections have beam'd on our mind
 We're brighten'd to Wisdom and Love.

Ye scoffers begone, ye ridiculous base—
 To *Gratitude* first be my toast;
 May *Merit* meet always with *Friendship's* embrace,
 And each in each other be lost.

T H E P O I N T.

Tune,—*I will tell you what, Friend.*

SINCE at last I am FREE, contented I'll be,
 O'er briars barefooted to go;
 Or lost in the rain, upon Sal'isbury Plain,
 Or left without cloaths in the snow.

Or if I shou'd perch on top of Paul's church,
 The hottest day, just about noon,
 Astride the cross sit, without hood or hat,
 I'd whistle off pain with a tune.

For now I am FREE, no low spirits for me,
 I laugh at all crosses I find ;
 I think as I please, and reflect at my ease,
 For liberty lies in the mind.

To my Fancy I live, and what Fancy can give,
 I enjoy, tho' it is but a dream ;
 Observe the world through, do others pursue
 Aught else than a fanciful scheme ?

Some fancy the court, some fancy field-sport,
 The chase of a beauty some chuse ;
 The toppers with wine, the misers with coin,
 And poets are pleas'd with their muse.

La Mancha's mad knight, with windmills wou'd fight,
 Like him our attempts are a jest ;
 With envy insane, and with projects so vain,
 Each sneers at the schemes of the rest.

This extravagancy on Folly or Fancy,
 Appears to be rather too long ;
 With something that's shrew'd, I wish to conclude,
 And make this an epigram song.

In a point it must end, on a point I depend,
 And like a staunch pointer I'll stand ;
 I appoint you to sing, I appoint you to ring,
 And a Scotch pint of claret command.

T O M O' B E D L A M.

Tune,—*Young Jockey he courted sweet Mogg the Brunet*

BARE-FOOT and head bare, his blanket is
 skewer'd,
Tom o' Bedlam paraded, erect as my lord ;

he boys left their play, at his raggedness scar'd,
 he mob, pity struck, at his misery star'd.
 rls laugh'd, and the fops, fashionform'd for the day,
 rill screaming on tiptoe stole trembling away ;
 hile infants crept close, in their mothers arms hid,
 m, beauty-like mov'd, heedless what harm he did.

here's the Devil ? quoth Tom, *where's the Devil I say ?*
od folks, have you seen the Devil to-day ?
 brother, just cur'd, cries—"Where Old Nick does
 dwell,

ome hither, I'll shew you ;—look, there is his hell.
 hold those round pillars with ram's-horns on top,
 palace some call it, I say 'tis his shop.
tendance, Dependance, there move round and round,
 id where such a dance is, the damn'd must be found.

he fiend of revenge this vile torment made out,
 'twixt *Hope* and *Despair*, to hang souls up in doubt.
ception indeed may fill *Vanity's* head,
 at poor must we live when by *promises* fed.
 onour the *Great*, who dare greatly behave,
dissent not from *pique*, nor *assent* as a *slave*,
 or *Englishmen* scorn base earn'd breed to receive,"
 ach a damn'd life, quoth Tom, I'll be damn'd if I live.

hat moment a *Methodist* came to the place,
 air tuck'd behind ears, and *Zeal's* cant on his face ;
 e threaten'd, he groan'd, he grimac'd, and he whin'd,
 he mad fellows mounted and seiz'd him behind.
 he multitude question'd why he was us'd thus ;
 e has broke out, quoth Tom,—he's, you see, one of us.
 o their hospital dragg'd him, he there was unloos'd,
 om cry'd out—*At Bedlam is Madne's refus'd ?*

his comate reply'd—Brother Tom, do not fret,
 The world only works now for what it can get ;
 such sad objects as we are, it cares not about,
 What has interest to do, with us two, in or out ?
 But this a decoy duck, who brings in great gains,
 And tunnels his hearers by turning their brains,

If he's stopp'd, folks will follow some mischief as bad,
For one way or other, the *world* will be *mad*.

Here's a bumper, my boys, may we still find the way,
To speak what we know, and to know what we say.
Ye big wigs of *Gresham*, some *nostrum* compound,
To keep our *heads* clear and preserve our *hearts* sound.
May *Greatness* and *Goodness* as partners agree,
May our sons, like ourselves, social sing, *WE ARE FREE*!
And may we, self conscious, presumption despise,
Nor e'er be so *mad* as to think ourselves *wise*.

S E M E L E.

Tune,—*Hang wining and pining, &c.*

EXtinguish the candles, give *Phæbus* fair play,
The shutters unbolt, let us honour the day;
My Lady *Lucina* we've drove from her post,
The Sun shines upon us, we'll give him a roast.

Says *Caution*, the neighbours are passing along,
They'll look thro' the *sashes*, and tell us we're wrong:
Remonstrance avaunt—what is all they can say?
But they've slept all night whilst we drink it away.

Ye tutors, disputers, ye dignified doctors,
Ye majors, ye minors, with prebends and proctors,
What sense is it, prithee, which tells us to think?
When all our seven senses declare we should drink.

Our patron is *Bacchus*, and *Jove* was his fire,
He was born in a burst of celestial fire;
Mamma begg'd the god wou'd come worthy her charms,
The light'ning of love prov'd too much for her arms.

From her, in a moment, the baby was snatch'd,
And into a buck by nurse *Jupiter* hatch'd;
Th' immortal to expiate *Semele's* rape,
Bestow'd on his foundling the gift of the grape.

The love-sick who live on the shine of an eye,
 The red of a cheek, or the tone of a sigh;
 Impress'd by the smiles or the frowns of a fair,
 As weather glass shews variations of air.

A country or town you have seen without doubt,
 A dancing-bear led by a ring in his snout;
 While pug plays his tricks if you shew him some fruit,
 These emblems, ye ladies, will most lovers suit.

Girls won't comply why we never run mad,
 Put away to the next, as enough may be had;
 Again we're repuls'd, never hang nor despair,
 But in wine comfort seek, we are sure of it there.

Draw your bows, ye *Crotchetti*, in music's defence,
 With sound I'm for having a portion of sense;
 Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar,
 With a good fellow's bellow,—Bring six bottles more.

Six bottles! we'll have them, and bumper away.
 We've drank up the night and we'll drink down the day;
 Here's their healths who to wine and their words will
 Be just,
 Here's the girl that we love, and the friend we can trust.

C O N T E N T M E N T.

Tune,—Ye Nobles, who hurry through ev'ry gay Toil.

THE poachers for fortune and damsels ensnare,
 With dress and addresses deceive;
 To lasses of wealth how those miscreants swear,
 And, alas! how the lasses believe.

Nay, some ladies seem to expect being lost,
 They trust whom they know are forsworn,
 They listen to him who has ruin'd the most,
 And hope to be ruin'd in turn.

Can this be believ'd?—no!—the song-maker jokes,
'Tis the tale of a slanderous crew ;
A sigh!—then I fear that there may be some folks
Who are sorry to say it is true.

But when love for love is receiv'd on each side,
How tenderness smiles on the pair ;
'This, this is a triumph, and this is my pride,
I enjoy such a favourite fair.

No paint in her face,—no art in her mind,
Her thoughts are explain'd by her eyes ;
From *principle* faithful, from *gratitude* kind,
And scorns the deceit of disguise.

All along on the slope, by the side of a stream,
Our hours we happily pass ;
My head on her lap, while my love is her theme,
And my looks I lift up to my last.

Enjoying the breeze from the fields of new hay,
We gather the summer's sweet pride ;
Or point to the brook where the small fishes play,
And count them beneath the clear tide.

In rooms rich embellish'd with luxury's store,
Let wealth pamper'd Indolence yawn ;
Let Wantonneſs act her deliriums o'er,
'Till dupes to her dungeon are drawn.

Let common-place fondness her blandishments spread,
And tempt by the toilet's parade ;
The squeeze, the soft sigh, wanton glance, and fly tree
Are pantomime tricks of her trade.

I have try'd, and can tell,—I have frolick'd away,
And follow'd the fashion of Fun ;
The same farce have acted that's play'd at this day,
And while the world wheels will be done.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

Tune,—*To take in good part the soft Squeeze, &c.*

THERE is one thing, my Friends, I must offer to
you,

'Tis, *Give to Old Nick what to Old Nick is due* ;
What he owes to us I can venture to say,
Like a dæmon of rank, upon honour he'll pay.

Tho' you smile at my system, and sneer at my song,
His worship's allow'd to be Prince of *Bon Ton* ;
Now thus lies the bus'ness, Sirs, as we're polite,
And practise good manners, pray what is his right ?

The Devil is in you's a phrase daily us'd ;
Yet oft by such language the Devil's abus'd ;
Tho' some hollow hearts may have much room to spare,
The Devil himself wou'd not chuse to dwell there.

Some people affect with this world to be sick,
And give themselves up in a pet to Old Nick ;
Devil fetch me! they cry, but if SATAN they knew,
His Honour has much better bus'ness to do.

Tho' of Darkness he's King, he's a Prince of the Air,
And with his *Infernalship* we shou'd deal fair ;
The chearful day's rul'd by the *Angel* of Light,
And the *Devil* (lord bless us) is *Monarch* of Night.

His torturing spirits around him await,
As watchmen attend on the constable's state ;
Thoseimps of authority sally in shoals,
And pennyless strumpets drag in as damn'd souls.

The hell upon earth, and life's dev'lish disease,
Is poverty sinning, and seiz'd on fortees ;
Deep in darkness that dross we call money was hid,
A proof that the use on't to us was forbid.

But *Plutus*, the Devil's old heathenish name,
 Brought it forth from below, as a varnish for shame :
Persuasion, Temptation, attended the gold,
 'Till all have been bid for, and few are unfold.

We are dev'lish odd, in a dev'lish odd way,
 Since bribe as bribe can, there's *the Devil to pay* ;
 The *Devil* of party makes damnable rout,
 Tho' the *Devil* a bit can we tell what about.

May *Satan* seize those who by purchase deceive,
 May they take the same road who such things receive ;
 But may we preserve HONEST men, tho' they're few,
 Export all the rest, give the *Devil his due*.

P R E S E N T T A S T E.

Tune,—*Last night, in my dream, I beheld a brawn lăst.*

ONE day, meeting *Mimus*, it was upon 'Change,
 Atcosting the droll with—What news ?
 By the foot of *Alcides* (quoth he) it is strange,
 That the *English* shou'd *England* abuse :
 As locusts, in swarms, cross the seas for their prey,
 As woodcocks first fleshless appear,
 So shoals of important *Illib'erals* this day,
 (*Necessity's* troop) landed here.

Not a stroller from *France*, not a vagrant from *Rome*,
 Not a *Swiss* with a *Marmozet* shew,
 But here men of science and breeding become,
 Outlandish folks ev'ry thing know :
 The rich will receive them as *Flattery's* imps,
 Servility grins in their looks,
 And *British-born* artists are elbow'd by pimps,
 By hair-dressers, dancers, and cooks.

English Merit, in vain, may attempt at the lead,
 All the *wit* in the world we may waste ;
 But *things* from beyond sea are sure to succeed,
 They hit the high fashion of *taste* :
 To *taste* and to *bonsur* who has not a claim,
 They are worn without any expence ;
 They are self-bestow'd gifts, they're *Egotists* fame,
 They're *knave*'ry and dunces defence.

English might be allow'd in the rude days of yore,
 Such *vulgars* we can't now endure ;
 There is something so soft in the sound of *Signior*,
 And immensely polite in *Messieur* :
 • How coarse sounds the *SANDBYS* ! in *merit*, indeed,
 Those *brothers* embellish the age ;
 Can such a rude name now as *Rooker* succeed ?
 Besides he belongs to the stage.

All's *vulgar* and *horrid*, *low*, *wretched*, and *flat*,
 Of us thus the connoisseur speaks ;
 But *exquisite fine*, 'tis *immense* and *all that*,
 When he talks about *Gothics* and *Greeks*.
 Perhaps my address a presumption may seem,
 And receiv'd by the rich as a sneer ;
 But with all you are worth, to be worthy esteem,
 DO JUSTICE TO GENIUS BORN HERE.

NOBODY AND NOTHING.

Tune,—*Gee-ko Dobbin*.

A Story or song, you have left to my choice,
 For one I've no humour, for t'other no voice ;
 In attempting'a tune I like *Nobody* bawl,
 And as to a mimic I'm *Nothing* at all.

The wrinkl'd-cheek Critic, call'd '*Squire Syntax*,
 Pedantical speaking, wou'd bring into practice,
 With clallical gabble may wink and may sneer,
 And beg I wou'd make the thing *Nothing* appear.

For schoolmasters conjugate derivate stuff,
I speak to be understood, that is enough ;
The phrase of *like Nobody* they may condemn,
But as I sing *Nothing*, 'tis *Nothing* to them.

Now as to this *Nobody* I dare to say,
Altho' we see *somebody* always in play ;
And *sometimes* that *something* may *somehow* be shewn,
Yet *Nobody* only must *many things* own.

The public is pester'd with many gay forms,
Like butterflies, springing from grubs and from worms ;
Those *well-dress'd necessities* daily we view,
In *Nobody's* business with *Nothing* to do.

They've *Nothing* to think on, they've *Nothing* to say,
Nobody's all night, and just *Nothing* all day ;
At *Nothing* they laugh, and at *Nothing* they cry,
And *Nobody* cares how they live or they dye.

'Tis *Nobody* only can guess the game play'd,
When *Nobody's* by, betwixt master and maid ;
Unless indiscretion shou'd alter their plan,
Nobody knows *Nothing* 'twixt mistress and man.

The romp too ripe grown, unless gather'd a spouse,
Will fall, the first shake, from weak Chastity's boughs ;
Dear Captain, she whispers, *somebody* will hear us,
Dear Miss, whispers he, there is *Nobody* near us.

But when she's betray'd by her passion, to shame,
And parents and guardians begin with their blame ;
Who, I Sir ?—not I, Sir !—no ! Honour forbid it,
If I am with-child it was *NOBODY* did it.

The tread of Gallant by Cornuto is heard,
On tiptoe the lover from rendezvous scar'd ;
Who's there ? starts the husband, 'tis *thieves* that I bear,
But wife pats his cheek, and lisps, *Nobody* ! dear.

Any-body may say, if they please, I am wrong,
Every-body find fault, if they please, with my song ;
But careless lest *somebody* we shou'd offend,
I with *Nothing* began, and with *Nobody* end.

W A T E R.

Tune,—*The big-belly'd Bottle.*

OUR chorus to *Bacchus*, to *Bacchus* we'll raise,
Long corks be my garland instead of the bays ;
With Burgundy's blessings my temples anoint,
And toast the first toper who drank a half-pint.

My song is to *Bacchus*, the God of the Vine,
The engineer artist to spring Beauty's mine ;
Without him *Wit* pines, and *Love* languidly fades,
Cold water has kept the *Nine Muses* old maids.

Quoth *Temperance*, WATER's the med'cine of health,
And *Water*, quoth *Prudence*, will win a man wealth ;
'Tho' odd it may seem, as the story's not long,
Once Water help'd *Bacchus*, and thus says the song.

“ It was when his harvest rejoic'd the parch'd earth,
“ Beneath the first vine, *Love on Wit* begot *Mirth* ;
“ Yet *Hate* rais'd some rebels who broke from his sway,
“ And, drunk with his bounty, deny'd to obey.

“ He harness'd his tygers, he marshal'd his force,
“ *Silenus* was sutler, Lord *Pan* led the horse ;
“ The Ganges they cross'd, came in front of the foe,
“ And, struck them all dead without striking a blow.

“ 'Twas *Pan* did the feat, cast them into a fright,
“ He crept, like a fox, thro' their camp in the night ;
“ All the wine he drew off, while these Ignorants
“ snor'd,
“ And into the bottles foul ditch-water pour'd.”

Each rebel next morn, rais'd the flask to his head,
But chill'd the first gulp, in an ague-fit fled ;
Fled, trembling, from monarch to meanest mechanic,
From hence came the phrase to put men in a *panic*.

MEDIOCRITY.

M E D I O C R I T Y.

Tune,—*Attempt to be happy ! but how can that be ?*

IN a neighbourly way with an honest man's fame,
Unoffending, I hope to succeed ;
Attend if you please, if you're pleas'd with a name,
Imprimis, let *Probity* lead.

Be careful to keep on *Humility's* side,
Nor ever lose *Gratitude's* view ;
Obey not the *envy* of *Pique* nor of *Pride*,
Nor pilfer from *Merit* its due.

Be assur'd that *Esteem* is a noble estate,—
Let not a fond smile make you proud ;
Nor rail at men merely because they are great,
Be not dup'd by the roar of a croud.

Shun *Flattery's* phrase, let not *Promise* allure,
Nor dangle for dinners in taste ;
Forget not old friends, though perhaps they are poor,
Nor make new acquaintance in haste.

Oh ! suffer not *Interest*, *Friendship* to wear,
Accept not *Servility's* treat ;
Nor silently witness *Iniquity's* scene,
But open at once on *Deceit*.

Remember yourself, spare the shame of your friend,
Nor carry your wit to excess ;
With spirit the cause of the absent defend,
And shrink not your arm from *distress*.

Oppress not the *low*, nor be high people's slave,
Nor ever despair nor be vain ;
Howe'er inconsistent the world may behave,
Mediocrity ever maintain.

His views let *Ambition* extend o'er the state,
Let *Avarice* gluttonize wealth ;
No *Nabobs* I wish for, I wou'd not be great,
I only ask humbly for health.

How chearful, in health, will my latter days pass,
 Unenvy'd unenvying live;
 With the friends I have prov'd, and my fav'rite laís,
 And PRACTISE THE PRECEPTS I GIVE.

THE SWEETHEARTS.

Tune,—*Derry Down.*

SINCE the world is so old, and the times are so
 new,
 And ev'ry thing talk'd of, except what is true;
 Among other stories my fable may pass,
 Of four or five sweethearts who courted a laís.
Derry Down.

The first was from France, a-la-mode de Paris,
 All fashion, all feather, bien Monsieur poudré;
 He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then
 He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff agen.

A Dutchman advanc'd, when the lady he saw,
 He drop'd down his pipe, and he waddl'd out yaw;
 With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer,
 As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.

From Connaught itself, faith, another beau came;
 Macfinnin Macgragh Ballingbrough was his name;
 He bow'd to the laís, and he star'd at Mounseer,
 Clapp'd hand on his sword, and said, *Ab!—Arrah,*
my dear!

The next a Mefs John, of rank Methodism taint,
 Who thought like a sinner, but look'd like a saint;
 Clos'd hands, twirl'd his thumbs, moving muckle his
 face,
 Then turn'd up his eyes as about to say grace.

great English sailor in holiday trim,
 so long lov'd the lass, and the lass had lov'd him,
 swart them all slept, under arm tofs'd his switch,
 war'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trowsers a
 hitch.

along-side her fell, and he grappl'd on board,
 he struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd ;
 when he tow'd her to church, and as to the rest,
 what afterwards follow'd is easily guess'd.
Derry Down, &c.

A LESSON OF LOVE.

Tune,——*Go on, ye gay wantons, &c. &c.*

[*E* *Lexicon Critics*, whose classical pride,
 Plain sense and plain English, as moderns, deride ;
 O WOMAN, dear WOMAN ! your minds could im-
 prove,
 Turn students to her, take a *Lesson of Love*.

O rustics, who burst from the arms of embrace,
 O Beauty's prefer the rude joys of the chase ;
 O savage a practice no more you'll approve,
 When once you have practis'd a *Lesson of Love*.

O midnight, ye toppers, when bump'ring your toast,
 O careful of who, and to whom'tis your boast ;
 O the tythe of those joys you pretend you cou'd prove,
 Wine wou'd not have power to wean you from *Love*.

O soldiers, who rush through the rough work of war,
 O Statesmen may scheme, or as Sovereigns jar,
 O engagements more glorious at home you may prove,
 O set up your standards and list under *Love*.

Ye busy in traffick, whose cent. per cent. lives,
Can estimate justly all worth—but your *wives*;
While th' interests of trade you so anxious improve,
You neglect their demands, and are bankrupts to *Love*.

The life of a man is Inquietude's reign,
Care, dulness, fatigue, disappointment, and pain ;
But clasp the fond female, those ills she'll remove,
Such witchcraft has woman ! such magic is *Love*.

S O N G T H E L A S T.
O R , E P I L O G U E .

Tune,—*Laura's Song in the Chaplet.*

THE Wits were wont in antient times,
To estimate their age by rhimes,
A ballad was their schooling ;
We moderns may, perhaps, be wrong,
If not *likewise*, also a Song
May fit us for our *Fooling*.

Imprimis, see the *Men of State*,
But, hold! I'll let alone the *Great*,
Lest I shou'd gain a schooling.
For *Greatness* was not form'd for sport,
Tho' some folks greatly make their court,
By greatly, greatly *Fooling*.

We play the *Fool*, we act the *Wife*,
We bare-fac'd walk, or wear disguise,
As *hopes* and *fears* are ruling;
And yet with all our deep-laid wiles,
From *John o' Nokes* to *Tom o' Stiles*,
What is it all but *Fooling*?

N

If men will think, if men will see,
That all this *To*,—or *not to be*.

Is as we're hot, or cooling;
To-day on Expectation's wing,
To-morrow off, 'tis not the thing,
What is the thing?—*why Fooling*.

Fool on, fool on, for life at best,
Is but half bred, 'twixt cry and jest,
As *Chance* or *Reason*'s ruling;
To *Chance* we owe our rights and wrongs,
To CHANCE I dedicate these Songs,
A Ballad-maker's Feeling.

G. A. S.

F I N I S.

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